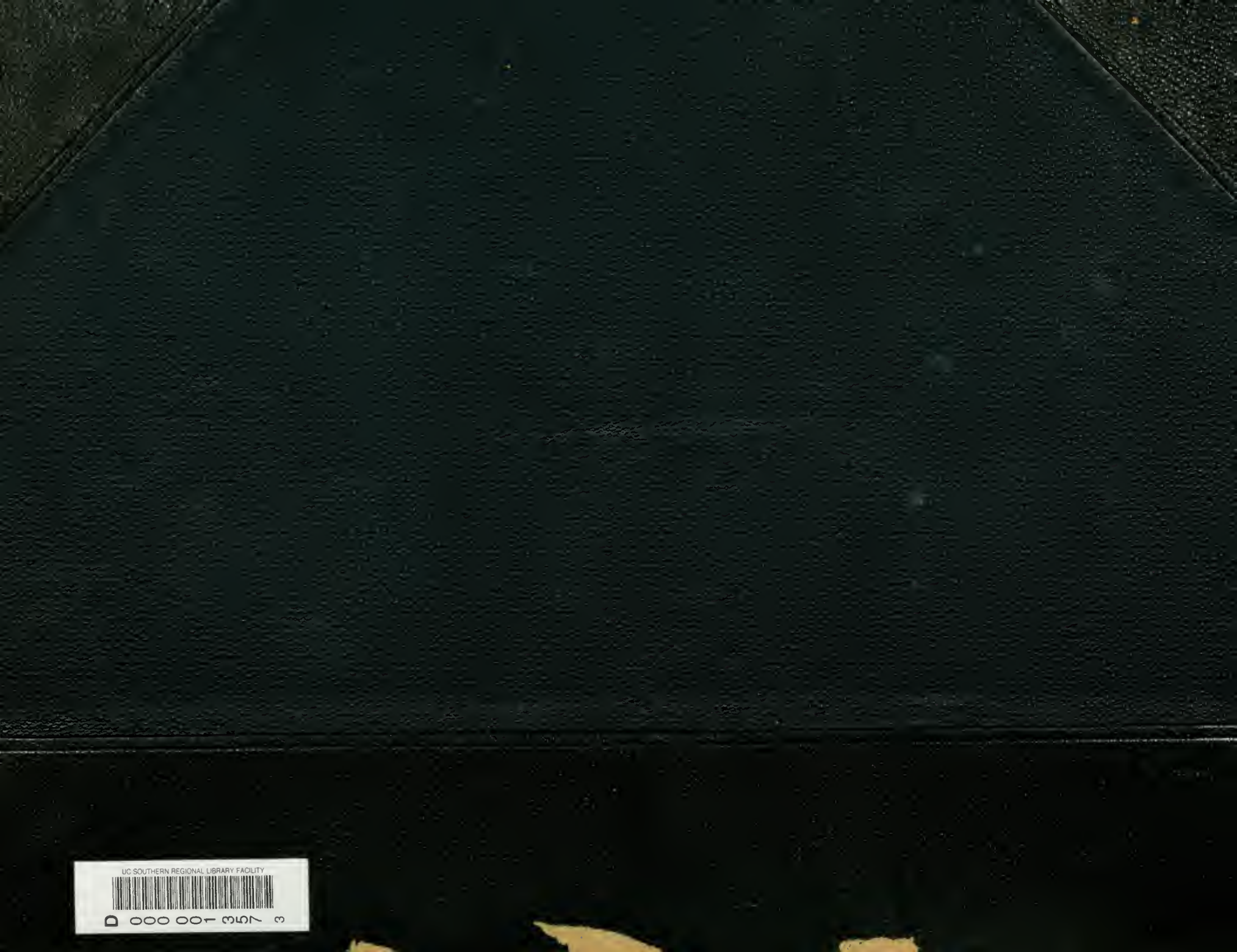
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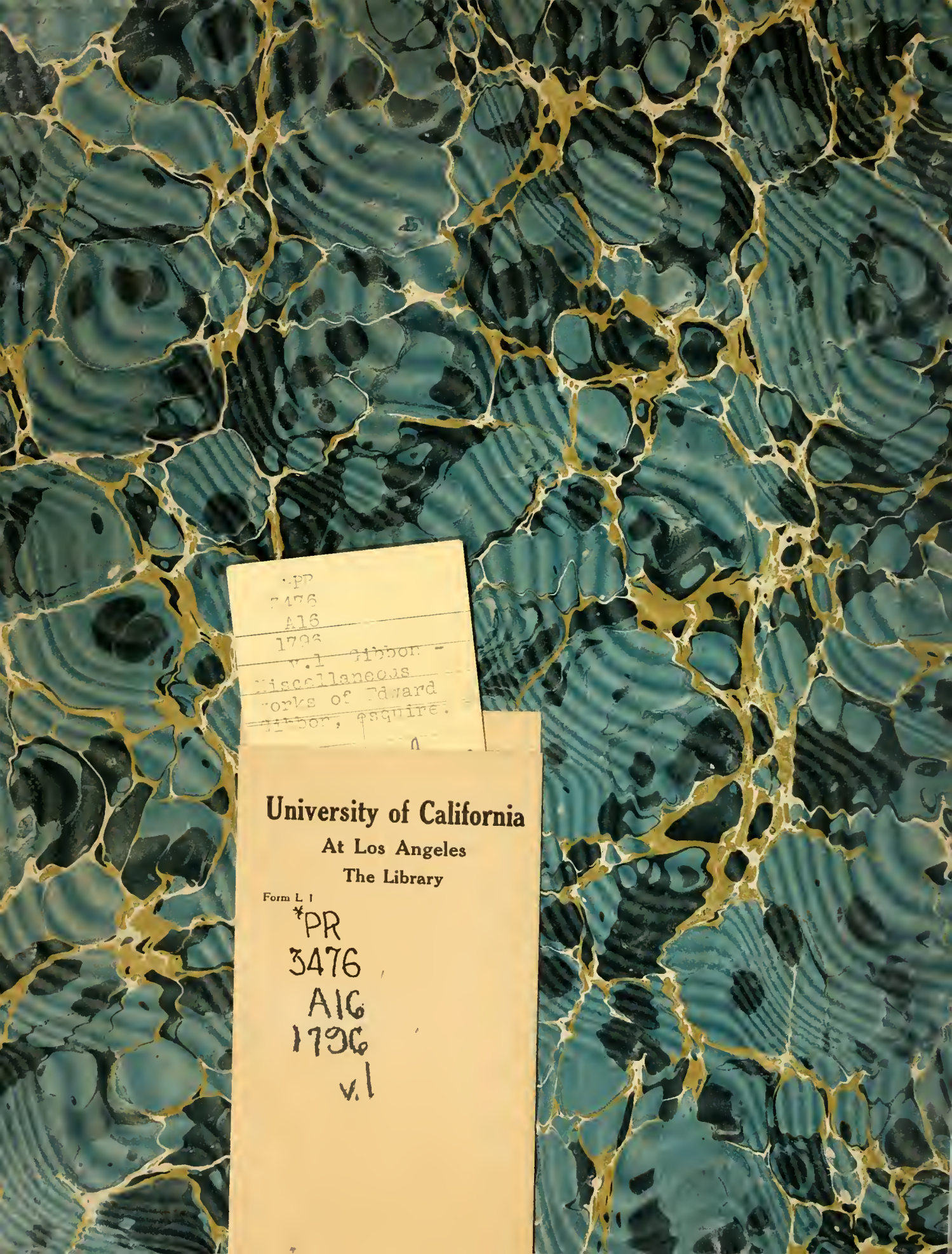
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MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

EDWARD GIBBON, Esquire.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

COMPOSED BY HIMSELF:

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS,

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND NARRATIVE,

By JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. STRAHAN, AND T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, (SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL,) IN THE STRAND.

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THE melancholy duty of examining the Papers of my deceaſed Friend devolved upon me at a time when I was depreſſed by ſevere afflictions.

In that ſtate of mind, I heſitated to undertake the taſk of ſelecting and preparing his Manuſcripts for the preſs. The warmth of my early and long attachment to Mr. Gibbon made me conſcious of a partiality, which it was not proper to indulge, eſpecially in reviſing many of his juvenile and unfiniſhed compoſitions. I had to guard, not only againſt a ſentiment like my own, which I found extenſively diffuſed, but alſo againſt the eagerneſs occaſioned by a very general curioſity to ſee in print every literary relick, however imperfect, of ſo diſtinguiſhed a writer.

Being aware how diſgracefully Authors of Eminence have been often treated, by an indiſcreet poſthumous publication of fragments and careleſs effuſions; when I had ſelected thoſe Papers which to myſelf appeared the fitteſt for the public eye, I conſulted ſome of our common

 friends,

friends, whom I knew to be equally anxious with myſelf for Mr. Gibbon's fame, and fully competent, from their judgment, to protect it.

Under ſuch a ſanction it is, that, no longer ſuſpecting myſelf to view through too favourable a medium the compoſitions of my Friend, I now venture to publiſh them: and it may here be proper to give ſome information to the Reader, reſpecting the Contents of theſe Volumes.

The moſt important part conſiſts of Memoirs of Mr. Gibbon's Life and Writings, a work which he ſeems to have projected with peculiar ſolicitude and attention, and of which he left Six different ſketches, all in his own hand-writing. One of theſe ſketches, the moſt diffuſe and circumſtantial, ſo far as it proceeds, ends at the time when he quitted Oxford. Another at the year 1764, when he travelled to Italy. A third, at his father's death, in 1770. A fourth, which he continued to a ſhort time after his return to Lauſanne in 1788, appears in the form of Annals, much leſs detailed than the others. The two remaining ſketches are ſtill more imperfect. It is difficult to diſcover the order in which theſe ſeveral Pieces were written, but there is reaſon to believe that the moſt copious was the laſt. From all theſe the following Memoirs have been carefully ſelected, and put together.

My

My heſitation in giving theſe Memoirs to the world aroſe, principally, from the circumſtance of Mr. Gibbon's appearing, in ſome reſpect, not to have been ſatisfied with them, as he had ſo frequently varied their form: yet, notwithſtanding this diffidence, the compoſitions, though unfiniſhed, are ſo excellent, that they may juſtly entitle my Friend to appear as his own biographer, rather than to have that taſk undertaken by any other perſon leſs qualified for it.

This opinion has rendered me anxious to publiſh the preſent Memoirs, without any unneceſſary delay; for I am perſuaded, that the Author of them cannot be made to appear in a truer light than he does in the following pages. In them, and in his different Letters, which I have added, will be found a complete picture of his talents, his diſpoſition, his ſtudies, and his attainments.

Thoſe ſlight variations of character, which naturally aroſe in the progreſs of his Life, will be unfolded in a ſeries of Letters, ſelected from a Correſpondence between him and myſelf, which continued full thirty years, and ended with his death.

It is to be lamented, that all the ſketches of the Memoirs, except that compoſed in the form of Annals, and which ſeems rather deſigned as heads for a future Work,

ceaſe about twenty years before Mr. Gibbon's death; and conſequently, that we have the leaſt detailed account of the moſt intereſting part of his Life. His Correſpondence during that period will, in great meaſure, ſupply the deficiency. It will be ſeparated from the Memoirs and placed in an Appendix, that thoſe who are not diſpoſed to be pleaſed with the repetitions, familiarities, and trivial circumſtances of epiſtolary writing, may not be embarraſſed by it. By many, the Letters will be found a very intereſting part of the preſent Publication. They will prove, how pleaſant, friendly, and amiable Mr. Gibbon was in private life; and if, in publiſhing Letters ſo flattering to myſelf, I incur the imputation of vanity, I ſhall meet the charge with a frank confeſſion, that I am indeed highly vain of having enjoyed, for ſo many years, the eſteem, the confidence, and the affection of a man, whoſe ſocial qualities endeared him to the moſt accompliſhed ſociety, and whoſe talents, great as they were, muſt be acknowledged to have been fully equalled by the ſincerity of his friendſhip.

Whatever cenſure may be pointed againſt the Editor, the Public will ſet a due value on the Letters for their intrinſic merit. I muſt, indeed, be blinded, either by vanity or affection, if they do not diſplay the heart and mind of their Author, in

ſuch a manner as juſtly to increaſe the number of his admirers.

I have not been ſolicitous to garble or expunge paſſages which, to ſome, may appear trifling. Such paſſages will often, in the opinion of the obſerving Reader, mark the character of the Writer, and the omiſſion of them would materially take from the eaſe and familiarity of authentic letters.

Few men, I believe, have ever ſo fully unveiled their own character, by a minute narrative of their ſentiments and purſuits, as Mr. Gibbon will here be found to have done; not with ſtudy and labour—not with an affected frankneſs—but with a genuine confeſſion of his little foibles and peculiarities, and a good-humoured and natural diſplay of his own conduct and opinions.

Mr. Gibbon began a Journal, a work diſtinct from the ſketches already mentioned, in the early part of his Life, with the following declaration:

" I propoſe from this day, Auguſt 24th 1761, to " keep an exact Journal of my actions and ſtudies, both " to aſſiſt my memory, and to accuſtom me to ſet a due " value on my time. I ſhall begin by ſetting down " ſome few events of my paſt life, the dates of which " I can remember."

This

This induſtrious project he purſued occaſionally in French, under various titles, and with the minuteneſs, fidelity, and liberality of a mind reſolved to watch over and improve itſelf.

The Journal is continued under different titles, and is ſometimes very conciſe, and ſometimes ſingularly detailed. One part of it is entitled "My Journal," another "Ephemerides, or Journal of my Actions, Studies, "and Opinions." The other parts are entitled, "Ephe- "merides, ou Journal de ma Vie, de mes Etudes, et de "mes Sentimens." In this Journal, among the moſt trivial circumſtances, are mixed very intereſting obſervations and diſſertations on a Satire of Juvenal, a Paſſage of Homer, or of Longinus, or of any other author whoſe works he happened to read in the courſe of the day; and he often paſſes from a Remark on the moſt common event, to a critical Diſquiſition of conſiderable learning, or an Enquiry into ſome abſtruſe point of Philoſophy.

It certainly was not his intention that this private and motley Diary ſhould be preſented to the Public; nor have I thought myſelf at liberty to preſent it, in the ſhape in which he left it. But by reducing it to an account of *his literary occupations*, it formed ſo ſingular and ſo intereſting a portrait of an indefatigable Student, that I perſuade myſelf it will be regarded as a valuable

valuable acquiſition by the Literary World, and as an acceſſion of fame to the memory of my Friend. With the Extracts from Mr. Gibbon's Journal will be printed, his Diſſertations entitled "Extraits raiſonnés de mes "Lectures:" and "Recueil de mes Obſervations, et "Pieces détachées ſur différens Sujets." A few other paſſages from other parts of the Journals, introduced in Notes, will make a curious addition to the Memoirs.

His Firſt Publication, "Eſſai ſur l'Etude de la "Litterature," with corrections and additions from an interleaved copy which my Friend gave to me ſeveral years ago, is reprinted as part of theſe volumes.

Three more of his ſmaller Publications are alſo reprinted. 1. His maſterly Criticiſm on the Sixth Book of Virgil, in anſwer to Biſhop Warburton. 2. His own Vindication of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of his Hiſtory, in anſwer to Mr. Davis and others. And 3. His "Reponſe à l'Expoſé de la Cour de France,"—an occaſional compoſition, which obtained the higheſt applauſe in Foreign Courts, and of which he ſpoke to me with ſome pleaſure, obſerving that it had been tranſlated even into the Turkiſh language *.

Of theſe various writings the Author has ſpoken himſelf, in deſcribing his own Life. I have yet to notice

* At Peterſburgh and Vienna it was currently obſerved by the Corps Diplomatique, that the Engliſh Miniſtry had publiſhed a Memorial written not only with great ability, but alſo in French, ſo correct, that they muſt have employed a Frenchman.

ſome articles not mentioned in his Memoirs, and which will be found in this Publication. 1. A juvenile ſketch, entitled, "Outlines of the Hiſtory of the World." 2. A Diſſertation, which he had ſhewn to a few friends, on that curious ſubject, "L'Homme au Maſque de Fer." 3. A more conſiderable work, "The Antiquities of the "Houſe of Brunſwick;" an hiſtorical diſcourſe, compoſed about the year 1790. In this Work he intended to appropriate ſeparate books: 1. To the Italian deſcent; 2. To the Germanic reign: and, 3. To the Britiſh Succeſſion of the Houſe of Brunſwick. The Manuſcript cloſes in completing the Italian branch of his ſubject.

Among the moſt ſplendid paſſages of that unfiniſhed work may be enumerated, the characters of Leibnitz and Muratori: A ſketch of Albert-Azo the Second, a prince who retained his faculties and reputation beyond the age of one hundred years: An account of Padua and its univerſity, and remarks on the epic glory of Ferrara.

The laſt Paper of theſe Volumes has the mournful attraction of being a ſketch interrupted by death, and affords an honourable proof that my Friend's ardour for the promotion of hiſtorical knowledge attended him to the laſt. It is entitled merely, "An Addreſs;" and expreſſes a wiſh that our Latin memorials of the middle ages, the "Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum," may be publiſhed in England,

England, in a manner worthy of the ſubject, and of the country. He mentions Mr. John Pinkerton as a perſon well qualified for the conduct of ſuch a national undertaking.

In the collection of writings which I am now ſending to the preſs, there is no article that will ſo much engage the public attention as the Memoirs. I will therefore cloſe all I mean to ſay as their Editor, by aſſuring the Reader, that, although I have in ſome meaſure newly arranged thoſe intereſting Papers, by forming one regular narrative from the Six different ſketches, I have nevertheleſs adhered with ſcrupulous fidelity to the very words of their Author; and I uſe the letter S. to mark ſuch Notes of my own, as it ſeemed neceſſary to add.

It remains only to expreſs a wiſh, that in diſcharging this lateſt office of affection, my regard to the memory of my Friend may appear, as I truſt it will do, proportioned to the high ſatisfaction which I enjoyed for many years in poſſeſſing his entire confidence, and very partial attachment.

SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield-Place,
6th Aug. 1795.

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104. — ult. note, *for* Letter, No. XI. *read* No. XIV.
126. — ——— *for* No. XII. *read* No. XVII.
140. — penult. *for* withdrew *read* drew.
141. — 7. *after* eſteem *put a full ſtop.*
ib. — 28. *for* (1772) *read* (1770).
153. — ult. note, *for* No. LXVIII. LXIX. C. *read* LXXXII. LXXXIII. CXIV.
154. — penult note, *for* No. CXIX. *read* CXLIV.
154. — ult. *dele* CXXIV.
165. — antipen. note, *for* No. CXXV. CXXVI. CXXVII. CXXVIII. CXXIX. CXXX. *read* No. CL. CLI. CLII. CLIII. CLIV. CLVI. CLIX.
ib. — ult. note, *for* No. CL. *read* No. CLXXVI.
166. — ——— *for* No. CXLVI. *read* No. CLXXI. CLXXVI.
225. — 9. *for* in private ſocieties and in my paſſage *read* and in private ſocieties and alſo in my paſſage.
228. — penult. note, *for* M. de Malherbes *read* M. de Malzherbes.
239. — 21. *for* M. de Germain *read* M. de Germany.
243. — 12. *for* one *read* on.
258. — 22. *for* deſigned *read* deigned.
260. — 10. *dele* this.
299. — 12. note, *for* vaginati *read* vaginali.
299. — 23. note, *for* maſculi *read* muſculi.
326. — 4 from the bottom, *for* raviſhed *read* ravaged.
515. — 14. *for* a thouſand a year *read* a thouſand pounds.
642. — 5. *after* had *inſert* the.

MEMOIRS

OF

MY LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN the fifty-ſecond year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and ſucceſsful work, I now propoſe to employ ſome moments of my leiſure in reviewing the ſimple tranſactions of a private and literary life. Truth, naked, unbluſhing truth, the firſt virtue of more ſerious hiſtory, muſt be the ſole recommendation of this perſonal narrative. The ſtyle ſhall be ſimple and familiar: but ſtyle is the image of character; and the habits of correct writing may produce, without labour or deſign, the appearance of art and ſtudy. My own amuſement is my motive, and will be my reward: and if theſe ſheets are communicated to ſome diſcreet and indulgent friends, they will be ſecreted from the public eye till the author ſhall be removed beyond the reach of criticiſm or ridicule *.

* This paſſage is found in one only of the ſix ſketches, and in that which ſeems to have been the firſt written, and which was laid aſide among looſe papers. Mr. Gibbon, in his communications with me on the ſubject of his Memoirs, a ſubject which he had never mentioned to any other perſon, expreſſed a determination of publiſhing them in his lifetime; and never appears to have departed from that reſolution, excepting in one of his letters annexed, in which he intimates a doubt, though rather careleſsly, whether in his time, or at any time, they would meet the eye of the public.—In a converſation, however, not long before his death, it was ſuggeſted to him, that, if he ſhould make them a full image of his mind, he would not have nerves to publiſh them in his lifetime, and therefore that they ſhould be poſthumous;—He anſwered, rather eagerly, that he was determined to publiſh them *in his lifetime*. S.

A lively deſire of knowing and of recording our anceſtors ſo generally prevails, that it muſt depend on the influence of ſome common principle in the minds of men. We ſeem to have lived in the perſons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which Nature has confined us. Fifty or an hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we ſtep forwards beyond death with ſuch hopes as religion and philoſophy will ſuggeſt; and we fill up the ſilent vacancy that precedes our birth, by aſſociating ourſelves to the authors of our exiſtence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate, than to ſuppreſs, the pride of an antient and worthy race. The ſatyriſt may laugh, the philoſopher may preach; but Reaſon herſelf will reſpect the prejudices and habits, which have been conſecrated by the experience of mankind.

Wherever the diſtinction of birth is allowed to form a ſuperior order in the ſtate, education and example ſhould always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of ſentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from diſhonour by their own and the public eſteem. If we read of ſome illuſtrious line ſo antient that it has no beginning, ſo worthy that it ought to have no end, we ſympathize in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthuſiaſm, or even the harmleſs vanity, of thoſe who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a ſtateſman, or a celebrated author, I ſhould ſtudy their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the inveſtigation of paſt events, our curioſity is ſtimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourſelves; but in the eſtimate of honour we ſhould learn to value the gifts of Nature above thoſe of Fortune; to eſteem in our anceſtors the qualities that beſt promote the intereſts of ſociety; and to pronounce the deſcendant of a king leſs truly noble than the offſpring of a man of genius, whoſe writings will inſtruct

or

or delight the lateſt poſterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the moſt illuſtrious in the world. After a painful aſcent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are loſt in the darkneſs of the middle ages; but, in the vaſt equality of the empire of China, the poſterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thouſand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual ſucceſſion. The chief of the family is ſtill revered, by the ſovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wiſeſt of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illuſtrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to conſider the *Fairy Queen* as the moſt precious jewel of their coronet. I have expoſed my private feelings, as I ſhall always do, without ſcruple or reſerve. That theſe ſentiments are juſt, or at leaſt natural, I am inclined to believe, ſince I do not feel myſelf intereſted in the cauſe; for I can derive from my anceſtors neither glory nor ſhame.

Yet a ſincere and ſimple narrative of my own life may amuſe ſome of my leiſure hours; but it will ſubject me, and perhaps with juſtice, to the imputation of vanity. I may judge, however, from the experience both of paſt and of the preſent times, that the public are always curious to know the men, who have left behind them any image of their minds: the moſt ſcanty accounts of ſuch men are compiled with diligence, and peruſed with eagerneſs; and the ſtudent of every claſs may derive a leſſon, or an example, from the lives moſt ſimilar to his own. My name may hereafter be placed among the thouſand articles of a Biographia Britannica; and I muſt be conſcious, that no one is ſo well qualified, as myſelf, to deſcribe the ſeries of my thoughts and actions. The authority of my maſters, of the grave Thuanus, and the philoſophic Hume, might be ſufficient to juſtify my deſign; but it would not be difficult to produce a long liſt of antients and moderns, who, in various forms, have exhibited their own portraits. Such portraits are often the moſt intereſting, and ſometimes the only intereſting parts of their writings; and, if they

be ſincere, we ſeldom complain of the minuteneſs or prolixity of theſe perſonal memorials. The lives of the younger Pliny, of Petrarch, and of Eraſmus, are expreſſed in the epiſtles, which they themſelves have given to the world. The eſſays of Montagne and Sir William Temple bring us home to the houſes and boſoms of the authors: we ſmile without contempt at the headſtrong paſſions of Benevenuto Cellini, and the gay follies of Colley Cibber. The confeſſions of St. Auſtin and Rouſſeau diſcloſe the ſecrets of the human heart: the commentaries of the learned Huet have ſurvived his evangelical demonſtration; and the memoirs of Goldoni are more truly dramatic than his Italian comedies. The heretic and the churchman are ſtrongly marked in the characters and fortunes of Whiſton and Biſhop Newton; and even the dullneſs of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood acquires ſome value from the faithful repreſentation of men and manners. That I am equal or ſuperior to ſome of theſe, the effects of modeſty or affectation cannot force me to diſſemble.

My family is originally derived from the county of Kent. The ſouthern diſtrict, which borders on Suſſex and the ſea, was formerly overſpread with the great foreſt Anderida, and even now retains the denomination of the *Weald*, or Woodland. In this diſtrict, and in the hundred and pariſh of Rolvenden, the Gibbons were poſſeſſed of lands in the year one thouſand three hundred and twenty-ſix; and the elder branch of the family, without much increaſe or diminution of property, ſtill adheres to its native ſoil. Fourteen years after the firſt appearance of his name, John Gibbon is recorded as the Marmorarius or architect of King Edward the Third: the ſtrong and ſtately caſtle of Queenſborough, which guarded the entrance of the Medway, was a monument of his ſkill; and the grant of an hereditary toll on the paſſage from Sandwich to Stonar, in the Iſle of Thanet,

Thanet, is the reward of no vulgar artiſt. In the viſitations of the heralds, the Gibbons are frequently mentioned: they held the rank of Eſquire in an age, when that title was leſs promiſcuouſly aſſumed: one of them, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was captain of the militia of Kent; and a free ſchool, in the neighbouring town of Benenden, proclaims the charity and opulence of its founder. But time, or their own obſcurity, has caſt a veil of oblivion over the virtues and vices of my Kentiſh anceſtors; their character or ſtation confined them to the labours and pleaſures of a rural life: nor is it in my power to follow the advice of the Poet, in an inquiry after a name—

"Go! ſearch it there, where to be born, and die,
"Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory."

So recent is the inſtitution of our pariſh regiſters. In the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, a younger branch of the Gibbons of Rolvenden migrated from the country to the city; and from this branch I do not bluſh to deſcend. The law requires ſome abilities; the church impoſes ſome reſtraints; and before our army and navy, our civil eſtabliſhments, and India empire, had opened ſo many paths of fortune, the mercantile profeſſion was more frequently choſen by youths of a liberal race and education, who aſpired to create their own independence. Our moſt reſpectable families have not diſdained the counting-houſe, or even the ſhop; their names are inrolled in the Livery and Companies of London; and in England, as well as in the Italian commonwealths, heralds have been compelled to declare, that gentility is not degraded by the exerciſe of trade.

The armorial enſigns which, in the times of chivalry, adorned the creſt and ſhield of the ſoldier, are now become an empty decoration, which every man, who has money to build a carriage, may paint according to his fancy on the pannels. My family arms are the ſame, which were borne by the Gibbons of Kent in an age, when the College of Heralds religiouſly guarded the diſtinctions of blood and

name;

name: a lion rampant gardant, between three ſchallop-ſhells Argent, on a field Azure *. I ſhould not however have been tempted to blazon my coat of arms, were it not connected with a whimſical anecdote.—About the reign of James the Firſt, the three harmleſs ſchallop-ſhells were changed by Edmund Gibbon eſq. into three *Ogreſſes*, or female cannibals, with a deſign of ſtigmatizing three ladies, his kinſwomen, who had provoked him by an unjuſt law-ſuit. But this ſingular mode of revenge, for which he obtained the ſanction of Sir William Seagar, king at arms, ſoon expired with its author; and, on his own monument in the Temple church, the monſters vaniſh, and the three ſchallop-ſhells reſume their proper and hereditary place.

Our alliances by marriage it is not diſgraceful to mention. The chief honour of my anceſtry is James Fiens, Baron Say and Seale, and Lord High Treaſurer of England, in the reign of Henry the Sixth; from whom by the Phelips, the Whetnalls, and the Cromers, I am lineally deſcended in the eleventh degree. His diſmiſſion and impriſonment in the Tower were inſufficient to appeaſe the popular clamour; and the Treaſurer, with his ſon-in-law Cromer, was beheaded (1450), after a mock trial by the Kentiſh inſurgents. The black liſt of his offences, as it is exhibited in Shakeſpeare, diſplays the ignorance and envy of a plebeian tyrant. Beſides the vague reproaches of ſelling Maine and Normandy to the Dauphin, the Treaſurer is ſpecially accuſed of luxury, for riding on a foot-cloth; and of treaſon, for ſpeaking French, the language of our enemies: "Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the realm," ſays Jack Cade to the unfortunate Lord, "in erecting a grammar-ſchool; "and whereas before our forefathers had no other books than the "ſcore and the tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be uſed; and,

* The father of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke married an heireſs of this family of Gibbon. The Chancellor's eſcutcheon in the Temple Hall quarters the arms of Gibbon, as does alſo that, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, of Charles York, Chancellor in 1770. S.

"contrary

" contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou haſt built a " paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou haſt men " about thee, who uſually talk of a noun and a verb, and ſuch abo- " minable words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear." Our dramatic poet is generally more attentive to character than to hiſtory; and I much fear that the art of printing was not introduced into England, till ſeveral years after Lord Say's death: but of ſome of theſe meritorious crimes I ſhould hope to find my anceſtor guilty; and a man of letters may be proud of his deſcent from a patron and martyr of learning.

In the beginning of the laſt century Robert Gibbon eſq. of Rolvenden in Kent, (who died in 1618,) had a ſon of the ſame name of Robert, who ſettled in London, and became a member of the Cloth-workers' Company. His wife was a daughter of the Edgars, who flouriſhed about four hundred years in the county of Suffolk, and produced an eminent and wealthy ſerjeant-at-law, Sir Gregory Edgar, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Of the ſons of Robert Gibbon, (who died in 1643,) Matthew did not aſpire above the ſtation of a linen-draper in Leadenhall-ſtreet; but John has given to the public ſome curious memorials of his exiſtence, his character, and his family. He was born on the 3d of November in the year 1629; his education was liberal, at a grammar-ſchool, and afterwards in Jeſus College at Cambridge; and he celebrates the retired content which he enjoyed at Alleſborough in Worceſterſhire, in the houſe of Thomas Lord Coventry, where John Gibbon was employed as a domeſtic tutor, the ſame office which Mr. Hobbes exerciſed in the Devonſhire family. But the ſpirit of my kinſman ſoon immerged into more active life: he viſited foreign countries as a ſoldier and a traveller, acquired the knowledge of the French and Spaniſh languages, paſſed ſome time in the Iſle of Jerſey, croſſed the Atlantic, and reſided upwards of a twelvemonth (1659) in the riſing colony of Virginia. In this remote province, his taſte, or rather paſſion, for heraldry found a ſingular

gratification at a war-dance of the native Indians. As they moved in meaſured ſteps, brandiſhing their tomahawks, his curious eye contemplated their little ſhields of bark, and their naked bodies, which were painted with the colours and ſymbols of his favourite ſcience. " At which I exceedingly wondered; and concluded that heraldry " was ingrafted *naturally* into the ſenſe of human race. If ſo, it " deſerves a greater eſteem than now-a-days is put upon it." His return to England after the Reſtoration was ſoon followed by his marriage—his ſettlement in a houſe in St. Catherine's Cloyſter, near the Tower, which devolved to my grandfather—and his introduction into the Heralds' College (in 1671) by the ſtyle and title of Blue-mantle Purſuivant at Arms. In this office he enjoyed near fifty years the rare felicity of uniting, in the ſame purſuit, his duty and inclination: his name is remembered in the College, and many of his letters are ſtill preſerved. Several of the moſt reſpectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Mr. Aſhmole, Dr. John Betts, and Dr. Nehemiah Grew, were his friends; and in the ſociety of ſuch men, John Gibbon may be recorded without diſgrace as the member of an aſtrological club. The ſtudy of hereditary honours is favourable to the Royal prerogative; and my kinſman, like moſt of his family, was a high Tory both in church and ſtate. In the latter end of the reign of Charles the Second, his pen was exerciſed in the cauſe of the Duke of York: the Republican faction he moſt cordially deteſted; and as each animal is conſcious of its proper arms, the heralds' revenge was emblazoned on a moſt diabolical eſcutcheon. But the triumph of the Whig government checked the preferment of Blue-mantle; and he was even ſuſpended from his office, till his tongue could learn to pronounce the oath of abjuration. His life was prolonged to the age of ninety; and, in the expectation of the inevitable though uncertain hour, he wiſhes to preſerve the bleſſings of health, competence, and virtue. In the year 1682 he publiſhed at London his *Introductio ad Latinam Blaſoniam*, an original attempt,

which Camden had deſiderated, to define, in a Roman idiom, the terms and attributes of a Gothic inſtitution. It is not two years ſince I acquired, in a foreign land, ſome domeſtic intelligence of my own family; and this intelligence was conveyed to Switzerland from the heart of Germany. I had formed an acquaintance with Mr. *Langer*, a lively and ingenious ſcholar, while he reſided at Lauſanne as preceptor to the Hereditary Prince of *Brunſwick*. On his return to his proper ſtation of Librarian to the Ducal Library of Wolfenbuttel, he accidentally found among ſome literary rubbiſh a ſmall old Engliſh volume of heraldry, inſcribed with the name of *John Gibbon*. From the title only Mr. *Langer* judged that it might be an acceptable preſent to his friend; and he judged rightly. His manner is quaint and affected; his order is confuſed: but he diſplays ſome wit, more reading, and ſtill more enthuſiaſm; and if an enthuſiaſt be often abſurd, he is never languid. An Engliſh text is perpetually interſperſed with Latin ſentences in proſe and verſe; but in his own poetry he claims an exemption from the laws of proſody. Amidſt a profuſion of genealogical knowledge, my kinſman could not be forgetful of his own name; and to him I am indebted for almoſt the whole of my information concerning the Gibbon family. From this ſmall work (a duodecimo of one hundred and ſixty-five pages) the author expected immortal fame: and at the concluſion of his labour he ſings, in a ſtrain of ſelf-exultation;

" Uſque huc corrigitur Romana Blaſonia per me;
" Verborumque dehinc barbara forma cadat.
" Hic liber, in meritum ſi forſitan incidet uſum,
" Teſtis rite meæ ſedulitatis erit.
" Quicquid agat Zoilus, ventura fatebitur ætas
" Artis quôd fueram non Clypearis inops."

Such are the hopes of authors! In the failure of thoſe hopes John Gibbon has not been the firſt of his profeſſion, and very poſſibly may not be the laſt of his name. His brother Matthew Gibbon, the

draper, had one daughter and two ſons—my grandfather Edward, who was born in the year 1666, and Thomas, afterwards Dean of Carliſle. According to the mercantile creed, that the beſt book is a profitable ledger, the writings of John the herald would be much leſs precious, than thoſe of his nephew Edward: but an author profeſſes at leaſt to write for the public benefit; and the ſlow balance of trade can be pleaſing to thoſe perſons only, to whom it is advantageous. The ſucceſsful induſtry of my grandfather raiſed him above the level of his immediate anceſtors; he appears to have launched into various and extenſive dealings: even his opinions were ſubordinate to his intereſt; and I find him in Flanders clothing King William's troops, while he would have contracted with more pleaſure, though not perhaps at a cheaper rate, for the ſervice of King James. During his reſidence abroad, his concerns at home were managed by his mother Heſter, an active and notable woman. Her ſecond huſband was a widower, of the name of Acton: they united the children of their firſt nuptials. After his marriage with the daughter of Richard Acton, goldſmith in Leadenhall-ſtreet, he gave his own ſiſter to Sir Whitmore Acton, of Aldenham; and I am thus connected, by a triple alliance, with that ancient and loyal family of Shropſhire baronets. It conſiſted about that time of ſeven brothers, all of gigantic ſtature; one of whom, a pigmy of ſix feet two inches, confeſſed himſelf the laſt and leaſt of the ſeven; adding, in the true ſpirit of party, that ſuch men were not born ſince the Revolution. Under the Tory adminiſtration of the four laſt years of Queen Anne (1710—1714) Mr. Edward Gibbon was appointed one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms; he ſat at that Board with Prior: but the merchant was better qualified for his ſtation than the poet; ſince Lord Bolingbroke has been heard to declare, that he had never converſed with a man, who more clearly underſtood the commerce and finances of England. In the year 1716 he was elected one of the Directors of the South Sea Company; and his books exhibited the proof that,

before his acceptance of this fatal office, he had acquired an independent fortune of ſixty thouſand pounds.

But his fortune was overwhelmed in the ſhipwreck of the year twenty, and the labours of thirty years were blaſted in a ſingle day. Of the uſe or abuſe of the South Sea ſcheme, of the guilt or innocence of my grandfather and his brother Directors, I am neither a competent nor a diſintereſted judge. Yet the equity of modern times muſt condemn the violent and arbitrary proceedings, which would have diſgraced the cauſe of juſtice, and would render injuſtice ſtill more odious. No ſooner had the nation awakened from its golden dream, than a popular and even a parliamentary clamour demanded their victims: but it was acknowledged on all ſides that the South Sea Directors, however guilty, could not be touched by any known laws of the lands. The ſpeech of Lord Moleſworth, the author of the State of Denmark, may ſhew the temper, or rather the intemperance, of the Houſe of Commons. "Extraordinary crimes (exclaimed that "ardent Whig) call aloud for extraordinary remedies. The Roman "lawgivers had not foreſeen the poſſible exiſtence of a parricide: "but as ſoon as the firſt monſter appeared, he was ſown in a ſack, and "caſt headlong into the river; and I ſhall be content to inflict the "ſame treatment on the authors of our preſent ruin." His motion was not literally adopted; but a bill of pains and penalties was introduced, a retroactive ſtatute, to puniſh the offences, which did not exiſt at the time they were committed. Such a pernicious violation of liberty and law can be excuſed only by the moſt imperious neceſſity; nor could it be defended on this occaſion by the plea of impending danger or uſeful example. The legiſlature reſtrained the perſons of the Directors, impoſed an exorbitant ſecurity for their appearance, and marked their characters with a previous note of ignominy: they were compelled to deliver, upon oath, the ſtrict value of their eſtates; and were diſabled from making any transfer or alienation of any part of their property. Againſt a bill of pains and penalties it is the

common right of every ſubject to be heard by his counſel at the bar: they prayed to be heard; their prayer was refuſed; and their oppreſſors, who required no evidence, would liſten to no defence. It had been at firſt propoſed that one-eighth of their reſpective eſtates ſhould be allowed for the future ſupport of the Directors; but it was ſpeciouſly urged, that in the various ſhades of opulence and guilt ſuch an unequal proportion would be too light for many, and for ſome might poſſibly be too heavy. The character and conduct of each man were ſeparately weighed; but, inſtead of the calm ſolemnity of a judicial inquiry, the fortune and honour of three and thirty Engliſhmen were made the topic of haſty converſation, the ſport of a lawleſs majority; and the baſeſt member of the committee, by a malicious word or a ſilent vote, might indulge his general ſpleen or perſonal animoſity. Injury was aggravated by inſult, and inſult was embittered by pleaſantry. Allowances of twenty pounds, or one ſhilling, were facetiouſly moved. A vague report that a Director had formerly been concerned in *another* project, by which ſome unknown perſons had loſt their money, was admitted as a proof of his actual guilt. One man was ruined becauſe he had dropt a fooliſh ſpeech, that his horſes ſhould feed upon gold; another becauſe he was grown ſo proud, that, one day at the Treaſury, he had refuſed a civil anſwer to perſons much above him. All were condemned, abſent and unheard, in arbitrary fines and forfeitures, which ſwept away the greateſt part of their ſubſtance. Such bold oppreſſion can ſcarcely be ſhielded by the omnipotence of parliament: and yet it may be ſeriouſly queſtioned, whether the Judges of the South Sea Directors were the true and legal repreſentatives of their country. The firſt parliament of George the Firſt had been choſen (1715) for three years: the term had elapſed, their truſt was expired; and the four additional years (1718—1722), during which they continued to ſit, were derived not from the people, but from themſelves; from the ſtrong meaſure of the ſeptennial bill, which can only be paralleled by *il ſeraſ*

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di conſiglio of the Venetian hiſtory. Yet candour will own that to the ſame parliament every Engliſhman is deeply indebted: the ſeptennial act, ſo vicious in its origin, has been ſanctioned by time, experience, and the national conſent. Its firſt operation ſecured the Houſe of Hanover on the throne, and its permanent influence maintains the peace and ſtability of government. As often as a repeal has been moved in the Houſe of Commons, I have given in its defence a clear and conſcientious vote.

My grandfather could not expect to be treated with more lenity than his companions. His Tory principles and connections rendered him obnoxious to the ruling powers: his name is reported in a ſuſpicious ſecret; and his well-known abilities could not plead the excuſe of ignorance or error. In the firſt proceedings againſt the South Sea Directors, Mr. Gibbon is one of the few who were taken into cuſtody; and, in the final ſentence, the meaſure of his fine proclaims him eminently guilty. The total eſtimate which he delivered on oath to the Houſe of Commons amounted to one hundred and ſix thouſand five hundred and forty-three pounds five ſhillings and ſixpence, excluſive of antecedent ſettlements. Two different allowances of fifteen and of ten thouſand pounds were moved for Mr. Gibbon; but, on the queſtion being put, it was carried without a diviſion for the ſmaller ſum. On theſe ruins, with the ſkill and credit, of which parliament had not been able to deſpoil him, my grandfather at a mature age erected the edifice of a new fortune: the labours of ſixteen years were amply rewarded; and I have reaſon to believe that the ſecond ſtructure was not much inferior to the firſt. He had realized a very conſiderable property in Suſſex, Hampſhire, Buckinghamſhire, and the New River Company; and had acquired a ſpacious houſe*, with gardens and lands, at Putney, in Surry, where he reſided in decent hoſpitality. He died in December 1736,

* Since inhabited by Mr. Wood, Sir John Shelley, the Duke of Norfolk, &c. S.

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at the age of ſeventy; and by his laſt will, at the expence of Edward, his only ſon, (with whoſe marriage he was not perfectly reconciled,) enriched his two daughters, Catherine and Heſter. The former became the wife of Mr. Edward Elliſton, an Eaſt India captain: their daughter and heireſs Catherine was married in the year 1756 to Edward Eliot eſq. (now Lord Eliot), of Port Eliot, in the county of Cornwall; and their three ſons are my neareſt male relations on the father's ſide. A life of devotion and celibacy was the choice of my aunt, Mrs. Heſter Gibbon, who, at the age of eighty-five, ſtill reſides in a hermitage at Cliffe, in Northamptonſhire; having long ſurvived her ſpiritual guide and faithful companion Mr. William Law, who, at an advanced age, about the year 1761, died in her houſe. In our family he had left the reputation of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he profeſſed, and practiſed all that he enjoined. The character of a nonjuror, which he maintained to the laſt, is a ſufficient evidence of his principles in church and ſtate; and the ſacrifice of intereſt to conſcience will be always reſpectable. His theological writings, which our domeſtic connection has tempted me to peruſe, preſerve an imperfect ſort of life, and I can pronounce with more confidence and knowledge on the merits of the author. His laſt compoſitions are darkly tinctured by the incomprehenſible viſions of Jacob Behmen; and his diſcourſe on the abſolute unlawfulneſs of ſtage-entertainments is ſometimes quoted for a ridiculous intemperance of ſentiment and language.—"The actors and ſpectators muſt "all be damned: the playhouſe is the porch of Hell, the place of "the Devil's abode, where he holds his filthy court of evil ſpirits: a "play is the Devil's triumph, a ſacrifice performed to his glory, as much "as in the heathen temples of Bacchus or Venus, &c. &c." But theſe ſallies of religious phrenſy muſt not extinguiſh the praiſe, which is due to Mr. William Law as a wit and a ſcholar. His argument on topics of leſs abſurdity is ſpecious and acute, his manner is lively, his ſtyle forcible and clear; and, had not his vigorous mind been clouded

clouded by enthuſiaſm, he might be ranked with the moſt agreeable and ingenious writers of the times. While the Bangorian controverſy was a faſhionable theme, he entered the liſts on the ſubject of Chriſt's kingdom, and the authority of the prieſthood: againſt the plain account of the ſacrament of the Lord's Supper he reſumed the combat with Biſhop Hoadley, the object of Whig idolatry, and Tory abhorrence; and at every weapon of attack and defence the nonjuror, on the ground which is common to both, approves himſelf at leaſt equal to the prelate. On the appearance of the Fable of the Bees, he drew his pen againſt the licentious doctrine that private vices are public benefits, and morality as well as religion muſt join in his applauſe. Mr. Law's maſter-work, the *Serious Call*, is ſtill read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the goſpel: his ſatire is ſharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life; and many of his portraits are not unworthy of the pen of La Bruyere. If he finds a ſpark of piety in his reader's mind, he will ſoon kindle it to a flame; and a philoſopher muſt allow that he expoſes, with equal ſeverity and truth, the ſtrange contradiction between the faith and practice of the Chriſtian world. Under the names of Flavia and Miranda he has admirably deſcribed my two aunts—the heathen and the chriſtian ſiſter.

My father, Edward Gibbon, was born in October 1707: at the age of thirteen he could ſcarcely feel that he was diſinherited by act of parliament; and, as he advanced towards manhood, new proſpects of fortune opened to his view. A parent is moſt attentive to ſupply in his children the deficiencies, of which he is conſcious in himſelf: my grandfather's knowledge was derived from a ſtrong underſtanding, and the experience of the ways of men; but my father enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education as a ſcholar and a gentleman. At Weſtminſter School, and afterwards at Emanuel College in Cambridge, he paſſed through a regular courſe of academical diſcipline;

cipline; and the care of his learning and morals was entruſted to his private tutor, the ſame Mr. William Law. But the mind of a ſaint is above or below the preſent world; and while the pupil proceeded on his travels, the tutor remained at Putney, the much-honoured friend and ſpiritual director of the whole family. My father reſided ſome time at Paris to acquire the faſhionable exerciſes; and as his temper was warm and ſocial, he indulged in thoſe pleaſures, for which the ſtrictneſs of his former education had given him a keener reliſh. He afterwards viſited ſeveral provinces of France; but his excurſions were neither long nor remote; and the ſlender knowledge, which he had gained of the French language, was gradually obliterated. His paſſage through Beſançon is marked by a ſingular conſequence in the chain of human events. In a dangerous illneſs Mr. Gibbon was attended, at his own requeſt, by one of his kinſmen of the name of Acton, the younger brother of a younger brother, who had applied himſelf to the ſtudy of phyſic. During the ſlow recovery of his patient, the phyſician himſelf was attacked by the malady of love: he married his miſtreſs, renounced his country and religion, ſettled at Beſançon, and became the father of three ſons; the eldeſt of whom, General Acton, is conſpicuous in Europe as the principal Miniſter of the King of the Two Sicilies. By an uncle whom another ſtroke of fortune had tranſplanted to Leghorn, he was educated in the naval ſervice of the Emperor; and his valour and conduct in the command of the Tuſcan frigates protected the retreat of the Spaniards from Algiers. On my father's return to England he was choſen, in the general election of 1734, to ſerve in parliament for the borough of Petersfield; a burgage tenure, of which my grandfather poſſeſſed a weighty ſhare, till he alienated (I know not why) ſuch important property. In the oppoſition to Sir Robert Walpole and the Pelhams, prejudice and ſociety connected his ſon with the Tories,—ſhall I ſay Jacobites? or, as they were pleaſed to ſtyle themſelves, the country gentlemen? with them he gave many a vote; with them he drank

many a bottle. Without acquiring the fame of an orator or a ſtateſman, he eagerly joined in the great oppoſition, which, after a ſeven years chaſe, hunted down Sir Robert Walpole: and in the purſuit of an unpopular miniſter, he gratified a private revenge againſt the oppreſſor of his family in the South Sea perſecution.

I was born at Putney, in the county of Surry, the 27th of April, O. S. in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſeven; the firſt child of the marriage of Edward Gibbon eſq. and of Judith Porten *. My lot might have been that of a ſlave, a ſavage, or a peaſant; nor can I reflect without pleaſure on the bounty of Nature, which caſt my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of ſcience and philoſophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune. From my birth I have enjoyed the right of primogeniture; but I was ſucceeded by five brothers and one ſiſter, all of whom were ſnatched away in their infancy. My five brothers, whoſe names may be found in the pariſh regiſter of Putney, I ſhall not pretend to lament: but from my childhood to the preſent hour I have deeply and ſincerely regretted my ſiſter, whoſe life was ſomewhat prolonged, and whom I remember to have ſeen an amiable infant. The relation of a brother and a ſiſter, eſpecially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very ſingular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendſhip with a female, much about our own age; an affection perhaps ſoftened by the ſecret influence of ſex, but pure from any mixture of ſenſual deſire, the ſole ſpecies of Platonic love that can be indulged with truth, and without danger.

* The union to which I owe my birth was a marriage of inclination and eſteem. Mr. James Porten, a merchant of London, reſided with his family at Putney, in a houſe adjoining to the bridge and church-yard, where I have paſſed many happy hours of my childhood. He left one ſon (the late Sir Stanier Porten) and three daughters: Catherine, who preſerved her maiden name, and of whom I ſhall hereafter ſpeak; another daughter married Mr. Darrel of Richmond, and left two ſons, Edward and Robert: the youngeſt of the three ſiſters was Judith, my mother.

At the general election of 1741, Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Delmé ſtood an expenſive and ſucceſsful conteſt at Southampton, againſt Mr. Dummer and Mr. Henly, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Northington. The Whig candidates had a majority of the reſident voters; but the corporation was firm in the Tory intereſt: a ſudden creation of one hundred and ſeventy new freemen turned the ſcale; and a ſupply was readily obtained of reſpectable volunteers, who flocked from all parts of England to ſupport the cauſe of their political friends. The new parliament opened with the victory of an oppoſition, which was fortified by ſtrong clamour and ſtrange coalitions. From the event of the firſt diviſions, Sir Robert Walpole perceived that he could no longer lead a majority in the Houſe of Commons, and prudently reſigned (after a dominion of one and twenty years) the guidance of the ſtate (1742). But the fall of an unpopular miniſter was not ſucceeded, according to general expectation, by a millenium of happineſs and virtue: ſome courtiers loſt their places, ſome patriots loſt their characters, Lord Orford's offences vaniſhed with his power; and after a ſhort vibration, the Pelham government was fixed on the old baſis of the Whig ariſtocracy. In the year 1745, the throne and the conſtitution were attacked by a rebellion, which does not reflect much honour on the national ſpirit: ſince the Engliſh friends of the Pretender wanted courage to join his ſtandard, and his enemies (the bulk of the people) allowed him to advance into the heart of the kingdom. Without daring, perhaps without deſiring, to aid the rebels, my father invariably adhered to the Tory oppoſition. In the moſt critical ſeaſon he accepted, for the ſervice of the party, the office of alderman in the city of London: but the duties were ſo repugnant to his inclination and habits, that he reſigned his gown at the end of a few months. The ſecond parliament in which he ſat was prematurely diſſolved (1747): and as he was unable or unwilling to maintain a ſecond conteſt for Southampton, the life of the ſenator expired in that diſſolution.

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The death of a new-born child before that of its parents may ſeem an unnatural, but it is ſtrictly a probable, event: ſince of any given number the greater part are extinguiſhed before their ninth year, before they poſſeſs the faculties of the mind or body. Without accuſing the profuſe waſte or imperfect workmanſhip of Nature, I ſhall only obſerve, that this unfavourable chance was multiplied againſt my infant exiſtence. So feeble was my conſtitution, ſo precarious my life, that, in the baptiſm of each of my brothers, my father's prudence ſucceſſively repeated my chriſtian name of Edward, that, in caſe of the departure of the eldeſt ſon, this patronymick appellation might be ſtill perpetuated in the family.

—— Uno avulſo non deficit alter.

To preſerve and to rear ſo frail a being, the moſt tender aſſiduity was ſcarcely ſufficient; and my mother's attention was ſomewhat diverted by her frequent pregnancies, by an excluſive paſſion for her huſband, and by the diſſipation of the world, in which his taſte and authority obliged her to mingle. But the maternal office was ſupplied by my aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten; at whoſe name I feel a tear of gratitude trickling down my cheek. A life of celibacy transferred her vacant affection to her ſiſter's firſt child: my weakneſs excited her pity; her attachment was fortified by labour and ſucceſs: and if there be any, as I truſt there are ſome, who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they muſt hold themſelves indebted. Many anxious and ſolitary days did ſhe conſume in the patient trial of every mode of relief and amuſement. Many wakeful nights did ſhe ſit by my bed-ſide in trembling expectation that each hour would be my laſt. Of the various and frequent diſorders of my childhood my own recollection is dark; nor do I wiſh to expatiate on ſo diſguſting a topic. Suffice it to ſay, that while every practitioner, from Sloane and Ward to the Chevalier Taylor, was ſucceſſively ſummoned to torture or relieve me, the care of my mind was too frequently neglected for that of my health: compaſſion always ſuggeſted

an excuſe for the indulgence of the maſter, or the idleneſs of the pupil; and the chain of my education was broken, as often as I was recalled from the ſchool of learning to the bed of ſickneſs.

As ſoon as the uſe of ſpeech had prepared my infant reaſon for the admiſſion of knowledge, I was taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. So remote is the date, ſo vague is the memory of their origin in myſelf, that, were not the error corrected by analogy, I ſhould be tempted to conceive them as innate. In my childhood I was praiſed for the readineſs, with which I could multiply and divide, by memory alone, two ſums of ſeveral figures: ſuch praiſe encouraged my growing talent; and had I perſevered in this line of application, I might have acquired ſome fame in mathematical ſtudies.

After this previous inſtitution at home, or at a day-ſchool at Putney, I was delivered at the age of ſeven into the hands of Mr. John Kirkby, who exerciſed about eighteen months the office of my domeſtic tutor. His own words, which I ſhall here tranſcribe, inſpire in his favour a ſentiment of pity and eſteem.—"During my abode "in my native county of Cumberland, in quality of an indigent "curate, I uſed now-and-then in a Summer, when the pleaſantneſs "of the ſeaſon invited, to take a ſolitary walk to the ſea-ſhore, which "lies about two miles from the town where I lived. Here I would "amuſe myſelf, one while in viewing at large the agreeable proſpect "which ſurrounded me, and another while (confining my ſight to "nearer objects) in admiring the vaſt variety of beautiful ſhells, thrown "upon the beach; ſome of the choiceſt of which I always picked up, "to divert my little ones upon my return. One time among the "reſt, taking ſuch a journey in my head, I ſat down upon the de-"clivity of the beach with my face to the ſea, which was now come "up within a few yards of my feet; when immediately the ſad "thoughts of the wretched condition of my family, and the un-"ſucceſsfulneſs of all endeavours to amend it, came crowding into

" my mind, which drove me into a deep melancholy, and ever and " anon forced tears from my eyes." Diſtreſs at laſt forced him to leave the country. His learning and virtue introduced him to my father; and at Putney he might have found at leaſt a temporary ſhelter, had not an act of indiſcretion again driven him into the world. One day reading prayers in the pariſh church, he moſt unluckily forgot the name of King George: his patron, a loyal ſubject, diſmiſſed him with ſome reluctance, and a decent reward; and *how* the poor man ended his days I have never been able to learn. Mr. John Kirkby is the author of two ſmall volumes; the Life of Automathes (London, 1745), and an Engliſh and Latin Grammar (London, 1746); which, as a teſtimony of gratitude, he dedicated (November 5th, 1745) to my father. The books are before me: from them the pupil may judge the preceptor; and, upon the whole, his judgment will not be unfavourable. The grammar is executed with accuracy and ſkill, and I know not whether any better exiſted at the time in our language: but the life of Automathes aſpires to the honours of a philoſophical fiction. It is the ſtory of a youth, the ſon of a ſhipwrecked exile, who lives alone on a deſert iſland from infancy to the age of manhood. A hind is his nurſe; he inherits a cottage, with many uſeful and curious inſtruments; ſome ideas remain of the education of his two firſt years; ſome arts are borrowed from the beavers of a neighbouring lake; ſome truths are revealed in ſupernatural viſions. With theſe helps, and his own induſtry, Automathes becomes a ſelf-taught though ſpeechleſs philoſopher, who had inveſtigated with ſucceſs his own mind, the natural world, the abſtract ſciences, and the great principles of morality and religion. The author is not entitled to the merit of invention, ſince he has blended the Engliſh ſtory of Robinſon Cruſoe with the Arabian romance of Hai Ebn Yokhdan, which he might have read in the Latin verſion of Pocock. In the Automathes I cannot praiſe either the depth of thought or elegance of ſtyle; but the book is not devoid

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of entertainment or inſtruction; and among ſeveral intereſting paſſages, I would ſelect the diſcovery of fire, which produces by accidental miſchief the diſcovery of conſcience. A man who had thought ſo much on the ſubjects of language and education was ſurely no ordinary preceptor: my childiſh years, and his haſty departure, prevented me from enjoying the full benefit of his leſſons; but they enlarged my knowledge of arithmetic, and left me a clear impreſſion of the Engliſh and Latin rudiments.

In my ninth year (January 1746), in a lucid interval of comparative health, my father adopted the convenient and cuſtomary mode of Engliſh education; and I was ſent to Kingſton upon Thames, to a ſchool of about ſeventy boys, which was kept by Dr. Wooddeſon and his aſſiſtants. Every time I have ſince paſſed over Putney Common, I have always noticed the ſpot where my mother, as we drove along in the coach, admoniſhed me that I was now going into the world, and muſt learn to think and act for myſelf. The expreſſion may appear ludicrous; yet there is not, in the courſe of life, a more remarkable change than the removal of a child from the luxury and freedom of a wealthy houſe, to the frugal diet and ſtrict ſubordination of a ſchool; from the tenderneſs of parents, and the obſequiouſneſs of ſervants, to the rude familiarity of his equals, the inſolent tyranny of his ſeniors, and the rod, perhaps, of a cruel and capricious pedagogue. Such hardſhips may ſteel the mind and body againſt the injuries of fortune; but my timid reſerve was aſtoniſhed by the crowd and tumult of the ſchool; the want of ſtrength and activity diſqualified me for the ſports of the play-field; nor have I forgotten how often in the year forty-ſix I was reviled and buffetted for the ſins of my Tory anceſtors. By the common methods of diſcipline, at the expence of many tears and ſome blood, I purchaſed the knowledge of the Latin ſyntax: and not long ſince I was poſſeſſed of the dirty volumes of Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos, which I painfully conſtrued and darkly underſtood. The choice of theſe authors

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is not injudicious. The *lives* of Cornelius Nepos, the friend of Atticus and Cicero, are compoſed in the ſtyle of the pureſt age: his ſimplicity is elegant, his brevity copious: he exhibits a ſeries of men and manners; and with ſuch illuſtrations, as every pedant is not indeed qualified to give, this claſſic biographer may initiate a young ſtudent in the hiſtory of Greece and Rome. The uſe of fables or apologues has been approved in every age from antient India to modern Europe. They convey in familiar images the truths of morality and prudence; and the moſt childiſh underſtanding (I advert to the ſcruples of Rouſſeau) will not ſuppoſe either that beaſts *do* ſpeak, or that men *may* lie. A fable repreſents the genuine characters of animals; and a ſkilful maſter might extract from Pliny and Buffon ſome pleaſing leſſons of natural hiſtory, a ſcience well adapted to the taſte and capacity of children. The Latinity of Phædrus is not exempt from an alloy of the ſilver age; but his manner is conciſe, terſe, and ſententious: the Thracian ſlave diſcreetly breathes the ſpirit of a freeman; and when the text is ſound, the ſtyle is perſpicuous. But his fables, after a long oblivion, were firſt publiſhed by Peter Pithou, from a corrupt manuſcript. The labours of fifty editors confeſs the defects of the copy, as well as the value of the original; and the ſchool-boy may have been whipt for miſapprehending a paſſage, which Bentley could not reſtore, and which Burman could not explain.

My ſtudies were too frequently interrupted by ſickneſs; and after a real or nominal reſidence at Kingſton-ſchool of near two years, I was finally recalled (December 1747) by my mother's death, which was occaſioned, in her thirty-eighth year, by the conſequences of her laſt labour. I was too young to feel the importance of my loſs; and the image of her perſon and converſation is faintly imprinted in my memory. The affectionate heart of my aunt, Catherine Porten, bewailed a ſiſter and a friend; but my poor father was inconſolable, and the tranſport of grief ſeemed to threaten his life or his reaſon.

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I can never forget the ſcene of our firſt interview, ſome weeks after the fatal event; the awful ſilence, the room hung with black, the mid-day tapers, his ſighs and tears; his praiſes of my mother, a ſaint in heaven; his ſolemn adjuration that I would cheriſh her memory and imitate her virtues; and the fervor with which he kiſſed and bleſſed me as the ſole ſurviving pledge of their loves. The ſtorm of paſſion inſenſibly ſubſided into calmer melancholy. At a convivial meeting of his friends, Mr. Gibbon might affect or enjoy a gleam of cheerfulneſs; but his plan of happineſs was for ever deſtroyed: and after the loſs of his companion he was left alone in a world, of which the buſineſs and pleaſures were to him irkſome or inſipid. After ſome unſucceſsful trials he renounced the tumult of London and the hoſpitality of Putney, and buried himſelf in the rural or rather ruſtic ſolitude of Buriton; from which, during ſeveral years, he ſeldom emerged.

As far back as I can remember, the houſe, near Putney-bridge and church-yard, of my maternal grandfather appears in the light of my proper and native home. It was there that I was allowed to ſpend the greateſt part of my time, in ſickneſs or in health, during my ſchool vacations and my parents' reſidence in London, and finally after my mother's death. Three months after that event, in the ſpring of 1748, the commercial ruin of her father, Mr. James Porten, was accompliſhed and declared. He ſuddenly abſconded: but as his effects were not ſold, nor the houſe evacuated, till the Chriſtmas following, I enjoyed during the whole year the ſociety of my aunt, without much conſciouſneſs of her impending fate. I feel a melancholy pleaſure in repeating my obligations to that excellent woman, Mrs. Catherine Porten, the true mother of my mind as well as of my health. Her natural good ſenſe was improved by the peruſal of the beſt books in the Engliſh language; and if her reaſon was ſometimes clouded by prejudice, her ſentiments were never diſguiſed by hypocriſy or affectation. Her indulgent tenderneſs, the frankneſs of her

her temper, and my innate riſing curioſity, ſoon removed all diſtance between us: like friends of an equal age, we freely converſed on every topic, familiar or abſtruſe; and it was her delight and reward to obſerve the firſt ſhoots of my young ideas. Pain and languor were often ſoothed by the voice of inſtruction and amuſement; and to her kind leſſons I aſcribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treaſures of India. I ſhould perhaps be aſtoniſhed, were it poſſible to aſcertain the date, at which a favourite tale was engraved, by frequent repetition, in my memory: the Cavern of the Winds; the Palace of Felicity; and the fatal moment, at the end of three months or centuries, when Prince Adolphus is overtaken by Time, who had worn out ſo many pair of wings in the purſuit. Before I left Kingſton ſchool I was well acquainted with Pope's Homer and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, two books which will always pleaſe by the moving picture of human manners and ſpecious miracles: nor was I then capable of diſcerning that Pope's tranſlation is a portrait endowed with every merit, excepting that of likeneſs to the original. The verſes of Pope accuſtomed my ear to the ſound of poetic harmony: in the death of Hector, and the ſhipwreck of Ulyſſes, I taſted the new emotions of terror and pity; and ſeriouſly diſputed with my aunt on the vices and virtues of the heroes of the Trojan war. From Pope's Homer to Dryden's Virgil was an eaſy tranſition; but I know not how, from ſome fault in the author, the tranſlator, or the reader, the pious Æneas did not ſo forcibly ſeize on my imagination; and I derived more pleaſure from Ovid's Metamorphoſes, eſpecially in the fall of Phæton, and the ſpeeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes. My grandfather's flight unlocked the door of a tolerable library; and I turned over many Engliſh pages of poetry and romance, of hiſtory and travels. Where a title attracted my eye, without fear or awe I ſnatched the volume from the ſhelf; and Mrs. Porten, who indulged herſelf in moral and religious ſpeculations, was more prone to encourage than to check a curioſity above the

ſtrength of a boy. This year (1748), the twelfth of my age, I ſhall note as the moſt propitious to the growth of my intellectual ſtature.

The relics of my grandfather's fortune afforded a bare annuity for his own maintenance; and his daughter, my worthy aunt, who had already paſſed her fortieth year, was left deſtitute. Her noble ſpirit ſcorned a life of obligation and dependence; and after revolving ſeveral ſchemes, ſhe preferred the humble induſtry of keeping a boarding-houſe for Weſtminſter-ſchool *, where ſhe laboriouſly earned a competence for her old age. This ſingular opportunity of blending the advantages of private and public education decided my father. After the Chriſtmas holidays in January 1749, I accompanied Mrs. Porten to her new houſe in College-ſtreet; and was immediately entered in the ſchool, of which Dr. John Nicoll was at that time head-maſter. At firſt I was alone: but my aunt's reſolution was praiſed; her character was eſteemed; her friends were numerous and active: in the courſe of ſome years ſhe became the mother of forty or fifty boys, for the moſt part of family and fortune; and as her primitive habitation was too narrow, ſhe built and occupied a ſpacious manſion in Dean's Yard. I ſhall always be ready to join in the common opinion, that our public ſchools, which have produced ſo many eminent characters, are the beſt adapted to the genius and conſtitution of the Engliſh people. A boy of ſpirit may acquire a previous and practical experience of the world; and his playfellows may be the future friends of his heart or his intereſt. In a free intercourſe with his equals, the habits of truth, fortitude, and prudence will inſenſibly be matured. Birth and riches are meaſured by the ſtandard of perſonal merit; and the mimic ſcene of a rebellion has diſplayed, in their true colours, the miniſters and patriots of the riſing generation. Our ſeminaries of learning do not exactly correſpond with the

* It is ſaid in the family, that ſhe was principally induced to this undertaking by her affection for her nephew, whoſe weak conſtitution required her conſtant and unremitted attention. S.

precept

precept of a Spartan king, " that the child ſhould be inſtructed in the " arts, which will be uſeful to the man ;" ſince a finiſhed ſcholar may emerge from the head of Weſtminſter or Eton, in total ignorance of the buſineſs and converſation of Engliſh gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century. But theſe ſchools may aſſume the merit of teaching all that they pretend to teach, the Latin and Greek languages: they depoſit in the hands of a diſciple the keys of two valuable cheſts ; nor can he complain, if they are afterwards loſt or neglected by his own fault. The neceſſity of leading in equal ranks ſo many unequal powers of capacity and application, will prolong to eight or ten years the juvenile ſtudies, which might be diſpatched in half that time by the ſkilful maſter of a ſingle pupil. Yet even the repetition of exerciſe and diſcipline contributes to fix in a vacant mind the verbal ſcience of grammar and proſody: and the private or voluntary ſtudent, who poſſeſſes the ſenſe and ſpirit of the claſſics, may offend, by a falſe quantity, the ſcrupulous ear of a well-flogged critic. For myſelf, I muſt be content with a very ſmall ſhare of the civil and literary fruits of a public ſchool. In the ſpace of two years (1749, 1750), interrupted by danger and debility, I painfully climbed into the third form ; and my riper age was left to acquire the beauties of the Latin, and the rudiments of the Greek tongue. Inſtead of audaciouſly mingling in the ſports, the quarrels, and the connections of our little world, I was ſtill cheriſhed at home under the maternal wing of my aunt ; and my removal from Weſtminſter long preceded the approach of manhood.

The violence and variety of my complaints, which had excuſed my frequent abſence from Weſtminſter-ſchool, at length engaged Mrs. Porten, with the advice of phyſicians, to conduct me to Bath : at the end of the Michaelmas vacation (1750) ſhe quitted me with reluctance, and I remained ſeveral months under the care of a truſty maid-ſervant. A ſtrange nervous affection, which alternately contracted my legs, and produced, without any viſible ſymptoms, the

moſt excruciating pain, was ineffectually oppoſed by the various methods of bathing and pumping. From Bath I was tranſported to Wincheſter, to the houſe of a phyſician; and after the failure of his medical ſkill, we had again recourſe to the virtues of the Bath waters. During the intervals of theſe fits, I moved with my father to Buriton and Putney; and a ſhort unſucceſsful trial was attempted to renew my attendance at Weſtminſter-ſchool. But my infirmities could not be reconciled with the hours and diſcipline of a public ſeminary; and inſtead of a domeſtic tutor, who might have watched the favourable moments, and gently advanced the progreſs of my learning, my father was too eaſily content with ſuch occaſional teachers, as the different places of my reſidence could ſupply. I was never forced, and ſeldom was I perſuaded, to admit theſe leſſons: yet I read with a clergyman at Bath ſome odes of Horace, and ſeveral epiſodes of Virgil, which gave me an imperfect and tranſient enjoyment of the Latin poets. It might now be apprehended that I ſhould continue for life an illiterate cripple: but, as I approached my ſixteenth year, Nature diſplayed in my favour her myſterious energies: my conſtitution was fortified and fixed; and my diſorders, inſtead of growing with my growth and ſtrengthening with my ſtrength, moſt wonderfully vaniſhed. I have never poſſeſſed or abuſed the inſolence of health: but ſince that time few perſons have been more exempt from real or imaginary ills; and, till I am admoniſhed by the gout, the reader will no more be troubled with the hiſtory of my bodily complaints. My unexpected recovery again encouraged the hope of my education; and I was placed at Eſher, in Surry, in the houſe of the Reverend Mr. Philip Francis, in a pleaſant ſpot, which promiſed to unite the various benefits of air, exerciſe, and ſtudy (January 1752). The tranſlator of Horace might have taught me to reliſh the Latin poets, had not my friends diſcovered in a few weeks, that he preferred the pleaſures of London, to the inſtruction of his pupils. My father's perplexity at this time, rather than his prudence, was urged to em-

brace

brace a ſingular and deſperate meaſure. Without preparation or delay he carried me to Oxford; and I was matriculated in the univerſity as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen college, before I had accompliſhed the fifteenth year of my age (April 3, 1752).

The curioſity, which had been implanted in my infant mind, was ſtill alive and active; but my reaſon was not ſufficiently informed to underſtand the value, or to lament the loſs, of three precious years from my entrance at Weſtminſter to my admiſſion at Oxford. Inſtead of repining at my long and frequent confinement to the chamber or the couch, I ſecretly rejoiced in thoſe infirmities, which delivered me from the exerciſes of the ſchool, and the ſociety of my equals. As often as I was tolerably exempt from danger and pain, reading, free deſultory reading, was the employment and comfort of my ſolitary hours. At Weſtminſter, my aunt ſought only to amuſe and indulge me; in my ſtations at Bath and Wincheſter, at Buriton and Putney, a falſe compaſſion reſpected my ſufferings; and I was allowed, without controul or advice, to gratify the wanderings of an unripe taſte. My indiſcriminate appetite ſubſided by degrees in the *hiſtoric* line: and ſince philoſophy has exploded all innate ideas and natural propenſities, I muſt aſcribe this choice to the aſſiduous peruſal of the Univerſal Hiſtory, as the octavo volumes ſucceſſively appeared. This unequal work, and a treatiſe of Hearne, the *Ductor hiſtoricus*, referred and introduced me to the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, to as many at leaſt as were acceſſible to an Engliſh reader. All that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame Herodotus, and Spelman's valuable Xenophon, to the pompous folios of Gordon's Tacitus, and a ragged Procopius of the beginning of the laſt century. The cheap acquiſition of ſo much knowledge confirmed my diſlike to the ſtudy of languages; and I argued with Mrs. Porten, that, were I maſter of Greek and Latin, I muſt interpret to myſelf in Engliſh the thoughts of the original, and that ſuch extemporary verſions muſt be inferior to the elaborate tranſlations of profeſſed

profeſſed ſcholars; a ſilly ſophiſm, which could not eaſily be confuted by a perſon ignorant of any other language than her own. From the ancient I leaped to the modern world: many crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, &c. I devoured like ſo many novels; and I ſwallowed with the ſame voracious appetite the deſcriptions of India and China, of Mexico and Peru.

My firſt introduction to the hiſtoric ſcenes, which have ſince engaged ſo many years of my life, muſt be aſcribed to an accident. In the ſummer of 1751, I accompanied my father on a viſit to Mr. Hoare's, in Wiltſhire; but I was leſs delighted with the beauties of Stourhead, than with diſcovering in the library a common book, the Continuation of Echard's Roman Hiſtory, which is indeed executed with more ſkill and taſte than the previous work. To me the reigns of the ſucceſſors of Conſtantine were abſolutely new; and I was immerſed in the paſſage of the Goths over the Danube, when the ſummons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feaſt. This tranſient glance ſerved rather to irritate than to appeaſe my curioſity; and as ſoon as I returned to Bath I procured the ſecond and third volumes of Howel's Hiſtory of the World, which exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger ſcale. Mahomet and his Saracens ſoon fixed my attention; and ſome inſtinct of criticiſm directed me to the genuine ſources. Simon Ockley, an original in every ſenſe, firſt opened my eyes; and I was led from one book to another, till I had ranged round the circle of Oriental hiſtory. Before I was ſixteen, I had exhauſted all that could be learned in Engliſh of the Arabs and Perſians, the Tartars and Turks; and the ſame ardour urged me to gueſs at the French of D'Herbelot, and to conſtrue the barbarous Latin of Pocock's Abulfaragius. Such vague and multifarious reading could not teach me to think, to write, or to act; and the only principle, that darted a ray of light into the indigeſted chaos, was an early and rational application to the order of

of time and place. The maps of Cellarius and Wells imprinted in my mind the picture of ancient geography: from Stranchius I imbibed the elements of chronology: the Tables of Helvicus and Anderſon, the Annals of Uſher and Prideaux, diſtinguiſhed the connection of events, and engraved the multitude of names and dates in a clear and indelible ſeries. But in the diſcuſſion of the firſt ages I overleaped the bounds of modeſty and uſe. In my childiſh balance I preſumed to weigh the ſyſtems of Scaliger and Petavius, of Marſham and Newton, which I could ſeldom ſtudy in the originals; and my ſleep has been diſturbed by the difficulty of reconciling the Septuagint with the Hebrew computation. I arrived at Oxford with a ſtock of erudition, that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance, of which a ſchool-boy would have been aſhamed.

At the concluſion of this firſt period of my life, I am tempted to enter a proteſt againſt the trite and laviſh praiſe of the happineſs of our boyiſh years, which is echoed with ſo much affectation in the world. That happineſs I have never known, that time I have never regretted; and were my poor aunt ſtill alive, ſhe would bear teſtimony to the early and conſtant uniformity of my ſentiments. It will indeed be replied, that *I* am not a competent judge; that pleaſure is incompatible with pain; that joy is excluded from ſickneſs; and that the felicity of a ſchool-boy conſiſts in the perpetual motion of thoughtleſs and playful agility, in which I was never qualified to excel. My name, it is moſt true, could never be enrolled among the ſprightly race, the idle progeny of Eton or Weſtminſter,

" Who foremoſt may delight to cleave,
" With pliant arm, the glaſſy wave,
" Or urge the flying ball."

The poet may gaily deſcribe the ſhort hours of recreation; but he forgets the daily tedious labours of the ſchool, which is approached each morning with anxious and reluctant ſteps.

A traveller, who viſits Oxford or Cambridge, is ſurpriſed and edified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the ſeats of the Engliſh muſes. In the moſt celebrated univerſities of Holland, Germany, and Italy, the ſtudents, who ſwarm from different countries, are looſely diſperſed in private lodgings at the houſes of the burghers: they dreſs according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *ſwords*, though leſs frequently than of old, are ſometimes ſtained with each other's blood. The uſe of arms is baniſhed from our Engliſh univerſities; the uniform habit of the academics, the ſquare cap, and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical profeſſion; and from the doctor in divinity to the under-graduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally diſtinguiſhed. Inſtead of being ſcattered in a town, the ſtudents of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expence, or that of the founders; and the ſtated hours of the hall and chapel repreſent the diſcipline of a regular, and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the ſize or beauty of the public edifices; and the principal colleges appear to be ſo many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of ſcience. My own introduction to the univerſity of Oxford forms a new æra in my life; and at the diſtance of forty years I ſtill remember my firſt emotions of ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myſelf ſuddenly raiſed from a boy to a man: the perſons, whom I reſpected as my ſuperiors in age and academical rank, entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and ſilk gown, which diſtinguiſh a gentleman commoner from a plebeian ſtudent. A decent allowance, more money than a ſchoolboy had ever ſeen, was at my own diſpoſal; and I might command, among the tradeſmen of Oxford, an indefinite and dangerous latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me the

the free uſe of a numerous and learned library: my apartment conſiſted of three elegant and well-furniſhed rooms in the new building, a ſtately pile, of Magdalen College; and the adjacent walks, had they been frequented by Plato's diſciples, might have been compared to the Attic ſhade on the banks of the Iliſſus. Such was the fair proſpect of my entrance (April 3, 1752) into the univerſity of Oxford.

A venerable prelate, whoſe taſte and erudition muſt reflect honour on the ſociety in which they were formed, has drawn a very intereſting picture of his academical life.—"I was educated (ſays Biſhop "Lowth) in the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. I enjoyed all the ad- "vantages, both public and private, which that famous ſeat of learn- "ing ſo largely affords. I ſpent many years in that illuſtrious ſo- "ciety, in a well-regulated courſe of uſeful diſcipline and ſtudies, and "in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of "ſcholars; in a ſociety where emulation without envy, ambition "without jealouſy, contention without animoſity, incited induſtry, "and awakened genius; where a liberal purſuit of knowledge, and "a genuine freedom of thought, was raiſed, encouraged, and puſhed "forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I "breathed the ſame atmoſphere that the HOOKERS, the CHILLING- "WORTHS, and the LOCKES had breathed before; whoſe benevo- "lence and humanity were as extenſive as their vaſt genius and "comprehenſive knowledge; who always treated their adverſaries "with civility and reſpect; who made candour, moderation, and "liberal judgment as much the rule and law as the ſubject of their "diſcourſe. And do you reproach me with my education in this "place, and with my relation to this moſt reſpectable body, which "I ſhall always eſteem my greateſt advantage and my higheſt ho- "nour?" I tranſcribe with pleaſure this eloquent paſſage, without examining what benefits or what rewards were derived by Hooker, or Chillingworth, or Locke, from their academical inſtitution; without

 inquiring,

inquiring, whether in this angry controverſy the ſpirit of Lowth himſelf is purified from the intolerant zeal, which Warburton had aſcribed to the genius of the place. It may indeed be obſerved, that the atmoſphere of Oxford did not agree with Mr. Locke's conſtitution, and that the philoſopher juſtly deſpiſed the academical bigots, who expelled his perſon and condemned his principles. The expreſſion of gratitude is a virtue and a pleaſure: a liberal mind will delight to cheriſh and celebrate the memory of its parents; and the teachers of ſcience are the parents of the mind. I applaud the filial piety, which it is impoſſible for me to imitate; ſince I muſt not confeſs an imaginary debt, to aſſume the merit of a juſt or generous retribution. To the univerſity of Oxford *I* acknowledge no obligation; and ſhe will as cheerfully renounce me for a ſon, as I am willing to diſclaim her for a mother. I ſpent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the moſt idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the ſchool and the ſcholar; but I cannot affect to believe that Nature had diſqualified me for all literary purſuits. The ſpecious and ready excuſe of my tender age, imperfect preparation, and haſty departure, may doubtleſs be alleged; nor do I wiſh to defraud ſuch excuſes of their proper weight. Yet in my ſixteenth year I was not devoid of capacity or application; even my childiſh reading had diſplayed an early though blind propenſity for books; and the ſhallow flood might have been taught to flow in a deep channel and a clear ſtream. In the diſcipline of a well-conſtituted academy, under the guidance of ſkilful and vigilant profeſſors, I ſhould gradually have riſen from tranſlations to originals, from the Latin to the Greek claſſics, from dead languages to living ſcience: my hours would have been occupied by uſeful and agreeable ſtudies, the wanderings of fancy would have been reſtrained, and I ſhould have eſcaped the temptations of idleneſs, which finally precipitated my departure from Oxford.

Perhaps

Perhaps in a ſeparate annotation I may coolly examine the fabulous and real antiquities of our ſiſter univerſities, a queſtion which has kindled ſuch fierce and fooliſh diſputes among their fanatic ſons. In the mean while it will be acknowledged, that theſe venerable bodies are ſufficiently old to partake of all the prejudices and infirmities of age. The ſchools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of falſe and barbarous ſcience; and they are ſtill tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive diſcipline was adapted to the education of prieſts and monks; and the government ſtill remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whoſe manners are remote from the preſent world, and whoſe eyes are dazzled by the light of philoſophy. The legal incorporation of theſe ſocieties by the charters of popes and kings had given them a monopoly of the public inſtruction; and the ſpirit of monopoliſts is narrow, lazy, and oppreſſive: their work is more coſtly and leſs productive than that of independent artiſts; and the new improvements ſo eagerly graſped by the competition of freedom, are admitted with ſlow and ſullen reluctance in thoſe proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confeſſion of an error. We may ſcarcely hope that any reformation will be a voluntary act; and ſo deeply are they rooted in law and prejudice, that even the omnipotence of parliament would ſhrink from an inquiry into the ſtate and abuſes of the two univerſities.

The uſe of academical degrees, as old as the thirteenth century, is viſibly borrowed from the mechanic corporations; in which an apprentice, after ſerving his time, obtains a teſtimonial of his ſkill, and a licence to practiſe his trade and myſtery. It is not my deſign to depreciate thoſe honours, which could never gratify or diſappoint my ambition; and I ſhould applaud the inſtitution, if the degrees of bachelor or licentiate were beſtowed as the reward of manly and ſucceſsful ſtudy: if the name and rank of doctor or maſter were ſtrictly

reſerved for the profeſſors of ſcience, who have approved their title to the public eſteem.

In all the univerſities of Europe, excepting our own, the languages and ſciences are diſtributed among a numerous liſt of effective profeſſors: the ſtudents, according to their taſte, their calling, and their diligence, apply themſelves to the proper maſters; and in the annual repetition of public and private lectures, theſe maſters are aſſiduouſly employed. Our curioſity may inquire what number of profeſſors has been inſtituted at Oxford? (for I ſhall now confine myſelf to my own univerſity;) by whom are they appointed, and what may be the probable chances of merit or incapacity? how many are ſtationed to the three faculties, and how many are left for the liberal arts? what is the form, and what the ſubſtance, of their leſſons? But all theſe queſtions are ſilenced by one ſhort and ſingular anſwer, "That in "the univerſity of Oxford, the greater part of the public profeſſors "have for theſe many years given up altogether even the pretence "of teaching." Incredible as the fact may appear, I muſt reſt my belief on the poſitive and impartial evidence of a maſter of moral and political wiſdom, who had himſelf reſided at Oxford. Dr. Adam Smith aſſigns as the cauſe of their indolence, that, inſtead of being paid by voluntary contributions, which would urge them to increaſe the number, and to deſerve the gratitude of their pupils, the Oxford profeſſors are ſecure in the enjoyment of a fixed ſtipend, without the neceſſity of labour, or the apprehenſion of controul. It has indeed been obſerved, nor is the obſervation abſurd, that excepting in experimental ſciences, which demand a coſtly apparatus and a dexterous hand, the many valuable treatiſes, that have been publiſhed on every ſubject of learning, may now ſuperſede the ancient mode of oral inſtruction. Were this principle true in its utmoſt latitude, I ſhould only infer that the offices and ſalaries, which are become uſeleſs, ought without delay to be aboliſhed. But there ſtill remains a material difference

difference between a book and a profeſſor; the hour of the lecture inforces attendance; attention is fixed by the preſence, the voice, and the occaſional queſtions of the teacher; the moſt idle will carry ſomething away; and the more diligent will compare the inſtructions, which they have heard in the ſchool, with the volumes, which they peruſe in their chamber. The advice of a ſkilful profeſſor will adapt a courſe of reading to every mind and every ſituation; his authority will diſcover, admoniſh, and at laſt chaſtiſe the negligence of his diſciples; and his vigilant inquiries will aſcertain the ſteps of their literary progreſs. Whatever ſcience he profeſſes he may illuſtrate in a ſeries of diſcourſes, compoſed in the leiſure of his cloſet, pronounced on public occaſions, and finally delivered to the preſs. I obſerve with pleaſure, that in the univerſity of Oxford Dr. Lowth, with equal eloquence and erudition, has executed this taſk in his incomparable *Prælections* on the Poetry of the Hebrews.

The college of St. Mary Magdalen was founded in the fifteenth century by Wainfleet biſhop of Wincheſter; and now conſiſts of a preſident, forty fellows, and a number of inferior ſtudents. It is eſteemed one of the largeſt and moſt wealthy of our academical corporations, which may be compared to the Benedictine abbeys of catholic countries; and I have looſely heard that the eſtates belonging to Magdalen College, which are leaſed by thoſe indulgent landlords at ſmall quit-rents and occaſional fines, might be raiſed, in the hands of private avarice, to an annual revenue of nearly thirty thouſand pounds. Our colleges are ſuppoſed to be ſchools of ſcience, as well as of education; nor is it unreaſonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own ſubſiſtence, and amply provided with books, ſhould devote their leiſure to the proſecution of ſtudy, and that ſome effects of their ſtudies ſhould be manifeſted to the world. The ſhelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections

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of the middle ages, which have iſſued from the ſingle abbey of St. Germain de Préz at Paris. A compoſition of genius muſt be the offspring of one mind; but ſuch works of induſtry, as may be divided among many hands, and muſt be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I inquire into the manufactures of the monks of Magdalen, if I extend the inquiry to the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, a ſilent bluſh, or a ſcornful frown, will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my time were decent eaſy men, who ſupinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder: their days were filled by a ſeries of uniform employments; the chapel and the hall, the coffee-houſe and the common room, till they retired, weary and well ſatisfied, to a long ſlumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had abſolved their conſcience; and the firſt ſhoots of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman commoner, I was admitted to the ſociety of the fellows, and fondly expected that ſome queſtions of literature would be the amuſing and inſtructive topics of their diſcourſe. Their converſation ſtagnated in a round of college buſineſs, Tory politics, perſonal anecdotes, and private ſcandal: their dull and deep potations excuſed the briſk intemperance of youth; and their conſtitutional toaſts were not expreſſive of the moſt lively loyalty for the houſe of Hanover. A general election was now approaching: the great Oxfordſhire conteſt already blazed with all the malevolence of party-zeal. Magdalen College was devoutly attached to the old intereſt! and the names of Wenman and Daſhwood were more frequently pronounced, than thoſe of Cicero and Chryſoſtom. The example of the ſenior fellows could not inſpire the under-graduates with a liberal ſpirit or ſtudious emulation; and I cannot deſcribe, as I never knew, the diſcipline of college. Some duties may poſſibly have been impoſed on the poor ſcholars, whoſe ambition aſpired to the peaceful honours of a fellowſhip (*aſcribi quietis*

quietis ordinibus - - - - Deorum) ; but no independent members were admitted below the rank of a gentleman commoner, and our velvet cap was the cap of liberty. A tradition prevailed that ſome of our predeceſſors had ſpoken Latin declamations in the hall; but of this ancient cuſtom no veſtige remained: the obvious methods of public exerciſes and examinations were totally unknown; and I have never heard that either the preſident or the ſociety interfered in the private œconomy of the tutors and their pupils.

The ſilence of the Oxford profeſſors, which deprives the youth of public inſtruction, is imperfectly ſupplied by the tutors, as they are ſtyled, of the ſeveral colleges. Inſtead of confining themſelves to a ſingle ſcience, which had ſatisfied the ambition of Burman or Bernoulli, they teach, or promiſe to teach, either hiſtory or mathematics, or ancient literature, or moral philoſophy; and as it is poſſible that they may be defective in all, it is highly probable that of ſome they will be ignorant. They are paid, indeed, by private contributions; but their appointment depends on the head of the houſe: their diligence is voluntary, and will conſequently be languid, while the pupils themſelves, or their parents, are not indulged in the liberty of choice or change. The firſt tutor into whoſe hands I was reſigned appears to have been one of the beſt of the tribe: Dr. Waldegrave was a learned and pious man, of a mild diſpoſition, ſtrict morals, and abſtemious life, who ſeldom mingled in the politics or the jollity of the college. But his knowledge of the world was confined to the univerſity; his learning was of the laſt, rather than of the preſent age; his temper was indolent; his faculties, which were not of the firſt rate, had been relaxed by the climate, and he was ſatisfied, like his fellows, with the ſlight and ſuperficial diſcharge of an important truſt. As ſoon as my tutor had ſounded the inſufficiency of his diſciple in ſchool-learning, he propoſed that we ſhould read every morning from ten to eleven the comedies of Te-

rence. The ſum of my improvement in the univerſity of Oxford is confined to three or four Latin plays; and even the ſtudy of an elegant claſſic, which might have been illuſtrated by a compariſon of ancient and modern theatres, was reduced to a dry and literal interpretation of the author's text. During the firſt weeks I conſtantly attended theſe leſſons in my tutor's room; but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleaſure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a ſmile. I repeated the offence with leſs ceremony; the excuſe was admitted with the ſame indulgence: the ſlighteſt motive of lazineſs or indiſpoſition, the moſt trifling avocation at home or abroad, was allowed as a worthy impediment; nor did my tutor appear conſcious of my abſence or neglect. Had the hour of lecture been conſtantly filled, a ſingle hour was a ſmall portion of my academic leiſure. No plan of ſtudy was recommended for my uſe; no exerciſes were preſcribed for his inſpection; and, at the moſt precious ſeaſon of youth, whole days and weeks were ſuffered to elapſe without labour or amuſement, without advice or account. I ſhould have liſtened to the voice of reaſon and of my tutor; his mild behaviour had gained my confidence. I preferred his ſociety to that of the younger ſtudents; and in our evening walks to the top of Heddington-hill, we freely converſed on a variety of ſubjects. Since the days of Pocock and Hyde, Oriental learning has always been the pride of Oxford, and I once expreſſed an inclination to ſtudy Arabic. His prudence diſcouraged this childiſh fancy; but he neglected the fair occaſion of directing the ardour of a curious mind. During my abſence in the Summer vacation, Dr. Waldegrave accepted a college living at Waſhington in Suſſex, and on my return I no longer found him at Oxford. From that time I have loſt ſight of my firſt tutor; but at the end of thirty years (1781) he was ſtill alive; and the practice of exerciſe and temperance had entitled him to a healthy old age.

The

The long receſs between the Trinity and Michaelmas terms empties the colleges of Oxford, as well as the courts of Weſtminſter. I ſpent, at my father's houſe at Buriton in Hampſhire, the two months of Auguſt and September. It is whimſical enough, that as ſoon as I left Magdalen College, my taſte for books began to revive; but it was the ſame blind and boyiſh taſte for the purſuit of exotic hiſtory. Unprovided with original learning, unformed in the habits of thinking, unſkilled in the arts of compoſition, I reſolved—to write a book. The title of this firſt Eſſay, *the Age of Seſoſtris*, was perhaps ſuggeſted by Voltaire's Age of Lewis XIV. which was new and popular; but my ſole object was to inveſtigate the probable date of the life and reign of the conqueror of Aſia. I was then enamoured of Sir John Marſham's Canon Chronicus; an elaborate work, of whoſe merits and defects I was not yet qualified to judge. According to his ſpecious, though narrow plan, I ſettled my hero about the time of Solomon, in the tenth century before the Chriſtian æra. It was therefore incumbent on me, unleſs I would adopt Sir Iſaac Newton's ſhorter chronology, to remove a formidable objection; and my ſolution, for a youth of fifteen, is not devoid of ingenuity. In his verſion of the Sacred Books, Manetho the high prieſt has identified Sethoſis, or Seſoſtris, with the elder brother of Danaus, who landed in Greece, according to the Parian Marble, fifteen hundred and ten years before Chriſt. But in my ſuppoſition the high prieſt is guilty of a voluntary error; flattery is the prolific parent of falſehood. Manetho's Hiſtory of Egypt is dedicated to Ptolemy Philadelphus, who derived a fabulous or illegitimate pedigree from the Macedonian kings of the race of Hercules. Danaus is the anceſtor of Hercules; and after the failure of the elder branch, his deſcendants, the Ptolemies, are the ſole repreſentatives of the royal family, and may claim by inheritance the kingdom which they hold by conqueſt. Such were my juvenile diſcoveries; at a riper age, I no longer preſume to connect the

Greek, the Jewiſh, and the Egyptian antiquities, which are loſt in a diſtant cloud. Nor is this the only inſtance, in which the belief and knowledge of the child are ſuperſeded by the more rational ignorance of the man. During my ſtay at Buriton, my infant-labour was diligently proſecuted, without much interruption from company or country diverſions; and I already heard the muſic of public applauſe. The diſcovery of my own weakneſs was the firſt ſymptom of taſte. On my return to Oxford, the Age of Seſoſtris was wiſely relinquiſhed; but the imperfect ſheets remained twenty years at the bottom of a drawer, till, in a general clearance of papers, (November 1772,) they were committed to the flames.

After the departure of Dr. Waldgrave, I was transferred, with his other pupils, to his academical heir, whoſe literary character did not command the reſpect of the college. Dr. * * * * well remembered that he had a ſalary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform. Inſtead of guiding the ſtudies, and watching over the behaviour of his diſciple, I was never ſummoned to attend even the ceremony of a lecture; and, excepting one voluntary viſit to his rooms, during the eight months of his titular office, the tutor and pupil lived in the ſame college as ſtrangers to each other. The want of experience, of advice, and of occupation, ſoon betrayed me into ſome improprieties of conduct, ill-choſen company, late hours, and inconſiderate expence. My growing debts might be ſecret; but my frequent abſence was viſible and ſcandalous: and a tour to Bath, a viſit into Buckinghamſhire, and four excurſions to London in the ſame winter, were coſtly and dangerous frolics. They were, indeed, without a meaning, as without an excuſe. The irkſomeneſs of a cloiſtered life repeatedly tempted me to wander; but my chief pleaſure was that of travelling; and I was too young and baſhful to enjoy, like a Manly Oxonian in Town, the pleaſures of London. In all theſe excurſions I eloped from Oxford; I returned to college; in a few days I eloped again, as if I had been an independent ſtranger in a hired

hired lodging, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of control. Yet my time was loſt, my expences were multiplied, my behaviour abroad was unknown; folly as well as vice ſhould have awakened the attention of my ſuperiors, and my tender years would have juſtified a more than ordinary degree of reſtraint and diſcipline.

It might at leaſt be expected, that an eccleſiaſtical ſchool ſhould inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the oppoſite extremes of bigotry and indifference: an heretic, or unbeliever, was a monſter in her eyes; but ſhe was always, or often, or ſometimes, remiſs in the ſpiritual education of her own children. According to the ſtatutes of the univerſity, every ſtudent, before he is matriculated, muſt ſubſcribe his aſſent to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England, which are ſigned by more than read, and read by more than believe them. My inſufficient age excuſed me, however, from the immediate performance of this legal ceremony; and the vice-chancellor directed me to return, as ſoon as I ſhould have accompliſhed my fifteenth year; recommending me, in the mean while, to the inſtruction of my college. My college forgot to inſtruct: I forgot to return, and was myſelf forgotten by the firſt magiſtrate of the univerſity. Without a ſingle lecture, either public or private, either chriſtian or proteſtant, without any academical ſubſcription, without any epiſcopal confirmation, I was left by the dim light of my catechiſm to grope my way to the chapel and communion-table, where I was admitted, without a queſtion, how far, or by what means, I might be qualified to receive the ſacrament. Such almoſt incredible neglect was productive of the worſt miſchiefs. From my childhood I had been fond of religious diſputation: my poor aunt has been often puzzled by the myſteries which ſhe ſtrove to believe; nor had the claſtic ſpring been totally broken by the weight of the atmoſphere of Oxford. The blind activity of idleneſs urged me to advance without armour into the dan-

gerous mazes of controverſy; and at the age of ſixteen, I bewildered myſelf in the errors of the church of Rome.

The progreſs of my converſion may tend to illuſtrate, at leaſt, the hiſtory of my own mind. It was not long ſince Dr. Middleton's free inquiry had founded an alarm in the theological world: much ink and much gall had been ſpilt in the defence of the primitive miracles; and the two dulleſt of their champions were crowned with academic honours by the univerſity of Oxford. The name of Middleton was unpopular; and his proſcription very naturally led me to peruſe his writings, and thoſe of his antagoniſts. His bold criticiſm, which approaches the precipice of infidelity, produced on my mind a ſingular effect; and had I perſevered in the communion of Rome, I ſhould now apply to my own fortune the prediction of the Sybil,

——Via prima ſalutis,
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ, pandetur ab urbe.

The elegance of ſtyle and freedom of argument were repelled by a ſhield of prejudice. I ſtill revered the character, or rather the names, of the ſaints and fathers whom Dr. Middleton expoſes; nor could he deſtroy my implicit belief, that the gift of miraculous powers was continued in the church, during the firſt four or five centuries of chriſtianity. But I was unable to reſiſt the weight of hiſtorical evidence, that within the ſame period moſt of the leading doctrines of popery were already introduced in theory and practice: nor was my concluſion abſurd, that miracles are the teſt of truth, and that the church muſt be orthodox and pure, which was ſo often approved by the viſible interpoſition of the Deity. The marvellous tales which are ſo boldly atteſted by the Baſils and Chryſoſtoms, the Auſtins and Jeroms, compelled me to embrace the ſuperior merits of celibacy, the inſtitution of the monaſtic life, the uſe of the ſign of the croſs, of holy oil, and even of images, the invocation of ſaints, the worſhip of relics, the rudiments of purgatory in prayers for the dead, and

the tremendous myſtery of the ſacrifice of the body and blood of Chriſt, which inſenſibly ſwelled into the prodigy of tranſubſtantiation. In theſe diſpoſitions, and already more than half a convert, I formed an unlucky intimacy with a young gentleman of our college, whoſe name I ſhall ſpare. With a character leſs reſolute, Mr. **** had imbibed the ſame religious opinions; and ſome Popiſh books, I know not through what channel, were conveyed into his poſſeſſion. I read, I applauded, I believed: the Engliſh tranſlations of two famous works of Boſſuet Biſhop of Meaux, the Expoſition of the Catholic Doctrine, and the Hiſtory of the Proteſtant Variations, atchieved my converſion, and I ſurely fell by a noble hand *. I have ſince examined the originals with a more diſcerning eye, and ſhall not heſitate to pronounce, that Boſſuet is indeed a maſter of all the weapons of controverſy. In the Expoſition, a ſpecious apology, the orator aſſumes, with conſummate art, the tone of candour and ſimplicity; and the ten-horned monſter is tranſformed, at his magic touch, into the milk-white hind, who muſt be loved as ſoon as ſhe is ſeen. In the Hiſtory, a bold and well-aimed attack, he diſplays, with a happy mixture of narrative and argument, the faults and follies, the changes and contradictions of our firſt reformers; whoſe variations (as he dexterouſly contends) are the mark of hiſtorical error, while the perpetual unity of the catholic church is the ſign and teſt of infallible truth. To my preſent feelings it ſeems incredible that I ſhould ever believe that I believed in tranſubſtantiation. But my conqueror oppreſſed me with the ſacramental words, "Hoc eſt corpus meum," and daſhed againſt each other the figurative half-meanings of the proteſtant ſects: every objection was reſolved into omnipotence; and after repeating at St. Mary's the Atha-

* Mr. Gibbon never talked with me on the ſubject of his converſion to popery but once; and then, he imputed his change to the works of Parſons the jeſuit, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, and who, he ſaid, had urged all the beſt arguments in favour of the Roman catholic religion. S.

naſian

naſian creed, I humbly acquieſced in the myſtery of the real preſence.

" To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
" Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
" Both knave and fool, the merchant we may call,
" To pay great ſums, and to compound the ſmall,
" For who would break with Heaven, and would not break
" for all?"

No ſooner had I ſettled my new religion than I reſolved to profeſs myſelf a catholic. Youth is ſincere and impetuous; and a momentary glow of enthuſiaſm had raiſed me above all temporal conſiderations *.

By the keen proteſtants, who would gladly retaliate the example of perſecution, a clamour is raiſed of the increaſe of popery: and they are always loud to declaim againſt the toleration of prieſts and jeſuits, who pervert ſo many of his majeſty's ſubjects from their religion and allegiance. On the preſent occaſion, the fall of one or more of her ſons directed this clamour againſt the univerſity; and it was confidently affirmed that popiſh miſſionaries were ſuffered, under various diſguiſes, to introduce themſelves into the colleges of Oxford. But juſtice obliges me to declare, that, as far as relates to myſelf, this aſſertion is falſe; and that I never converſed with a prieſt, or even with a papiſt, till my reſolution from books was abſolutely fixed. In my laſt excurſion to London, I addreſſed myſelf to Mr. Lewis, a Roman catholic bookſeller in Ruſſell-ſtreet, Covent Garden, who recommended me to a prieſt, of whoſe name and order I am at preſent ignorant. In our firſt interview he ſoon diſcovered that perſuaſion was needleſs. After ſounding the motives and merits of my

* He deſcribed the letter to his father, announcing his converſion, as written with all the pomp, the dignity, and ſelf-ſatisfaction of a martyr. S.

converſion,

converſion, he conſented to admit me into the pale of the church; and at his feet, on the eighth of June 1753, I ſolemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of hereſy. The ſeduction of an Engliſh youth of family and fortune was an act of as much danger as glory; but he bravely overlooked the danger, of which I was not then ſufficiently informed. "Where a perſon is reconciled to the ſee of Rome, or "procures others to be reconciled, the offence (ſays Blackſtone) "amounts to high treaſon." And if the humanity of the age would prevent the execution of this ſanguinary ſtatute, there were other laws of a leſs odious caſt, which condemned the prieſt to perpetual impriſonment, and transferred the proſelyte's eſtate to his neareſt relation. An elaborate controverſial epiſtle, approved by my director, and addreſſed to my father, announced and juſtified the ſtep which I had taken. My father was neither a bigot nor a philoſopher; but his affection deplored the loſs of an only ſon; and his good ſenſe was aſtoniſhed at my ſtrange departure from the religion of my country. In the firſt ſally of paſſion he divulged a ſecret which prudence might have ſuppreſſed, and the gates of Magdalen College were for ever ſhut againſt my return. Many years afterwards, when the name of Gibbon was become as notorious as that of Middleton, it was induſtriouſly whiſpered at Oxford, that the hiſtorian had formerly "turned "papiſt:" my character ſtood expoſed to the reproach of inconſtancy; and this invidious topic would have been handled without mercy by my opponents, could they have ſeparated my cauſe from that of the univerſity. For my own part, I am proud of an honeſt ſacrifice of intereſt to conſcience. I can never bluſh, if my tender mind was entangled in the ſophiſtry that ſeduced the acute and manly underſtandings of CHILLINGWORTH and BAYLE, who afterwards emerged from ſuperſtition to ſcepticiſm.

While Charles the Firſt governed England, and was himſelf governed by a catholic queen, it cannot be denied that the miſſionaries

of Rome laboured with impunity and ſucceſs in the court, the country, and even the univerſities. One of the ſheep,

——Whom the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,

is Mr. William Chillingworth, Maſter of Arts, and Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; who, at the ripe age of twenty-eight years, was perſuaded to elope from Oxford, to the Engliſh ſeminary at Douay in Flanders. Some diſputes with Fiſher, a ſubtle jeſuit, might firſt awaken him from the prejudices of education; but he yielded to his own victorious argument, "that there muſt be ſomewhere an infallible judge; and that the church of Rome is the only chriſtian "ſociety which either does or can pretend to that character." After a ſhort trial of a few months, Mr. Chillingworth was again tormented by religious ſcruples: he returned home, reſumed his ſtudies, unravelled his miſtakes, and delivered his mind from the yoke of authority and ſuperſtition. His new creed was built on the principle, that the Bible is our ſole judge, and private reaſon our ſole interpreter: and he ably maintains this principle in the Religion of a Proteſtant, a book which, after ſtartling the doctors of Oxford, is ſtill eſteemed the moſt ſolid defence of the Reformation. The learning, the virtue, the recent merits of the author, entitled him to fair preferment: but the ſlave had now broken his fetters; and the more he weighed, the leſs was he diſpoſed to ſubſcribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. In a private letter he declares, with all the energy of language, that he could not ſubſcribe to them without ſubſcribing to his own damnation; and that if ever he ſhould depart from this immoveable reſolution, he would allow his friends to think him a madman, or an atheiſt. As the letter is without a date, we cannot aſcertain the number of weeks or months that elapſed between this paſſionate abhorrence and the Saliſbury Regiſter, which is ſtill extant. "Ego Gu-"lielmus Chillingworth, ... omnibus hiſce articulis, ... et ſin-

"gulis

" gulis in iiſdem contentis volens, et ex animo ſubſcribo, et conſenſum " meum iiſdem præbeo. 20 die Julii 1638." But, alas! the chancellor and prebendary of Sarum ſoon deviated from his own ſubſcription: as he more deeply ſcrutinized the article of the Trinity, neither ſcripture nor the primitive fathers could long uphold his orthodox belief; and he could not but confeſs, " that the doctrine of Arius is " either a truth, or at leaſt no damnable hereſy." From this middle region of the air, the deſcent of his reaſon would naturally reſt on the firmer ground of the Socinians: and if we may credit a doubtful ſtory, and the popular opinion, his anxious inquiries at laſt ſubſided in philoſophic indifference. So conſpicuous, however, were the candour of his nature and the innocence of his heart, that this apparent levity did not affect the reputation of Chillingworth. His frequent changes proceeded from too nice an inquiſition into truth. His doubts grew out of himſelf; he aſſiſted them with all the ſtrength of his reaſon: he was then too hard for himſelf; but finding as little quiet and repoſe in thoſe victories, he quickly recovered, by a new appeal to his own judgment: ſo that in all his ſallies and retreats, he was in fact his own convert.

Bayle was the ſon of a Calviniſt miniſter in a remote province of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees. For the benefit of education, the proteſtants were tempted to riſk their children in the catholic univerſities; and in the twenty-ſecond year of his age, young Bayle was ſeduced by the arts and arguments of the jeſuits of Thouloufe. He remained about ſeventeen months (19th March 1669—19th Auguſt 1670) in their hands, a voluntary captive; and a letter to his parents, which the new convert compoſed or ſubſcribed (15th April 1670), is darkly tinged with the ſpirit of popery. But Nature had deſigned him to think as he pleaſed, and to ſpeak as he thought: his piety was offended by the exceſſive worſhip of creatures; and the ſtudy of phyſics convinced him of the impoſſibility of tranſubſtantiation, which is abundantly refuted by the teſtimony of our ſenſes.

His return to the communion of a falling ſect was a bold and diſintereſted ſtep, that expoſed him to the rigour of the laws; and a ſpeedy flight to Geneva protected him from the reſentment of his ſpiritual tyrants, unconſcious as they were of the full value of the prize, which they had loſt. Had Bayle adhered to the catholic church, had he embraced the eccleſiaſtical profeſſion, the genius and favour of ſuch a proſelyte might have aſpired to wealth and honours in his native country: but the hypocrite would have found leſs happineſs in the comforts of a beneſice, or the dignity of a mitre, than he enjoyed at Rotterdam in a private ſtate of exile, indigence, and freedom. Without a country, or a patron, or a prejudice, he claimed the liberty and ſubſiſted by the labours of his pen: the inequality of his voluminous works is explained and excuſed by his alternately writing for himſelf, for the bookſellers, and for poſterity; and if a ſevere critic would reduce him to a ſingle folio, that relic, like the books of the Sybil, would become ſtill more valuable. A calm and lofty ſpectator of the religious tempeſt, the philoſopher of Rotterdam condemned with equal firmneſs the perſecution of Lewis the Fourteenth, and the republican maxims of the Calviniſts; their vain prophecies, and the intolerant bigotry which ſometimes vexed his ſolitary retreat. In reviewing the controverſies of the times, he turned againſt each other the arguments of the diſputants; ſucceſſively wielding the arms of the catholics and proteſtants, he proves that neither the way of authority, nor the way of examination can afford the multitude any teſt of religious truth; and dexterouſly concludes that cuſtom and education muſt be the ſole grounds of popular belief. The ancient paradox of Plutarch, that atheiſm is leſs pernicious than ſuperſtition, acquires a tenfold vigor, when it is adorned with the colours of his wit, and pointed with the acuteneſs of his logic. His critical dictionary is a vaſt repoſitory of facts and opinions; and he balances the *falſe* religions in his ſceptical ſcales, till the oppoſite quantities (if I may uſe the language of algebra) annihilate each other. The wonderful power which he

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ſo boldly exerciſed, of aſſembling doubts and objections, had tempted him jocoſely to aſſume the title of the νεφελληγερετα Ζευς, the cloud-compelling Jove; and in a converſation with the ingenious Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) de Polignac, he freely diſcloſed his univerſal Pyrrhoniſm. "I am moſt truly (ſaid Bayle) a proteſtant; for I "proteſt indifferently againſt all ſyſtems and all ſects."

The academical reſentment, which I may poſſibly have provoked, will prudently ſpare this plain narrative of my ſtudies, or rather of my idleneſs; and of the unfortunate event which ſhortened the term of my reſidence at Oxford. But it may be ſuggeſted, that my father was unlucky in the choice of a ſociety, and the chance of a tutor. It will perhaps be aſſerted, that in the lapſe of forty years many improvements have taken place in the college and in the univerſity. I am not unwilling to believe, that ſome tutors might have been found more active than Dr. Waldgrave, and leſs contemptible than Dr. ****. About the ſame time, and in the ſame walk, a Bentham was ſtill treading in the footſteps of a Burton, whoſe maxims he had adopted, and whoſe life he had publiſhed. The biographer indeed preferred the ſchool-logic to the new philoſophy; Burgurſdicius to Locke; and the hero appears, in his own writings, a ſtiff and conceited pedant. Yet even theſe men, according to the meaſure of their capacity, might be diligent and uſeful; and it is recorded of Burton, that he taught his pupils what he knew; ſome Latin, ſome Greek, ſome ethics and metaphyſics; referring them to proper maſters for the languages and ſciences of which he was ignorant. At a more recent period, many ſtudents have been attracted by the merit and reputation of Sir William Scott, then a tutor in Univerſity College, and now conſpicuous in the profeſſion of the civil law: my perſonal acquaintance with that gentleman has inſpired me with a juſt eſteem for his abilities and knowledge; and I am aſſured that his lectures on hiſtory would compoſe, were they given to the public, a moſt valuable treatiſe. Under the auſpices of the preſent Archbiſhop of York,

Dr. Markham, himſelf an eminent ſcholar, a more regular diſcipline has been introduced, as I am told, at Chriſt Church *; a courſe of claſſical and philoſophical ſtudies is propoſed, and even purſued, in that numerous ſeminary: learning has been made a duty, a pleaſure, and even a faſhion; and ſeveral young gentlemen do honour to the college in which they have been educated. According to the will of the donor, the profit of the ſecond part of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory has been applied to the eſtabliſhment of a riding-ſchool, that the polite exerciſes might be taught, I know not with what ſucceſs, in the univerſity. The Vinerian profeſſorſhip is of far more ſerious importance; the laws of his country are the firſt ſcience of an Eng-

* This was written on the information Mr. Gibbon had received, and the obſervation he had made, previous to his late reſidence at Lauſanne. During his laſt viſit to England, he had an opportunity of ſeeing at Sheffield-place ſome young men of the college above alluded to; he had great ſatisfaction in converſing with them, made many inquiries reſpecting their courſe of ſtudy, applauded the diſcipline of Chriſt Church, and the liberal attention ſhewn by the Dean, to thoſe whoſe only recommendation was their merit. Had Mr. Gibbon lived to reviſe this work, I am ſure he would have mentioned the name of Dr. Jackſon with the higheſt commendation. There are other colleges at Oxford, with whoſe diſcipline my friend was unacquainted, to which, without doubt, he would willingly have allowed their due praiſe, particularly Brazen Noſe and Oriel Colleges; the former under the care of Dr. Cleaver, biſhop of Cheſter, the latter under that of Dr. Eveleigh. It is ſtill greatly to be wiſhed that the general expence, or rather extravagance, of young men at our Engliſh univerſities may be more effectually reſtrained. The expence, in which they are permitted to indulge, is inconſiſtent not only with a neceſſary degree of ſtudy, but with thoſe habits of morality which ſhould be promoted, by all means poſſible, at an early period of life. An academical education in England is at preſent an object of alarm and terror to every thinking parent of moderate fortune. It is the apprehenſion of the expence, of the diſſipation, and other evil conſequences, which ariſe from the want of proper reſtraint at our own univerſities, that forces a number of our Engliſh youths to thoſe of Scotland, and utterly excludes many from any ſort of academical inſtruction. If a charge be true, which I have heard inſiſted on, that the heads of our colleges in Oxford and Cambridge are vain of having under their care chiefly men of opulence, who may be ſuppoſed exempt from the neceſſity of œconomical controul, they are indeed highly cenſurable; ſince the miſchief of allowing early habits of expence and diſſipation is great, in various reſpects, even to thoſe poſſeſſed of large property; and the moſt ſerious evil from this indulgence muſt happen to youths of humbler fortune, who certainly form the majority of ſtudents both at Oxford and Cambridge. S.

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liſhman of rank and fortune, who is called to be a magiſtrate, and may hope to be a legiſlator. This judicious inſtitution was coldly entertained by the graver doctors, who complained (I have heard the complaint) that it would take the young people from their books: but Mr. Viner's benefaction is not unprofitable, ſince it has at leaſt produced the excellent commentaries of Sir William Blackſtone.

After carrying me to Putney, to the houſe of his friend Mr. Mallet *, by whoſe philoſophy I was rather ſcandalized than reclaimed, it was neceſſary for my father to form a new plan of education, and to deviſe ſome method which, if poſſible, might effect the cure of my ſpiritual malady. After much debate it was determined, from the advice and perſonal experience of Mr. Eliot (now Lord Eliot) to fix me, during ſome years, at Lauſanne in Switzerland. Mr. Frey, a Swiſs gentleman of Baſil, undertook the conduct of the journey: we left London the 19th of June, croſſed the ſea from Dover to Calais, travelled poſt through ſeveral provinces of France, by the direct road of St. Quentin, Rheims, Langres, and Beſançon, and arrived the 30th of June at Lauſanne, where I was immediately ſettled under the roof and tuition of Mr. Pavilliard, a Calviniſt miniſter.

The firſt marks of my father's diſpleaſure rather aſtoniſhed than afflicted me: when he threatened to baniſh, and diſown, and diſinherit a rebellious ſon, I cheriſhed a ſecret hope that he would not be able or willing to effect his menaces; and the pride of conſcience encouraged me to ſuſtain the honourable and important part which I was now acting. My ſpirits were raiſed and kept alive by the rapid motion of my journey, the new and various ſcenes of the Continent, and the civility of Mr. Frey, a man of ſenſe, who was not ignorant of books or the world. But after he had reſigned me into Pavilliard's hands, and I was fixed in my new habitation, I had leiſure to con-

* The author of a life of Bacon, which has been rated above its value; of ſome forgotten poems and plays; and of the pathetic ballad of William and Margaret.

template the ſtrange and melancholy proſpect before me. My firſt complaint aroſe from my ignorance of the language. In my childhood I had once ſtudied the French grammar, and I could imperfectly underſtand the eaſy proſe of a familiar ſubject. But when I was thus ſuddenly caſt on a foreign land, I found myſelf deprived of the uſe of ſpeech and of hearing; and, during ſome weeks, incapable not only of enjoying the pleaſures of converſation, but even of aſking or anſwering a queſtion in the common intercourſe of life. To a home-bred Engliſhman every object, every cuſtom was offenſive; but the native of any country might have been diſguſted with the general aſpect of his lodging and entertainment. I had now exchanged my elegant apartment in Magdalen College, for a narrow, gloomy ſtreet, the moſt unfrequented of an unhandſome town, for an old inconvenient houſe, and for a ſmall chamber ill-contrived and ill-furniſhed, which, on the approach of Winter, inſtead of a companionable fire, muſt be warmed by the dull inviſible heat of a ſtove. From a man I was again degraded to the dependance of a ſchool-boy. Mr. Pavilliard managed my expences, which had been reduced to a diminutive ſtate: I received a ſmall monthly allowance for my pocket-money; and helpleſs and awkward as I have ever been, I no longer enjoyed the indiſpenſable comfort of a ſervant. My condition ſeemed as deſtitute of hope, as it was devoid of pleaſure: I was ſeparated for an indefinite, which appeared an infinite term from my native country; and I had loſt all connection with my catholic friends. I have ſince reflected with ſurpriſe, that as the Romiſh clergy of every part of Europe maintain a cloſe correſpondence with each other, they never attempted, by letters or meſſages, to reſcue me from the hands of the hereties, or at leaſt to confirm my zeal and conſtancy in the profeſſion of the faith. Such was my firſt introduction to Lauſanne; a place where I ſpent nearly five years with pleaſure and profit, which I afterwards reviſited without compulſion, and which I have finally ſelected as the moſt grateful retreat for the decline of my life.

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But it is the peculiar felicity of youth that the moſt unpleaſing objects and events ſeldom make a deep or laſting impreſſion; it forgets the paſt, enjoys the preſent, and anticipates the future. At the flexible age of ſixteen I ſoon learned to endure, and gradually to adopt, the new forms of arbitrary manners: the real hardſhips of my ſituation were alienated by time. Had I been ſent abroad in a more ſplendid ſtyle, ſuch as the fortune and bounty of my father might have ſupplied, I might have returned home with the ſame ſtock of language and ſcience, which our countrymen uſually import from the Continent. An exile and a priſoner as I was, their example betrayed me into ſome irregularities of wine, of play, and of idle excurſions: but I ſoon felt the impoſſibility of aſſociating with them on equal terms; and after the departure of my firſt acquaintance, I held a cold and civil correſpondence with their ſucceſſors. This ſecluſion from Engliſh ſociety was attended with the moſt ſolid benefits. In the *Pays de Vaud*, the French language is uſed with leſs imperfection than in moſt of the diſtant provinces of France: in Pavilliard's family, neceſſity compelled me to liſten and to ſpeak; and if I was at firſt diſheartened by the apparent ſlowneſs, in a few months I was aſtoniſhed by the rapidity of my progreſs. My pronunciation was formed by the conſtant repetition of the ſame ſounds; the variety of words and idioms, the rules of grammar, and diſtinctions of genders, were impreſſed in my memory: eaſe and freedom were obtained by practice; correctneſs and elegance by labour; and before I was recalled home, French, in which I ſpontaneouſly thought, was more familiar than Engliſh to my ear, my tongue, and my pen. The firſt effect of this opening knowledge was the revival of my love of reading, which had been chilled at Oxford; and I ſoon turned over, without much choice, almoſt all the French books in my tutor's library. Even theſe amuſements were productive of real advantage: my taſte and judgment were now ſomewhat riper. I was introduced to a new mode of ſtyle and literature: by the compariſon of manners

and opinions, my views were enlarged, my prejudices were corrected, and a copious voluntary abſtract of the *Hiſtoire de l'Egliſe et de l'Empire*, by le Sueur, may be placed in a middle line between my childiſh and my manly ſtudies. As ſoon as I was able to converſe with the natives, I began to feel ſome ſatisfaction in their company: my awkward timidity was poliſhed and emboldened; and I frequented, for the firſt time, aſſemblies of men and women. The acquaintance of the Pavilliards prepared me by degrees for more elegant ſociety. I was received with kindneſs and indulgence in the beſt families of Lauſanne; and it was in one of theſe that I formed an intimate and laſting connection with Mr. Deyverdun, a young man of an amiable temper and excellent underſtanding. In the arts of fencing and dancing, ſmall indeed was my proficiency; and ſome months were idly waſted in the riding-ſchool. My unfitneſs to bodily exerciſe reconciled me to a ſedentary life, and the horſe, the favourite of my countrymen, never contributed to the pleaſures of my youth.

My obligations to the leſſons of Mr. Pavilliard, gratitude will not ſuffer me to forget: he was endowed with a clear head and a warm heart; his innate benevolence had aſſuaged the ſpirit of the church; he was rational, becauſe he was moderate: in the courſe of his ſtudies he had acquired a juſt though ſuperficial knowledge of moſt branches of literature; by long practice, he was ſkilled in the arts of teaching; and he laboured with aſſiduous patience to know the character, gain the affection, and open the mind of his Engliſh pupil *. As ſoon as we

* *Extract of a Letter from* M. Pavilliard *to* Edward Gibbon eſq.

A Lauſanne, ce 25 Juillet 1753.

Monſieur de Gibbon ſe porte trés bien par la Grace de Dieu, et il me paroit qu'il ne ſe trouve pas mal de nôtre Maiſon; j'ai même lieu de penſer qu'il prend de l'attachement pour moi, ce dont je ſuis charmé et que je travaillerai a augmenter, parce qu'il aura plus de confiance en moi, dans ce que je me propoſe de lui dire.

Je n'ai point encore entrepris de lui parler ſur les matieres de religion, parce que je n'entens pas aſſez la langue Angloiſe pour ſoutenir une longue converſation en cette langue,

we began to underſtand each other, he gently led me, from a blind and undiſtinguiſhing love of reading, into the path of inſtruction. I conſented with pleaſure that a portion of the morning-hours ſhould be conſecrated to a plan of modern hiſtory and geography, and to the critical peruſal of the French and Latin claſſics; and at each ſtep I felt myſelf invigorated by the habits of application and method. His prudence repreſſed and diſſembled ſome youthful ſallies; and as ſoon as I was confirmed in the habits of induſtry and temperance, he gave the reins into my own hands. His favourable report of my behaviour and progreſs gradually obtained ſome latitude of action and expence; and he wiſhed to alleviate the hardſhips of my lodging and entertainment. The principles of philoſophy were aſſociated with the examples of taſte; and by a ſingular chance, the book, as well as the man, which contributed the moſt effectually to my education, has a ſtronger claim on my gratitude than on my admiration. Mr. De Crouſaz, the adverſary of Bayle and Pope, is not diſtinguiſhed by lively fancy or profound reflection; and even in his own country, at the end of a few years, his name and writings are almoſt obliterated. But his philoſophy had been formed in the ſchool of Locke, his di-

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langue, quoique je liſe les auteurs Anglois avec aſſez de facilité; et Monſieur de Gibbon n'entend pas aſſez de François, mais il y fait beaucoup de progrès.

Je ſuis fort content de la politeſſe et de la douceur de caractere de Monſieur votre Fils, et je me flatte que je pouvrai toujours vous parler de lui avec eloge; il s'applique beaucoup à la lecture.

From the Same to the Same.

A Lauſanne, ce 13 Aout 1753.

Monſieur de Gibbon ſe porte bien par la grace de Dieu; je l'aime, et je me ſuis extrémement attaché à lui parce qu'il eſt doux et tranquille. Pour ce que regard ſes ſentimens, quoique je ne lui aie encore rien dit la deſſus, j'ai lieu d'eſperer qu'il ouvrira les yeux à la verité. Je le penſe ainſi, parce qu'étant dans mon cabinet il a choiſi deux livres de controverſe qu'il a pris dans ſa chambre et qu'il les lit. Il m'a chargé de vous offrir ſes très humble reſpects, et de vous demander la permiſſion de le laiſſer monter au manege: cet exerciſe pourroit contribuer à donner de la force à ſon corps, c'eſt l'idée qu'il en a.

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vinity in that of Limborch and Le Clerc; in a long and laborious life, ſeveral generations of pupils were taught to think, and even to write; his leſſons reſcued the academy of Lauſanne from Calviniſtic prejudice; and he had the rare merit of diffuſing a more liberal ſpirit among the clergy and people of the Pays de Vaud. His ſyſtem of logic, which in the laſt editions has ſwelled to ſix tedious and prolix volumes, may be praiſed as a clear and methodical abridgment of the art of reaſoning, from our ſimple ideas to the moſt complex operations of the human underſtanding. This ſyſtem I ſtudied, and meditated, and abſtracted, till I have obtained the free command of an univerſal inſtrument, which I ſoon preſumed to exerciſe on my catholic opinions. Pavilliard was not unmindful that his firſt taſk, his moſt important duty, was to reclaim me from the errors of popery. The intermixture of ſects has rendered the Swiſs clergy acute and learned on the topics of controverſy; and I have ſome of his letters in which he celebrates the dexterity of his attack, and my gradual conceſſions, after a firm and well-managed defence *. I was willing, and I am now willing, to allow him a handſome ſhare of the honour of my converſion: yet I muſt obſerve, that it was principally effected by my private reflections; and I ſtill remember my ſolitary tranſport at the diſcovery of a philoſophical argument againſt the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation: *that* the text of ſcripture, which ſeems to inculcate the real preſence, is atteſted only by a ſingle ſenſe—our ſight; while the real preſence itſelf is diſproved by three of our ſenſes—the ſight, the touch, and the taſte. The various articles of the Romiſh creed diſappeared like a dream; and after a full conviction, on Chriſtmas-day 1754, I received the ſacrament in the church of Lauſanne. It was

* M. Pavilliard has deſcribed to me the aſtoniſhment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon ſtanding before him: a thin little figure, with a large head, diſputing and urging, with the greateſt ability, all the beſt arguments that had ever been uſed in favour of popery. Mr. Gibbon many years ago became very fat and corpulent, but he had uncommonly ſmall bones, and was very ſlight made. S.

here

here that I ſuſpended my religious inquiries, acquieſcing with implicit belief in the tenets and myſteries, which are adopted by the general conſent of catholics and proteſtants *.

Such,

* *Letter from* Mr. PAVILLIARD *to* EDWARD GIBBON eſq.

Monſieur, June 26th, 1754.

J'eſpère que vous pardonnerez mon long ſilence en faveur des nouvelles que j'ai à vous apprendre. Si j'ai tant tardé, ce n'a été ni par oubli, ni par negligence, mais je croyois de ſemaine en ſemaine pouvoir vous annoncer que Monſieur votre fils avoit entierement renoncé aux fauſſes idées qu'il avoit embraſſées; mais il a fallu diſputer le terrein pié à pié, et je n'ai pas trouvé en lui un homme leger, et qui paſſe rapidement d'un ſentiment à un autre. Souvent après avoir detruit toutes ſes idées ſur un article de maniere qu'il n'avoit rien à repliquer, ce qu'il avouoit ſans detour, il me diſoit qu'il ne croioit pas, qu'il n'y eut rien à me repondre. La deſſus je n'ai pas jugé qu'il fallut le pouſſer à bout, et extorquer de lui un aveu que ſon cœur deſavoueroit; je lui donnois alors du tems pour réfléchir; tous mes livres etoient à ſa diſpoſition; je revenois à la charge quand il m'avouoit qu'il avoit etudié la matiere auſſi bien qu'il l'avoit pu, et enfin j'etabliſſoit une verité.

Je me perſuadois, que quand j'aurois detruit les principales erreurs de l'egliſe Romaine, je n'aurois qu'à faire voir que les autres ſont des conſequences des premières, et qu'elles ne peuvent ſubſiſter quand les fundamentales ſont renverſées; mais, comme je l'ai dit, je me ſuis trompé, il a fallu traitter chaque article dans ſon entier. Par la grace de Dieu, je n'ai pas perdu mon tems, et aujourdhui, ſi meme il conſerve quelques reſtes de ſes pernicieuſes erreurs, j'oſe dire qu'il n'eſt plus membre de l'egliſe Romaine; voici dans où nous en ſommes.

J'ai renverſé l'infallibilité de l'egliſe; j'ai prouvé que jamais St. Pierre n'a été chef des apôtres: que quand il l'auroit été, le pape n'eſt point ſon ſucceſſeur; qu'il eſt douteuſe que St. Pierre a jamais été à Rome, mais ſuppoſé qu'il y ait été, il n'a pas été evêque de cette ville: que la tranſubſtantiation eſt un invention humaine, et peu ancienne dans l'egliſe; que l'adoration de l'Euchariſte et le retranchement de la coupe ſont contraires à la parole de Dieu: qu'il y a des ſaints, mais que nous ne ſavons pas que ils ſont, et par conſequent qu'on ne peut pas le prier; que le reſpect et le culte qu'on rend aux reliques eſt condamnable; qu'il n'y a point de purgatoire, et que la doctrine des indulgences eſt fauſſe: que la Careme et les jeunes du Vendredi et du Samedi ſont ridicules aujourdhui, et de la maniere que l'egliſe Romaine les preſcrit: que les imputations que l'egliſe de Rome nous fait de varier dans notre doctrine, et d'avoir pour reformateurs des perſonnes dont la conduite et les mœurs ont été en ſcandale, ſont entierement fauſſes.

Vous comprenez bien, Monſieur, que ces articles ſont d'un longue diſcuſſion, qu'il a fallu du tems à Monſieur votre fils pour mediter mes raiſons et pour y chercher des reponſes. Je lui ai demandé pluſieurs fois, ſi mes preuves et mes raiſons lui paroiſ-

Such, from my arrival at Lauſanne, during the firſt eighteen or twenty months (July 1753—March 1755), were my uſeful ſtudies, the foundation of all my future improvements. But every man who riſes above the common level has received two educations: the firſt from his teachers; the ſecond, more perſonal and important, from himſelf. He will not, like the fanatics of the laſt age, define the moment of grace; but he cannot forget the æra of his life, in which his mind has expanded to its proper form and dimenſions. My worthy tutor had the good ſenſe and modeſty to diſcern how far he could be uſeful: as ſoon as he felt that I advanced beyond his ſpeed and meaſure, he wiſely left me to my genius; and the hours of leſſon

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ſoient convainquantes; il m'a toujours aſſuré qu'oui, de façon que j'oſe aſſurer, auſſi comme je le lui a dit à lui meme, il y a peu de tems qu'il n'etoit plus catholique Romain. Je me flatte, qu'après avoir obtenu la victoire ſur ces articles, je l'aurai ſur le reſte avec le ſecours de Dieu. Tellement que je compte de vous marquer dans peu que cette ouvrage eſt fini, je dois vous dire encore, que quoique j'ai trouvé M^r votre fils très ferme dans ſes idées, je l'ai trouvé raiſonnable, qu'il s'eſt rendu à la lumière, et qu'il n'eſt pas, ce qu'on appelle, chicaneur. Par raport à l'article du jeune le Vendredi et Samedi, long tems apres que je vous eus ecrit qu'il n'avoit jamais marqué qu'il voulut l'obſerver, environ le commencement du mois de Mars je m'aperçus un Vendredi qu'il ne mangeoit point de viande; je lui parlai en particulier pour en ſavoir la raiſon, craignant que ce ne fut par indiſpoſition; il me repondit qu'il l'avoit fait à deſſein, et qu'il avoit cru être obligé de ſe conformer à la pratique d'un egliſe dont il etoit membre: nous parlames quelques tems ſur ce ſujet; il m'aſſura qu'il n'inviſageoit cela que comme une pratique bonne à la verité, et qu'il devoit ſuivre, quoiqu'il ne la crus pas ſainte en elle meme, ni d'inſtitution divine. Je ne crus pas devoir inſiſter pour lors, ni le forcer à agir contre ſes lumières: j'ai traitté cette article qu'eſt certainement un des moins importans, des moins fondés; et cependant il m'a fallu un tems conſiderable pour le detromper, et pour lui faire comprendre qu'il avoit tort de s'aſſujettir à la pratique d'un Egliſe qu'il ne reconnoiſſoit plus pour infaillible; que ſi meme cette pratique avoit eu quelque utilité dans ſon inſtitution, cependant elle n'en avoit aucune en elle meme, puis qu'elle ne contribuoit en rien à la pureté des mœurs; qu'ainſi il n'y avoit aucune raiſon, ni dans l'inſtitution de cette pratique, ni dans la pratique en elle même, que l'autoriſât à s'y ſoumettre: qu'aujourdhui ce n'etoit qu'une affaire d'interet, puis qu'avec de l'argent on obtennoit des diſpenſes pour manger gras, &c. de manier que je l'ai ramené à la liberté Chretienne avec beaucoup de peine et ſeulement depuis quelques ſemaines. Je l'ai engagé a vous ecrire, pour vous manifeſter les ſentimens où il eſt, et l'etat de ſa ſanté, et je crois qu'il l'a fait.

were ſoon loſt in the voluntary labour of the whole morning, and ſometimes of the whole day. The deſire of prolonging my time, gradually confirmed the ſalutary habit of early riſing; to which I have always adhered, with ſome regard to ſeaſons and ſituations: but it is happy for my eyes and my health, that my temperate ardour has never been ſeduced to treſpaſs on the hours of the night. During the laſt three years of my reſidence at Lauſanne, I may aſſume the merit of ſerious and ſolid application; but I am tempted to diſtinguiſh the laſt eight months of the year 1755, as the period of the moſt extraordinary diligence and rapid progreſs *. In my French and Latin tranſlations I adopted an excellent method, which, from my own ſucceſs, I would recommend to the imitation of ſtudents. I choſe ſome claſſic writer, ſuch as Cicero and Vertot, the moſt approved for purity and elegance of ſtyle. I tranſlated, for inſtance, an epiſtle of Cicero into French; and after throwing it aſide, till the words and phraſes were obliterated from my memory, I re-tranſlated my French into ſuch Latin as I could find; and then compared each ſentence of my imperfect verſion, with the eaſe, the grace, the propriety of the Roman orator. A ſimilar experiment was made on ſeveral pages of the Revolutions of Vertot; I turned them into Latin, returned them

* JOURNAL, December 1755.]—In finiſhing this year, I muſt remark how favourable it was to my ſtudies. In the ſpace of eight months, from the beginning of April, I learnt the principles of drawing; made myſelf complete maſter of the French and Latin languages, with which I was very ſuperficially acquainted before, and wrote and tranſlated a great deal in both; read Cicero's Epiſtles ad Familiares, his Brutus, all his Orations, his Dialogues de Amicitiâ, and De Senectute; Terence, twice; and Pliny's Epiſtles. In French, Giannone's Hiſtory of Naples, and l'Abbé Bannier's Mythology, and M. de Boehat's Memoirs ſur la Suiſſe, and wrote a very ample relation of my tour. I likewiſe began to ſtudy Greek, and went through the Grammar. I begun to make very large collections of what I read. But what I eſteem moſt of all, from the peruſal and meditation of De Crouſaz's Logic, I not only underſtood the principles of that ſcience, but formed my mind to a habit of thinking and reaſoning I had no idea of before.

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after a ſufficient interval into my own French, and again ſcrutinized the reſemblance or diſſimilitude of the copy and the original. By degrees I was leſs aſhamed, by degrees I was more ſatisfied with myſelf; and I perſevered in the practice of theſe double tranſlations, which filled ſeveral books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at leaſt of a correct ſtyle. This uſeful exerciſe of writing was accompanied and ſucceeded by the more pleaſing occupation of reading the beſt authors. The peruſal of the Roman claſſics was at once my exerciſe and reward. Dr. Middleton's Hiſtory, which I then appreciated above its true value, naturally directed me to the writings of Cicero. The moſt perfect editions, that of Olivet, which may adorn the ſhelves of the rich, that of Erneſti, which ſhould lie on the table of the learned, were not in my power. For the familiar epiſtles I uſed the text and Engliſh commentary of Biſhop Roſs: but my general edition was that of Verburgius, publiſhed at Amſterdam in two large volumes in folio, with an indifferent choice of various notes. I read, with application and pleaſure, *all* the epiſtles, *all* the orations, and the moſt important treatiſes of rhetoric and philoſophy; and as I read, I applauded the obſervation of Quintillian, that every ſtudent may judge of his own proficiency, by the ſatisfaction which he receives from the Roman orator. I taſted the beauties of language, I breathed the ſpirit of freedom, and I imbibed from his precepts and examples the public and private ſenſe of a man. Cicero in Latin, and Xenophon in Greek, are indeed the two ancients whom I would firſt propoſe to a liberal ſcholar; not only for the merit of their ſtyle and ſentiments, but for the admirable leſſons, which may be applied almoſt to every ſituation of public and private life. Cicero's Epiſtles may in particular afford the models of every form of correſpondence, from the careleſs effuſions of tenderneſs and friendſhip, to the well-guarded declaration of diſcreet and dignified reſentment. After finiſhing this great

great author, a library of eloquence and reaſon, I formed a more extenſive plan of reviewing the Latin claſſics *, under the four diviſions of, 1. hiſtorians, 2. poets, 3. orators, and 4. philoſophers, in a chronological ſeries, from the days of Plautus and Salluſt, to the decline of the language and empire of Rome: and this plan, in the laſt twenty-ſeven months of my reſidence at Lauſanne (January 1756—April 1758), I *nearly* accompliſhed. Nor was this review, however rapid, either haſty or ſuperficial. I indulged myſelf in a ſecond and even a third peruſal of Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, &c. and ſtudied to imbibe the ſenſe and ſpirit moſt congenial to my own. I never ſuffered a difficult or corrupt paſſage to eſcape, till I had viewed it in every light of which it was ſuſceptible: though often diſappointed, I always conſulted the moſt learned or ingenious commentators, Torrentius and Dacier on Horace, Catrou and Servius on Virgil, Lipſius on Tacitus, Meziriac on Ovid, &c.; and in the ardour of my inquiries, I embraced a large circle of hiſtorical and critical erudition. My abſtracts of each book were made in the French language: my obſervations often branched into particular eſſays; and I can ſtill read, without contempt, a diſſertation of eight folio pages on eight lines (287—294) of the fourth Georgic of Virgil. Mr. Deyverdun, my friend, whoſe name will be frequently repeated, had joined with equal zeal, though not with equal perſeverance, in the ſame undertaking. To him every thought, every compoſition, was inſtantly communicated; with him I enjoyed the benefits of a free converſation on the topics of our common ſtudies.

But it is ſcarcely poſſible for a mind endowed with any active curioſity to be long converſant with the Latin claſſics, without aſpiring

* JOURNAL, January 1756.]—I determined to read over the Latin authors in order; and read this year, Virgil, Salluſt, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Quintus Curtius, Juſtin, Florus, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius. I alſo read and meditated Locke upon the Underſtanding.

to know the Greek originals, whom they celebrate as their maſters, and of whom they ſo warmly recommend the ſtudy and imitation;

——Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

It was now that I regretted the early years which had been waſted in ſickneſs or idleneſs, or mere idle reading; that I condemned the perverſe method of our ſchoolmaſters, who, by firſt teaching the mother-language, might deſcend with ſo much eaſe and perſpicuity to the origin and etymology of a derivative idiom. In the nineteenth year of my age I determined to ſupply this defect; and the leſſons of Pavilliard again contributed to ſmooth the entrance of the way, the Greek alphabet, the grammar, and the pronunciation according to the French accent. At my earneſt requeſt we preſumed to open the Iliad; and I had the pleaſure of beholding, though darkly and through a glaſs, the true image of Homer, whom I had long ſince admired in an Engliſh dreſs. After my tutor had left me to myſelf, I worked my way through about half the Iliad, and afterwards interpreted alone a large portion of Xenophon and Herodotus. But my ardour, deſtitute of aid and emulation, was gradually cooled, and, from the barren taſk of ſearching words in a lexicon, I withdrew to the free and familiar converſation of Virgil and Tacitus. Yet in my reſidence at Lauſanne I had laid a ſolid foundation, which enabled me, in a more propitious ſeaſon, to proſecute the ſtudy of Grecian literature.

From a blind idea of the uſefulneſs of ſuch abſtract ſcience, my father had been deſirous, and even preſſing, that I ſhould devote ſome time to the mathematics *; nor could I refuſe to comply with ſo

* *Extract of a Letter from* M. Pavilliard *to* Edward Gibbon eſq.

Monſieur, January 12th, 1757.

Vous avez ſouhaitté que Monſieur votre fils s'appliquât à l'algebre; le gout qu'il a pour les belles lettres lui faiſoit apprehendre que l'algebre ne nuiſſit à ſes études favorites;

ſo reaſonable a wiſh. During two winters I attended the private lectures of Monſieur de Traytorrens, who explained the elements of algebra and geometry, as far as the conic ſections of the Marquis de l'Hôpital, and appeared ſatisfied with my diligence and improvement *. But as my childiſh propenſity for numbers and calculations was

favorites ; je lui ai perſuadé qu'il ne ſe faiſoit pas une juſte idée de cette partie des mathematiques ; l'obeiſſance qu'il vous doit, jointe à mes raiſons, l'ont determiné à en faire un cours. Je ne croiois pas qu'avec cette repugnance il y fit de grand progrés : je me ſuis trompé : il fait bien tout ce qu'il fait ; il eſt exact à ſes leçons, il s'applique à lire avant ſa leçon, et il repaſſe avec ſoin, de maniere qu'il avance beaucoup, et plus que je ne me ſerois attendu : il eſt charmé d'avoir commencé, et je penſe qu'il ſera un petit cours de geometrie, ce que en tout ne lui prendra que ſept à huit mois. Pendant qu'il fait ſes leçons, il ne s'eſt point relaché ſur ſes autres études ; il avance beaucoup dans le Grec, et il a preſque lu la moieté de l'Iliade d'Homere ; je lui fait regulierement des leçons ſur cet auteur : il a auſſi fini les Hiſtoriens Latins ; il en eſt à preſent aux Poetes ; et il a lu entierement Plaute et Terence, et bientôt il aura fini Lucrece. Au reſte, il ne lit pas ces auteurs à la legere, il veut s'eclaircir ſur tout ; de façon, qu'avec le genie qu'il a, l'excellente memoire et l'application, il ira loin dans les ſciences.

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous dire ci-devant, que malgré ſes études il voioit compagnie ; je puis vous le dire encore aujourdhui.

From the Same to the Same.

Monſieur, Jan. 14th, 1758.

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous ecrire le 27 Juillet et le 26 8^{bre} paſſés, et je vous ai rendu compte de la ſanté, des études, et de la conduite de Monſieur votre fils. Je n'ai rien à ajouter à tout ce que je vous en ai dit : il ſe porte parfaitement bien par la grace de Dieu : il continue à etudier avec application, et je puis vous aſſurer qu'il fait de progrés conſiderable dans les études, et il ſe fait extrémement eſtimer par tous ceux qui le connoiſſent, et j'eſpere que quand il vous montrera en detail ce qu'il fait, vous en ſerez très content. Les Belles Lettres que ſont ſon étude favorite ne l'occupent pas entierement ; il continue les mathematiques, et ſon profeſſeur m'aſſure qu'il n'a jamais vu perſonne avancer autant que lui, ni avoir plus d'ardeur et d'application qu'il en a. Son genie heureux et penetrant eſt ſecondé par un memoire de plus heureuſe, tellement qu'il n'oublie preſque rien de ce qu'il apprend. Je n'ai pas moins lieu d'être content de ſa conduite ; quoiqu'il étude beaucoup, il voit cependant compagnie, mais il ne voit que des perſonnes dont le commerce peut lui être utile.

* Journal, January 1757.]—I began to ſtudy algebra under M. de Traytorrens, went through the elements of algebra and geometry, and the three firſt books of

was totally extinct, I was content to receive the paſſive impreſſion of my Profeſſor's lectures, without any active exerciſe of my own powers. As ſoon as I underſtood the principles, I relinquiſhed for ever the purſuit of the mathematics; nor can I lament that I deſiſted, before my mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonſtration, ſo deſtructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which muſt, however, determine the actions and opinions of our lives. I liſtened with more pleaſure to the propoſal of ſtudying the law of nature and nations, which was taught in the academy of Lauſanne by Mr. Vicat, a profeſſor of ſome learning and reputation. But, inſtead of attending his public or private courſe, I preferred in my cloſet the leſſons of his maſters, and my own reaſon. Without being diſguſted by Grotius or Puffendorf, I ſtudied in their writings the duties of a man, the rights of a citizen, the theory of juſtice (it is, alas! a theory), and the laws of peace and war, which have had ſome influence on the practice of modern Europe. My fatigues were alleviated by the good ſenſe of their commentator Barbeyrac. Locke's Treatiſe of Government inſtructed me in the knowledge of Whig principles, which are rather founded in reaſon than experience; but my delight was in the frequent peruſal of Monteſquieu, whoſe energy of ſtyle, and boldneſs of hypotheſis, were powerful to awaken and ſtimulate the genius of the age. The logic of De Crouſaz had prepared me to

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the Marquis de l'Hôpital's Conic Sections. I alſo read Tibullus, Catullus, Propertius, Horace (with Dacier's and Torrentius's notes), Virgil, Ovid's Epiſtles, with Meziriac's Commentary, the Ars Amandi, and the Elegies; likewiſe the Auguſtus and Tiberius of Suetonius, and a Latin tranſlation of Dion Caſſius, from the death of Julius Cæſar to the death of Auguſtus. I alſo continued my correſpondence begun laſt year with M. Allemand of Bex, and the Profeſſor Breitinger of Zurich; and opened a new one with the Profeſſor Geſner of Gottingen.

N. B. Laſt year and this, I read St. John's Goſpel, with part of Xenophon's Cyropœdia; the Iliad, and Herodotus: but, upon the whole, I rather neglected my Greek.

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engage with his maſter Locke, and his antagoniſt Bayle; of whom the former may be uſed as a bridle, and the latter applied as a ſpur, to the curioſity of a young philoſopher. According to the nature of their reſpective works, the ſchools of argument and objection, I carefully went through the Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and occaſionally conſulted the moſt intereſting articles of the Philoſophic Dictionary. In the infancy of my reaſon I turned over, as an idle amuſement, the moſt ſerious and important treatiſe: in its maturity, the moſt trifling performance could exerciſe my taſte or judgment; and more than once I have been led by a novel into a deep and inſtructive train of thinking. But I cannot forbear to mention three particular books, ſince they may have remotely contributed to form the hiſtorian of the Roman empire. 1. From the Provincial Letters of Paſcal, which almoſt every year I have peruſed with new pleaſure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on ſubjects of eccleſiaſtical ſolemnity. 2. The Life of Julian, by the Abbé de la Bleterie, firſt introduced me to the man and the times; and I ſhould be glad to recover my firſt eſſay on the truth of the miracle which ſtopped the rebuilding of the Temple of Jeruſalem. 3. In Giannone's Civil Hiſtory of Naples, I obſerved with a critical eye the progreſs and abuſe of ſacerdotal power, and the revolutions of Italy in the darker ages. This various reading, which I now conducted with diſcretion, was digeſted, according to the precept and model of Mr. Locke, into a large common-place book; a practice, however, which I do not ſtrenuouſly recommend. The action of the pen will doubtleſs imprint an idea on the mind as well as on the paper: but I much queſtion whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waſte of time; and I muſt agree with Dr. Johnſon, (Idler, No. 74.) "that what is twice read, is commonly better remembered, than "what is tranſcribed."

During two years, if I forget ſome boyiſh excurſions of a day or a week, I was fixed at Lauſanne; but at the end of the third ſummer, my father conſented that I ſhould make the tour of Switzerland with Pavilliard: and our ſhort abſence of one month (September 21ſt—October 20th, 1755) was a reward and relaxation of my aſſiduous ſtudies †. The faſhion of climbing the mountains and

† *From* EDWARD GIBBON *to* Mrs. PORTEN.

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reviewing the *Glaciers*, had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers, who ſeek the ſublime beauties of nature. But the political face of the country is not leſs diverſified by the forms and ſpirit of ſo many various republics, from the jealous government of the *few* to the licentious freedom of the *many*. I contemplated with pleaſure the new proſpects of men and manners; though my converſation with the natives would have been more free and inſtructive, had I poſſeſſed the German, as well as the French language. We paſſed through moſt of the principal towns of Switzerland; Neufchâtel, Bienne, Soleurre, Arau, Baden, Zurich, Baſil, and Bern. In every place we viſited the churches, arſenals, libraries, and all the moſt eminent perſons; and after my return, I digeſted my notes in fourteen or fifteen ſheets of a French journal, which I diſpatched to my father, as a proof that my time and his money had not been miſ-ſpent. Had I found this journal among his papers, I might be tempted to ſelect ſome paſſages; but I will not tranſcribe the printed accounts, and it may be ſufficient to notice a remarkable ſpot, which left a deep and laſting impreſſion on my memory. From Zurich we proceeded to the Benedictine Abbey of Einſidlen, more commonly ſtyled Our Lady of the Hermits. I was aſtoniſhed by the profuſe oſtentation of riches in the pooreſt corner of Europe; amidſt a ſavage ſcene of woods and mountains, a palace appears to have been erected by magic; and it was erected by the potent magic of religion. A crowd of palmers and votaries was proſtrate before the altar. The title and worſhip of the Mother of God provoked my indignation; and the lively naked image of ſuperſtition ſuggeſted to me, as in the ſame place it had done to Zuinglius, the moſt preſſing argument for the reformation of the church. About two years after this tour, I paſſed at Geneva a uſeful and agreeable month; but this excurſion, and ſome ſhort viſits in the Pais de Vaud, did not materially interrupt my ſtudious and ſedentary life at Lauſanne.

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My thirſt of improvement, and the languid ſtate of ſcience at Lauſanne, ſoon prompted me to ſolicit a literary correſpondence with ſeveral men of learning, whom I had not an opportunity of perſonally conſulting. 1. In the peruſal of Livy, (xxx. 44.) I had been ſtopped by a ſentence in a ſpeech of Hannibal, which cannot be reconciled by any torture with his character or argument. The commentators diſſemble, or confeſs their perplexity. It occurred to me, that the change of a ſingle letter, by ſubſtituting *otio* inſtead of *odio*, might reſtore a clear and conſiſtent ſenſe; but I wiſhed to weigh my emendation in ſcales leſs partial than my own. I addreſſed myſelf to M. Crevier *, the ſucceſſor of Rollin, and a profeſſor in the univerſity of Paris, who had publiſhed a large and valuable edition of Livy. His anſwer was ſpeedy and polite; he praiſed my ingenuity, and adopted my conjecture. 2. I maintained a Latin correſpondence, at firſt anonymous, and afterwards in my own name, with Profeſſor Breitinger † of Zurich, the learned editor of a Septuagint Bible. In our frequent letters we diſcuſſed many queſtions of antiquity, many paſſages of the Latin claſſics. I propoſed my interpretations and amendments. His cenſures, for he did not ſpare my boldneſs of conjecture, were ſharp and ſtrong; and I was encouraged by the conſciouſneſs of my ſtrength, when I could ſtand in free debate againſt a critic of ſuch eminence and erudition. 3. I correſponded on ſimilar topics with the celebrated Profeſſor Matthew Geſner ‡, of the univerſity of Gottingen; and he accepted, as courteouſly as the two former, the invitation of an unknown youth. But his abilities might poſſibly be decayed; his elaborate letters were feeble and prolix; and when I aſked his proper direction, the vain old man covered half a ſheet of paper with the fooliſh enumeration of his titles and offices. 4. Theſe Profeſſors of Paris, Zurich, and Gottingen, were ſtrangers, whom I preſumed to

* See Appendix, Letters, N° I.
† Ditto, N° IV. and V.
‡ Ditto, N° VI. VII. and VIII.

addreſs

addreſs on the credit of their name; but Mr. Allamand *, Miniſter at Bex, was my perſonal friend, with whom I maintained a more free and intereſting correſpondence. He was a maſter of language, of ſcience, and, above all, of diſpute; and his acute and flexible logic could ſupport, with equal addreſs, and perhaps with equal indifference, the adverſe ſides of every poſſible queſtion. His ſpirit was active, but his pen had been indolent. Mr. Allamand had expoſed himſelf to much ſcandal and reproach, by an anonymous letter (1745) to the Proteſtants of France; in which he labours to perſuade them that *public* worſhip is the excluſive right and duty of the ſtate, and that their numerous aſſemblies of diſſenters and rebels were not authoriſed by the law or the goſpel. His ſtyle is animated, his arguments ſpecious; and if the papiſt may ſeem to lurk under the maſk of a proteſtant, the philoſopher is concealed under the diſguiſe of a papiſt. After ſome trials in France and Holland, which were defeated by his fortune or his character, a genius that might have enlightened or deluded the world, was buried in a country living, unknown to fame, and diſcontented with mankind. *Eſt ſacrificulus in pago, et ruſticos decipit.* As often as private or eccleſiaſtical buſineſs called him to Lauſanne, I enjoyed the pleaſure and benefit of his converſation, and we were mutually flattered by our attention to each other. Our correſpondence, in his abſence, chiefly turned on Locke's metaphyſics, which he attacked, and I defended; the origin of ideas, the principles of evidence, and the doctrine of liberty;

And found no end, in wandering mazes loſt.

By fencing with ſo ſkilful a maſter, I acquired ſome dexterity in the uſe of my philoſophic weapons; but I was ſtill the ſlave of education and prejudice. He had ſome meaſures to keep; and I much

* See Appendix, Letters, N° II. and III.

ſuſpect that he never ſhewed me the true colours of his ſecret ſcepticiſm.

Before I was recalled from Switzerland, I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the moſt extraordinary man of the age; a poet, an hiſtorian, a philoſopher, who has filled thirty quartos, of proſe and verſe, with his various productions, often excellent, and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire? After forfeiting, by his own miſconduct, the friendſhip of the firſt of kings, he retired, at the age of ſixty, with a plentiful fortune, to a free and beautiful country, and reſided two winters (1757 and 1758) in the town or neighbourhood of Lauſanne. My deſire of beholding Voltaire, whom I then rated above his real magnitude, was eaſily gratified. He received me with civility as an Engliſh youth; but I cannot boaſt of any peculiar notice or diſtinction, *Virgilium vidi tantum.*

The ode which he compoſed on his firſt arrival on the banks of the Leman Lake, *O Maiſon d'Ariſtippe! O Jardin d'Epicure, &c.* had been imparted as a ſecret to the gentleman by whom I was introduced. He allowed me to read it twice; I knew it by heart; and as my diſcretion was not equal to my memory, the author was ſoon diſpleaſed by the circulation of a copy. In writing this trivial anecdote, I wiſhed to obſerve whether my memory was impaired, and I have the comfort of finding that every line of the poem is ſtill engraved in freſh and indelible characters. The higheſt gratification which I derived from Voltaire's reſidence at Lauſanne, was the uncommon circumſtance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the ſtage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, ſome of whom were not deſtitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country-houſe at the end of a ſuburb; dreſſes and ſcenes were provided at the expence of the actors; and the author directed the rehearſals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two ſucceſſive winters his tragedies of Zayre, Alzire, Zulime, and his ſentimental comedy of the Enfant Prodigue,

Prodigue, were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire repreſented the characters beſt adapted to his years, Luſignan, Alvarez, Benaſſar, Euphemon. His declamation was faſhioned to the pomp and cadence of the old ſtage; and he expreſſed the enthuſiaſm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature. My ardour, which ſoon became conſpicuous, ſeldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleaſure fortified my taſte for the French theatre, and that taſte has perhaps abated my idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakeſpeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the firſt duty of an Engliſhman. The wit and philoſophy of Voltaire, his table and theatre, refined, in a viſible degree, the manners of Lauſanne; and, however addicted to ſtudy, I enjoyed my ſhare of the amuſements of ſociety. After the repreſentation of Monrepos I ſometimes ſupped with the actors. I was now familiar in ſome, and acquainted in many houſes; and my evenings were generally devoted to cards and converſation, either in private parties or numerous aſſemblies.

I heſitate, from the apprehenſion of ridicule, when I approach the delicate ſubject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or deſign, which has originated in the ſpirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I underſtand by this paſſion the union of deſire, friendſhip, and tenderneſs, which is inflamed by a ſingle female, which prefers her to the reſt of her ſex, and which ſeeks her poſſeſſion as the ſupreme or the ſole happineſs of our being. I need not bluſh at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was diſappointed of ſucceſs, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling ſuch a pure and exalted ſentiment. The perſonal attractions of Mademoiſelle Suſan Curchod were embelliſhed by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was reſpectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profeſſion

of her father did not extinguiſh the moderation and philoſophy of his temper, and he lived content with a ſmall ſalary and laborious duty, in the obſcure lot of miniſter of Craſſy, in the mountains that ſeparate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy *. In the ſolitude of a ſequeſtered village he beſtowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She ſurpaſſed his hopes by her proficiency in the ſciences and languages; and in her ſhort viſits to ſome relations at Lauſanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiſelle Curchod were the theme of univerſal applauſe. The report of ſuch a prodigy awakened my curioſity; I ſaw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in converſation, pure in ſentiment, and elegant in manners; and the firſt ſudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three viſits at her father's houſe. I paſſed ſome happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of

* *Extracts from the Journal.*

March 1757.	I wrote ſome critical obſervations upon Plautus.
March 8th.	I wrote a long diſſertation on ſome lines of Virgil.
June.	I ſaw Mademoiſelle Curchod—*Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.*
Auguſt.	I went to Craſſy, and ſtaid two days.
Sept. 15th.	I went to Geneva.
Oct. 15th.	I came back to Lauſanne, having paſſed through Craſſy.
Nov. 1ſt.	I went to viſit M. de Watteville at Loin, and ſaw Mademoiſelle Curchod in my way through Rolle.
Nov. 17th.	I went to Craſſy, and ſtaid there ſix days.
Jan. 1758.	In the three firſt months of this year I read Ovid's Metamorphoſes, finiſhed the conic ſections with M. de Traytorrens, and went as far as the infinite ſeries; I likewiſe read Sir Iſaac Newton's Chronology, and wrote my critical obſervations upon it.
Jan. 23d.	I ſaw Alzire acted by the ſociety at Monrepos. Voltaire acted Alvares; D'Hermanches, Zamore; de St. Cierge, Guſman; M. de Gentil, Monteze; and Madame Denys, Alzire.

youth

youth no longer fluttered in her boſom; ſhe liſtened to the voice of truth and paſſion, and I might preſume to hope that I had made ſome impreſſion on a virtuous heart. At Craſſy and Lauſanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on my return to England, I ſoon diſcovered that my father would not hear of this ſtrange alliance, and that without his conſent I was myſelf deſtitute and helpleſs. After a painful ſtruggle I yielded to my fate: I ſighed as a lover, I obeyed as a ſon*; my wound was inſenſibly healed by time, abſence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulneſs of the lady herſelf, and my love ſubſided in friendſhip and eſteem. The miniſter of Craſſy ſoon afterwards died; his ſtipend died with him: his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, ſhe earned a hard ſubſiſtence for herſelf and her mother; but in her loweſt diſtreſs ſhe maintained a ſpotleſs reputation, and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good ſenſe to diſcover and poſſeſs this ineſtimable treaſure; and in the capital of taſte and luxury ſhe reſiſted the temptations of wealth, as ſhe had ſuſtained the hardſhips of indigence. The genius of her huſband has exalted him to the moſt conſpicuous ſtation in Europe. In every change of proſperity and diſgrace he has reclined on the boſom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiſelle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the miniſter, and perhaps the legiſlator, of the French monarchy.

Whatſoever have been the fruits of my education, they muſt be aſcribed to the fortunate baniſhment which placed me at Lauſanne. I have ſometimes applied to my own fate the verſes of Pindar, which remind an Olympic champion that his victory was the conſequence

* See Oeuvres de Rouſſeau, tom. xxxiii. p. 88, 89. octavo edition. As an author I ſhall not appeal from the judgment, or taſte, or caprice of *Jean Jaques*: but that extraordinary man, whom I admire and pity, ſhould have been leſs precipitate in condemning the moral character and conduct of a ſtranger.

of his exile; and that at home, like a domeſtic fowl, his days might have rolled away inactive or inglorious.

. . . ἤτοι καὶ τεά κεν,
Ἐνδομάχας ἄτ' ἀλέκλωρ,
Συγγόνω παρ' ἑσλία
Ἀκλεὴς τιμὰ κατεφυλλορόησε ποδῶν·
Εἰ μὴ σλάσις ἀνλιάνειρα
Κνωσὶας ἄμερσε πάτρας *. *Olymp.* xii.

If my childiſh revolt againſt the religion of my country had not ſtripped me in time of my academic gown, the five important years, ſo liberally improved in the ſtudies and converſation of Lauſanne, would have been ſteeped in port and prejudice among the monks of Oxford. Had the fatigue of idleneſs compelled me to read, the path of learning would not have been enlightened by a ray of philoſophic freedom. I ſhould have grown to manhood ignorant of the life and language of Europe, and my knowledge of the world would have been confined to an Engliſh cloiſter. But my religious error fixed me at Lauſanne, in a ſtate of baniſhment and diſgrace. The rigid courſe of diſcipline and abſtinence, to which I was condemned, invigorated the conſtitution of my mind and body; poverty and pride eſtranged me from my countrymen. One miſchief, however, and in their eyes a ſerious and irreparable miſchief, was derived from the ſucceſs of my Swiſs education: I had ceaſed to be an Engliſhman. At the flexible period of youth, from the age of ſixteen to twenty-one, my opinions, habits, and ſentiments were caſt

* Thus, like the creſted bird of Mars, at home
Engag'd in foul domeſtic jars,
And waſted with inteſtine wars,
Inglorious had'ſt thou ſpent thy vig'rous bloom;
Had not ſedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native *Crete*,
And driv'n thee with more glorious toils
Th' *Olympic* crown in *Piſa*'s plain to meet. *Weſt's Pindar.*

in

in a foreign mould; the faint and diſtant remembrance of England was almoſt obliterated; my native language was grown leſs familiar; and I ſhould have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence on the terms of perpetual exile. By the good ſenſe and temper of Pavilliard my yoke was inſenſibly lightened: he left me maſter of my time and actions; but he could neither change my ſituation, nor increaſe my allowance, and with the progreſs of my years and reaſon I impatiently ſighed for the moment of my deliverance. At length, in the Spring of the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-eight, my father ſignified his permiſſion and his pleaſure that I ſhould immediately return home. We were then in the midſt of a war: the reſentment of the French at our taking their ſhips without a declaration, had rendered that polite nation ſomewhat peeviſh and difficult. They denied a paſſage to Engliſh travellers, and the road through Germany was circuitous, toilſome, and perhaps in the neighbourhood of the armies, expoſed to ſome danger. In this perplexity, two Swiſs officers of my acquaintance in the Dutch ſervice, who were returning to their garriſons, offered to conduct me through France as one of their companions; nor did we ſufficiently reflect that my borrowed name and regimentals might have been conſidered, in caſe of a diſcovery, in a very ſerious light. I took my leave of Lauſanne on the 11th of April 1758, with a mixture of joy and regret, in the firm reſolution of reviſiting, as a man, the perſons and places which had been ſo dear to my youth. We travelled ſlowly, but pleaſantly, in a hired coach, over the hills of Franche-compté and the fertile province of Lorraine, and paſſed, without accident or inquiry, through ſeveral fortified towns of the French frontier: from thence we entered the wild Ardennes of the Auſtrian dutchy of Luxemburg; and after croſſing the Meuſe at Liege, we traverſed the heaths of Brabant, and reached, on the fifteenth day, our Dutch garriſon of Bois le Duc. In our paſſage through Nancy, my eye was gratified by the aſpect of a regular and beautiful city, the work of Staniſlaus,

who,

who, after the ſtorms of Poliſh royalty, repoſed in the love and gratitude of his new ſubjects of Lorraine. In our halt at Maeſtricht I viſited Mr. de Beaufort, a learned critic, who was known to me by his ſpecious arguments againſt the five firſt centuries of the Roman Hiſtory. After dropping my regimental companions, I ſtepped aſide to viſit Rotterdam and the Hague. I wiſhed to have obſerved a country, the monument of freedom and induſtry; but my days were numbered, and a longer delay would have been ungraceful. I haſtened to embark at the Brill, landed the next day at Harwich, and proceeded to London, where my father awaited my arrival. The whole term of my firſt abſence from England was four years ten months and fifteen days.

In the prayers of the church our perſonal concerns are judiciouſly reduced to the threefold diſtinction of *mind*, *body*, and *eſtate*. The ſentiments of the mind excite and exerciſe our ſocial ſympathy. The review of my moral and literary character is the moſt intereſting to myſelf and to the public; and I may expatiate, without reproach, on my private ſtudies; ſince they have produced the public writings, which can alone entitle me to the eſteem and friendſhip of my readers. The experience of the world inculcates a diſcreet reſerve on the ſubject of our perſon and eſtate, and we ſoon learn that a free diſcloſure of our riches or poverty would provoke the malice of envy, or encourage the inſolence of contempt.

The only perſon in England whom I was impatient to ſee was my aunt Porten, the affectionate guardian of my tender years. I haſtened to her houſe in College-ſtreet, Weſtminſter; and the evening was ſpent in the effuſions of joy and confidence. It was not without ſome awe and apprehenſion that I approached the preſence of my father. My infancy, to ſpeak the truth, had been neglected at home; the ſeverity of his look and language at our laſt parting ſtill dwelt on my memory; nor could I form any notion of his character, or my probable reception. They were both more agreeable than I could expect. The domeſtic diſcipline of our anceſtors has been

been relaxed by the philoſophy and ſoftneſs of the age; and if my father remembered that he had trembled before a ſtern parent, it was only to adopt with his own ſon an oppoſite mode of behaviour. He received me as a man and a friend; all conſtraint was baniſhed at our firſt interview, and we ever afterwards continued on the ſame terms of eaſy and equal politeneſs. He applauded the ſucceſs of my education; every word and action was expreſſive of the moſt cordial affection; and our lives would have paſſed without a cloud, if his œconomy had been equal to his fortune, or if his fortune had been equal to his deſires. During my abſence he had married his ſecond wife, Miſs Dorothea Patton, who was introduced to me with the moſt unfavourable prejudice. I conſidered his ſecond marriage as an act of diſpleaſure, and I was diſpoſed to hate the rival of my mother. But the injuſtice was in my own fancy, and the imaginary monſter was an amiable and deſerving woman. I could not be miſtaken in the firſt view of her underſtanding, her knowledge, and the elegant ſpirit of her converſation: her polite welcome, and her aſſiduous care to ſtudy and gratify my wiſhes, announced at leaſt that the ſurface would be ſmooth; and my ſuſpicions of art and falſehood were gradually diſpelled by the full diſcovery of her warm and exquiſite ſenſibility. After ſome reſerve on my ſide, our minds aſſociated in confidence and friendſhip; and as Mrs. Gibbon had neither children nor the hopes of children, we more eaſily adopted the tender names and genuine characters of mother and of ſon. By the indulgence of theſe parents, I was left at liberty to conſult my taſte or reaſon in the choice of place, of company, and of amuſements; and my excurſions were bounded only by the limits of the iſland, and the meaſure of my income. Some faint efforts were made to procure me the employment of ſecretary to a foreign embaſſy; and I liſtened to a ſcheme which would again have tranſported me to the continent. Mrs. Gibbon, with ſeeming wiſdom, exhorted me to take chambers in the Temple, and devote my leiſure to the ſtudy of the law. I cannot repent of having neglected her

advice

advice. Few men, without the ſpur of neceſſity, have reſolution to force their way through the thorns and thickets of that gloomy labyrinth. Nature had not endowed me with the bold and ready eloquence which makes itſelf heard amidſt the tumult of the bar; and I ſhould probably have been diverted from the labours of literature, without acquiring the fame or fortune of a ſucceſsful pleader. I had no need to call to my aid the regular duties of a profeſſion; every day, every hour, was agreeably filled; nor have I known, like ſo many of my countrymen, the tedioufneſs of an idle life.

Of the two years (May 1758—May 1760,) between my return to England and the embodying of the Hampſhire militia, I paſſed about nine months in London, and the remainder in the country. The metropolis affords many amuſements, which are open to all. It is itſelf an aſtoniſhing and perpetual ſpectacle to the curious eye; and each taſte, each ſenſe may be gratified by the variety of objects which will occur in the long circuit of a morning walk. I aſſiduouſly frequented the theatres at a very propitious æra of the ſtage, when a conſtellation of excellent actors, both in tragedy and comedy, was eclipſed by the meridian brightneſs of Garrick in the maturity of his judgment, and vigour of his performance. The pleaſures of a town-life are within the reach of every man who is regardleſs of his health, his money, and his company. By the contagion of example I was ſometimes ſeduced; but the better habits, which I had formed at Lauſanne, induced me to ſeek a more elegant and rational ſociety; and if my ſearch was leſs eaſy and ſucceſsful than I might have hoped, I ſhall at preſent impute the failure to the diſadvantages of my ſituation and character. Had the rank and fortune of my parents given them an annual eſtabliſhment in London, their own houſe would have introduced me to a numerous and polite circle of acquaintance. But my father's taſte had always preferred the higheſt and the loweſt company, for which he was equally qualified; and after a twelve years retirement, he was no longer in the memory of the great with whom he had aſſociated. I found myſelf a ſtranger in

the midſt of a vaſt and unknown city; and at my entrance into life I was reduced to ſome dull family parties, and ſome ſcattered connections, which were not ſuch as I ſhould have choſen for myſelf. The moſt uſeful friends of my father were the Mallets: they received me with civility and kindneſs at firſt on his account, and afterwards on my own; and (if I may uſe Lord Cheſterfield's words) I was ſoon *domeſticated* in their houſe. Mr. Mallet, a name among the Engliſh poets, is praiſed by an unforgiving enemy, for the eaſe and elegance of his converſation, and his wife was not deſtitute of wit or learning. By his aſſiſtance I was introduced to lady Hervey, the mother of the preſent earl of Briſtol. Her age and infirmities confined her at home; her dinners were ſelect; in the evening her houſe was open to the beſt company of both ſexes and all nations; nor was I diſpleaſed at her preference and affectation of the manners, the language, and the literature of France. But my progreſs in the Engliſh world was in general left to my own efforts, and thoſe efforts were languid and ſlow. I had not been endowed by art or nature with thoſe happy gifts of confidence and addreſs, which unlock every door and every boſom; nor would it be reaſonable to complain of the juſt conſequences of my ſickly childhood, foreign education, and reſerved temper. While coaches were rattling through Bond-ſtreet, I have paſſed many a ſolitary evening in my lodging with my books. My ſtudies were ſometimes interrupted by a ſigh, which I breathed towards Lauſanne; and on the approach of Spring, I withdrew without reluctance from the noiſy and extenſive ſcene of crowds without company, and diſſipation without pleaſure. In each of the twenty-five years of my acquaintance with London (1758—1783) the proſpect gradually brightened; and this unfavourable picture moſt properly belongs to the firſt period after my return from Switzerland.

My father's reſidence in Hampſhire, where I have paſſed many light, and ſome heavy hours, was at Buriton, near Petersfield, one mile from the Portſmouth road, and at the eaſy diſtance of fifty-eight miles from London *. An old manſion, in a ſtate of decay, had been converted into the faſhion and convenience of a modern houſe: and if ſtrangers had nothing to ſee, the inhabitants had little to deſire. The ſpot was not happily choſen, at the end of the village and the bottom of the hill: but the aſpect of the adjacent grounds was various and cheerful; the downs commanded a noble proſpect, and the long hanging woods in ſight of the houſe could not perhaps have been improved by art or expence. My father kept in his own hands the whole of the eſtate, and even rented ſome additional land; and whatſoever might be the balance of profit and loſs, the farm ſupplied him with amuſement and plenty. The produce maintained a number of men and horſes, which were multiplied by the intermixture of domeſtic and rural ſervants; and in the intervals of labour the favourite team, a handſome ſet of bays or greys, was harneſſed to the coach. The œconomy of the houſe was regulated by the taſte and prudence of Mrs. Gibbon. She prided herſelf in the elegance of her occaſional dinners; and from the uncleanly avarice of Madame Pavilliard, I was ſuddenly tranſported to the daily neatneſs and luxury of an Engliſh table. Our immediate neighbourhood was rare and ruſtic; but from the verge of our hills, as far as Chicheſter and Goodwood, the weſtern diſtrict of Suſſex was interſperſed with noble ſeats and hoſpitable families, with whom we cultivated a friendly, and might have enjoyed a very frequent, intercourſe. As my ſtay at Buriton was always voluntary, I was received and diſmiſſed with ſmiles; but the comforts of my retirement did not depend on the ordinary pleaſures of the country. My

* The eſtate and manor of Beriton, otherwiſe Buriton, were conſiderable, and were ſold a few years ago to Lord Stawell. S.

father could never inſpire me with his love and knowledge of farming. I never handled a gun, I ſeldom mounted an horſe; and my philoſophic walks were ſoon terminated by a ſhady bench, where I was long detained by the ſedentary amuſement of reading or meditation. At home I occupied a pleaſant and ſpacious apartment; the library on the ſame floor was ſoon conſidered as my peculiar domain; and I might ſay with truth, that I was never leſs alone than when by myſelf. My ſole complaint, which I piouſly ſuppreſſed, aroſe from the kind reſtraint impoſed on the freedom of my time. By the habit of early riſing I always ſecured a ſacred portion of the day, and many ſcattered moments were ſtolen and employed by my ſtudious induſtry. But the family hours of breakfaſt, of dinner, of tea, and of ſupper, were regular and long: after breakfaſt Mrs. Gibbon expected my company in her dreſſing-room; after tea my father claimed my converſation and the peruſal of the newſpapers; and in the midſt of an intereſting work I was often called down to receive the viſit of ſome idle neighbours. Their dinners and viſits required, in due ſeaſon, a ſimilar return; and I dreaded the period of the full moon, which was uſually reſerved for our more diſtant excurſions. I could not refuſe attending my father, in the ſummer of 1759, to the races at Stockbridge, Reading, and Odiam, where he had entered a horſe for the hunter's plate; and I was not diſpleaſed with the ſight of our Olympic games, the beauty of the ſpot, the fleetneſs of the horſes, and the gay tumult of the numerous ſpectators. As ſoon as the militia buſineſs was agitated, many days were tediouſly conſumed in meetings of deputy-lieutenants at Petersfield, Alton, and Wincheſter. In the cloſe of the ſame year, 1759, Sir Simeon (then Mr.) Stewart attempted an unſucceſsful conteſt for the county of Southampton, againſt Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer: a well-known conteſt, in which Lord Bute's influence was firſt exerted and cenſured. Our canvas at Portſmouth and Goſport laſted ſeveral days; but

the interruption of my ſtudies was compenſated in ſome degree by the ſpectacle of Engliſh manners, and the acquiſition of ſome practical knowledge.

If in a more domeſtic or more diſſipated ſcene my application was ſomewhat relaxed, the love of knowledge was inflamed and gratified by the command of books; and I compared the poverty of Lauſanne with the plenty of London. My father's ſtudy at Buriton was ſtuffed with much traſh of the laſt age, with much high church divinity and politics, which have long ſince gone to their proper place: yet it contained ſome valuable editions of the claſſics and the fathers, the choice, as it ſhould ſeem, of Mr. Law; and many Engliſh publications of the times had been occaſionally added. From this ſlender beginning I have gradually formed a numerous and ſelect library, the foundation of my works, and the beſt comfort of my life, both at home and abroad. On the receipt of the firſt quarter, a large ſhare of my allowance was appropriated to my literary wants. I cannot forget the joy with which I exchanged a bank-note of twenty pounds for the twenty volumes of the Memoirs of the Academy of Inſcriptions; nor would it have been eaſy, by any other expenditure of the ſame ſum, to have procured ſo large and laſting a fund of rational amuſement. At a time when I moſt aſſiduouſly frequented this ſchool of antient literature, I thus expreſſed my opinion of a learned and various collection, which ſince the year 1759 has been doubled in magnitude, though not in merit—"Une de ces ſocietés, qui ont mieux immortaliſé Louis XIV. qu'un "ambition ſouvent pernicieuſe aux hommes, commençoit deja ces "recherches qui réuniſſent la juſteſſe de l'eſprit, l'ameneté & l'eru-"dition: où l'on voit tant des decouvertes, et quelquefois, ce qui "ne cede qu'à peine aux decouvertes, une *ignorance* modeſte et "*ſavante*." The review of my library muſt be reſerved for the period of its maturity; but in this place I may allow myſelf to obſerve, that I am not conſcious of having ever bought a book from a motive

motive of oſtentation, that every volume, before it was depoſited on the ſhelf, was either read or ſufficiently examined, and that I ſoon adopted the tolerating maxim of the elder Pliny, " nullum eſſe " librum tam malum ut non ex aliquâ parte prodeſſet." I could not yet find leiſure or courage to renew the purſuit of the Greek language, excepting by reading the leſſons of the Old and New Teſtament every Sunday, when I attended the family to church. The ſeries of my Latin authors was leſs ſtrenuouſly completed; but the acquiſition, by inheritance or purchaſe, of the beſt editions of Cicero, Quintilian, Livy, Tacitus, Ovid, &c. afforded a fair proſpect, which I ſeldom neglected. I perſevered in the uſeful method of abſtracts and obſervations; and a ſingle example may ſuffice, of a note which had almoſt ſwelled into a work. The ſolution of a paſſage of Livy (xxxviii. 38.) involved me in the dry and dark treatiſes of Greaves, Arbuthnot, Hooper, Bernard, Eiſenſchmidt, Gronovius, La Barré, Freret, &c.; and in my French eſſay (chap. 20.) I ridiculouſly ſend the reader to my own *manuſcript* remarks on the weights, coins, and meaſures of the ancients, which were abruptly terminated by the militia drum.

As I am now entering on a more ample field of ſociety and ſtudy, I can only hope to avoid a vain and prolix garrulity, by overlooking the vulgar crowd of my acquaintance, and confining myſelf to ſuch intimate friends among books and men, as are beſt entitled to my notice by their own merit and reputation, or by the deep impreſſion which they have left on my mind. Yet I will embrace this occaſion of recommending to the young ſtudent a practice, which about this time I myſelf adopted. After glancing my eye over the deſign and order of a new book, I ſuſpended the peruſal till I had finiſhed the taſk of ſelf-examination, till I had revolved, in a ſolitary walk, all that I knew or believed, or had thought on the ſubject of the whole work, or of ſome particular chapter: I was then qualified to diſcern how much the author added to my original ſtock; and

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I was ſometimes ſatisfied by the agreement; I was ſometimes armed by the oppoſition, of our ideas. The favourite companions of my leiſure were our Engliſh writers ſince the Revolution: they breathe the ſpirit of reaſon and liberty; and they moſt ſeaſonably contributed to reſtore the purity of my own language, which had been corrupted by the long uſe of a foreign idiom. By the judicious advice of Mr. Mallet, I was directed to the writings of Swift and Addiſon; wit and ſimplicity are their common attributes: but the ſtyle of Swift is ſupported by manly original vigour; that of Addiſon is adorned by the female graces of elegance and mildneſs. The old reproach, that no Britiſh altars had been raiſed to the muſe of hiſtory, was recently diſproved by the firſt performances of Robertſon and Hume, the hiſtories of Scotland and of the Stuarts. I will aſſume the preſumption of ſaying, that I was not unworthy to read them: nor will I diſguiſe my different feelings in the repeated peruſals. The perfect compoſition, the nervous language, the well-turned periods of Dr. Robertſon, inflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footſteps: the calm philoſophy, the careleſs inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced me to cloſe the volume with a mixed ſenſation of delight and deſpair.

The deſign of my firſt work, the Eſſay on the Study of Literature, was ſuggeſted by a refinement of vanity, the deſire of juſtifying and praiſing the object of a favourite purſuit. In France, to which my ideas were confined, the learning and language of Greece and Rome were neglected by a philoſophic age. The guardian of thoſe ſtudies, the Academy of Inſcriptions, was degraded to the loweſt rank among the three royal ſocieties of Paris: the new appellation of Erudits was contemptuouſly applied to the ſucceſſors of Lipſius and Caſaubon; and I was provoked to hear (ſee M. d'Alembert Diſcours preliminaire à l'Encyclopedie) that the exerciſe of the memory, their ſole merit, had been ſuperſeded by the nobler faculties of the imagination and the judgment. I was ambitious of proving by my own example,

example, as well as by my precepts, that all the faculties of the mind may be exerciſed and diſplayed by the ſtudy of ancient literature: I began to ſelect and adorn the various proofs and illuſtrations which had offered themſelves in reading the claſſics; and the firſt pages or chapters of my eſſay were compoſed before my departure from Lauſanne. The hurry of the journey, and of the firſt weeks of my Engliſh life, ſuſpended all thoughts of ſerious application: but my object was ever before my eyes; and no more than ten days, from the firſt to the eleventh of July, were ſuffered to elapſe after my ſummer eſtabliſhment at Buriton. My eſſay was finiſhed in about ſix weeks; and as ſoon as a fair copy had been tranſcribed by one of the French priſoners at Petersfield, I looked round for a critic and judge of my firſt performance. A writer can ſeldom be content with the doubtful recompence of ſolitary approbation; but a youth ignorant of the world, and of himſelf, muſt deſire to weigh his talents in ſome ſcales leſs partial than his own: my conduct was natural, my motive laudable, my choice of Dr. Maty judicious and fortunate. By deſcent and education Dr. Maty, though born in Holland, might be conſidered as a Frenchman; but he was fixed in London by the practice of phyſic, and an office in the Britiſh Muſeum. His reputation was juſtly founded on the eighteen volumes of the *Journal Britannique*, which he had ſupported, almoſt alone, with perſeverance and ſucceſs. This humble though uſeful labour, which had once been dignified by the genius of Bayle and the learning of Le Clerc, was not diſgraced by the taſte, the knowledge, and the judgment of Maty: he exhibits a candid and pleaſing view of the ſtate of literature in England during a period of ſix years (January 1750—December 1755); and, far different from his angry ſon, he handles the rod of criticiſm with the tenderneſs and reluctance of a parent. The author of the *Journal Britannique* ſometimes aſpires to the character of a poet and philoſopher: his ſtyle is pure and elegant; and in his virtues, or even in his defects, he may be ranked as one of the laſt

diſciples

diſciples of the ſchool of Fontenelle. His anſwer to my firſt letter was prompt and polite: after a careful examination he returned my manuſcript, with ſome animadverſion and much applauſe; and when I viſited London in the enſuing winter, we diſcuſſed the deſign and execution in ſeveral free and familiar converſations. In a ſhort excurſion to Buriton I reviewed my eſſay, according to his friendly advice; and after ſuppreſſing a third, adding a third, and altering a third, I conſummated my firſt labour by a ſhort preface, which is dated February 3d, 1759. Yet I ſtill ſhrunk from the preſs with the terrors of virgin modeſty: the manuſcript was ſafely depoſited in my deſk; and as my attention was engaged by new objects, the delay might have been prolonged till I had fulfilled the precept of Horace, "nonumque prematur in annum." Father Sirmond, a learned jeſuit, was ſtill more rigid, ſince he adviſed a young friend to expect the mature age of fifty, before he gave himſelf or his writings to the public (Olivet Hiſtoire de l'Academie Françoiſe, tom. ii. p. 143.). The counſel was ſingular; but it is ſtill more ſingular that it ſhould have been approved by the example of the author. Sirmond was himſelf fifty-five years of age when he publiſhed (in 1614) his firſt work, an edition of Sidonius Apollinaris, with many valuable annotations: (ſee his life, before the great edition of his works in five volumes folio, Paris, 1696, é Typographiâ Regiâ).

Two years elapſed in ſilence: but in the ſpring of 1761 I yielded to the authority of a parent, and complied, like a pious ſon, with the wiſh of my own heart *. My private reſolves were influenced by

* JOURNAL, March 8th, 1758.]—I began my Eſſai ſur l'Étude de la Litterature, and wrote the 23 firſt chapters (excepting the following ones, 11, 12, 13. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.) before I left Switzerland.

July 11th. I again took in hand my Eſſay; and in about ſix weeks finiſhed it, from C. 23—55. (excepting 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33. and note to C. 38.) beſides a number of chapters from C. 55. to the end, which are now ſtruck out.

Feb. 11th, 1759. I wrote the chapters of my Eſſay, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. the note to C. 38. and the firſt part of the preface.

April 23d,

by the ſtate of Europe. About this time the belligerent powers had made and accepted overtures of peace; our Engliſh plenipotentiaries were named to aſſiſt at the Congreſs of Augſbourg, which never met: I wiſhed to attend them as a gentleman or a ſecretary; and my father fondly believed that the proof of ſome literary talents might introduce me to public notice, and ſecond the recommendations of my friends. After a laſt reviſal I conſulted with Mr. Mallet and Dr. Maty, who approved the deſign and promoted the execution. Mr. Mallet, after hearing me read my manuſcript, received it from my hands, and delivered it into thoſe of Becket, with whom he made an agreement in my name; an eaſy agreement: I required only a certain number of copies; and, without transferring my property, I devolved on the bookſeller the charges and profits of the edition. Dr. Maty undertook, in my abſence, to correct the ſheets: he inſerted, without my knowledge, an elegant and flattering epiſtle to the author; which is compoſed, however, with ſo much art, that, in caſe of a defeat, his favourable report might have been aſcribed to the indulgence of a friend for the raſh attempt of a *young Engliſh* gentleman. The work was printed and publiſhed, under the title of Eſſai ſur l'Étude de la Litterature, à Londres, chez T. Becket et P. A. de Hondt, 1761, in a ſmall volume in duodecimo: my dedication to my father, a

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April 23d, 1761. Being at length, by my father's advice, determined to publiſh my Eſſay, I reviſed it with great care, made many alterations, ſtruck out a conſiderable part, and wrote the chapters from 57—78, which I was obliged myſelf to copy out fair.

June 10th, 1761. Finding the printing of my book proceeded but ſlowly, I went up to town, where I found the whole was finiſhed. I gave Becket orders for the preſents: 20 for Lauſanne; copies for the Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Carnarvon, Lords Waldegrave, Litchfield, Bath, Granville, Bute, Shelbourn, Cheſterfield, Hardwicke, Lady Hervey, Sir Joſeph Yorke, Sir Matthew Featherſtone, M. M. Mallet, Maty, Scott, Wray, Lord Egremont, M. de Buſſy, Mademoiſelle la Ducheſſe d'Aguillon, and M. le Comte de Caylus:—great part of theſe were only my father's or Mallet's acquaintance.

proper and pious addreſs, was compoſed the twenty-eighth of May: Dr. Maty's letter is dated the 16th of June; and I received the firſt copy (June 23d) at Alresford, two days before I marched with the Hampſhire militia. Some weeks afterwards, on the ſame ground, I preſented my book to the late Duke of York, who breakfaſted in Colonel Pitt's tent. By my father's direction, and Mallet's advice, many literary gifts were diſtributed to ſeveral eminent characters in England and France; two books were ſent to the Count de Caylus, and the Ducheſſe d'Aiguillon, at Paris: I had reſerved twenty copies for my friends at Lauſanne, as the firſt fruits of my education, and a grateful token of my remembrance: and on all theſe perſons I levied an unavoidable tax of civility and compliment. It is not ſurpriſing that a work, of which the ſtyle and ſentiments were ſo totally foreign, ſhould have been more ſucceſsful abroad than at home. I was delighted by the copious extracts, the warm commendations, and the flattering predictions of the Journals of France and Holland: and the next year (1762) a new edition (I believe at Geneva) extended the fame, or at leaſt the circulation, of the work. In England it was received with cold indifference, little read, and ſpeedily forgotten: a ſmall impreſſion was ſlowly diſperſed; the bookſeller murmured, and the author (had his feelings been more exquiſite) might have wept over the blunders and baldneſs of the Engliſh tranſlation. The publication of my Hiſtory fifteen years afterwards revived the memory of my firſt performance, and the Eſſay was eagerly ſought in the ſhops. But I refuſed the permiſſion which Becket ſolicited of reprinting it: the public curioſity was imperfectly ſatisfied by a pirated copy of the bookſellers of Dublin; and when a copy of the original edition has been diſcovered in a ſale, the primitive value of half-a-crown has riſen to the fanciful price of a guinea or thirty ſhillings.

I have expatiated on the petty circumſtances and period of my firſt publication, a memorable æra in the life of a ſtudent, when he ventures

ventures to reveal the meaſure of his mind: his hopes and fears are multiplied by the idea of ſelf-importance, and he believes for a while that the eyes of mankind are fixed on his perſon and performance. Whatever may be my preſent reputation, it no longer reſts on the merit of this firſt eſſay; and at the end of twenty-eight years I may appreciate my juvenile work with the impartiality, and almoſt with the indifference, of a ſtranger. In his anſwer to Lady Hervey, the Count de Caylus admires, or affects to admire, "les livres ſans "nombre que Mr. Gibbon a lus et tres bien lus *." But, alas! my ſtock of erudition at that time was ſcanty and ſuperficial; and if I allow myſelf the liberty of naming the Greek maſters, my genuine and perſonal acquaintance was confined to the Latin claſſics. The moſt ſerious defect of my Eſſay is a kind of obſcurity and abruptneſs which always fatigues, and may often elude, the attention of the reader. Inſtead of a preciſe and proper definition of the title itſelf, the ſenſe of the word *Litterature* is looſely and variouſly applied: a number of remarks and examples, hiſtorical, critical, philoſophical, are heaped on each other without method or connection; and if we except ſome introductory pages, all the remaining chapters might indifferently be reverſed or tranſpoſed. The obſcurity of many paſſages is often affected, *brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio;* the deſire of expreſſing perhaps a common idea with ſententious and oracular brevity: alas! how fatal has been the imitation of Monteſquieu! But this obſcurity ſometimes proceeds from a mixture of light and darkneſs in the author's mind; from a partial ray which ſtrikes upon an angle, inſtead of ſpreading itſelf over the ſurface of an object. After this fair confeſſion I ſhall preſume to ſay, that the Eſſay does credit to a young writer of two and twenty years of age, who had read with taſte, who thinks with freedom, and who writes in a foreign language with ſpirit and elegance. The defence of the early Hiſtory of Rome and the new Chronology of Sir Iſaac Newton

* See Appendix, Letter, No. X.

form a ſpecious argument. The patriotic and political deſign of the Georgics is happily conceived; and any probable conjecture, which tends to raiſe the dignity of the poet and the poem, deſerves to be adopted, without a rigid ſcrutiny. Some dawnings of a philoſophic ſpirit enlighten the general remarks on the ſtudy of hiſtory and of man. I am not diſpleaſed with the inquiry into the origin and nature of the gods of polytheiſm, which might deſerve the illuſtration of a riper judgment. Upon the whole, I may apply to the firſt labour of my pen the ſpeech of a far ſuperior artiſt, when he ſurveyed the firſt productions of his pencil. After viewing ſome portraits which he had painted in his youth, my friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds acknowledged to me, that he was rather humbled than flattered by the compariſon with his preſent works; and that after ſo much time and ſtudy, he had conceived his improvement to be much greater than he found it to have been.

At Lauſanne I compoſed the firſt chapters of my Eſſay in French, the familiar language of my converſation and ſtudies, in which it was eaſier for me to write than in my mother-tongue. After my return to England I continued the ſame practice, without any affectation, or deſign of repudiating (as Dr. Bentley would ſay) my vernacular idiom. But I ſhould have eſcaped ſome Anti-gallican clamour, had I been content with the more natural character of an Engliſh author. I ſhould have been more conſiſtent had I rejected Mallet's advice, of prefixing an Engliſh dedication to a French book; a confuſion of tongues that ſeemed to accuſe the ignorance of my patron. The uſe of a foreign dialect might be excuſed by the hope of being employed as a negociator, by the deſire of being generally underſtood on the continent; but my true motive was doubtleſs the ambition of new and ſingular fame, an Engliſhman claiming a place among the writers of France. The Latin tongue had been conſecrated by the ſervice of the church, it was refined by the imitation of the ancients; and in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries the ſcholars

of

of Europe enjoyed the advantage, which they have gradually reſigned, of converſing and writing in a common and learned idiom. As that idiom was no longer in any country the vulgar ſpeech, they all ſtood on a level with each other; yet a citizen of old Rome might have ſmiled at the beſt Latinity of the Germans and Britons; and we may learn from the *Ciceronianus* of Eraſmus, how difficult it was found to ſteer a middle courſe between pedantry and barbariſm. The Romans themſelves had ſometimes attempted a more perilous taſk, of writing in a living language, and appealing to the taſte and judgment of the natives. The vanity of Tully was doubly intereſted in the Greek memoirs of his own conſulſhip; and if he modeſtly ſuppoſes that ſome Latiniſms might be detected in his ſtyle, he is confident of his own ſkill in the art of Iſocrates and Ariſtotle; and he requeſts his friend Atticus to diſperſe the copies of his work at Athens, and in the other cities of Greece, (*ad Atticum*, i. 19. ii. 1.) But it muſt not be forgotten, that from infancy to manhood Cicero and his contemporaries had read and declaimed, and compoſed with equal diligence in both languages; and that he was not allowed to frequent a Latin ſchool till he had imbibed the leſſons of the Greek grammarians and rhetoricians. In modern times, the language of France has been diffuſed by the merit of her writers, the ſocial manners of the natives, the influence of the monarchy, and the exile of the proteſtants. Several foreigners have ſeized the opportunity of ſpeaking to Europe in this common dialect, and Germany may plead the authority of Leibnitz and Frederic, of the firſt of her philoſophers, and the greateſt of her kings. The juſt pride and laudable prejudice of England has reſtrained this communication of idioms; and of all the nations on this ſide of the Alps, my countrymen are the leaſt practiſed, and leaſt perfect in the exerciſe of the French tongue. By Sir William Temple and Lord Cheſterfield it was only uſed on occaſions of civility and buſineſs, and their printed letters will not be quoted as models of compoſition. Lord Bolingbroke may have

have publiſhed in French a ſketch of his Reflections on Exile: but his reputation now repoſes on the addreſs of Voltaire, "Docte ſermones "utriuſque linguæ;" and by his Engliſh dedication to Queen Caroline, and his Eſſay on Epic Poetry, it ſhould ſeem that Voltaire himſelf wiſhed to deſerve a return of the ſame compliment. The exception of Count Hamilton cannot fairly be urged; though an Iriſhman by birth, he was educated in France from his childhood. Yet I am ſurpriſed that a long reſidence in England, and the habits of domeſtic converſation, did not affect the eaſe and purity of his inimitable ſtyle; and I regret the omiſſion of his Engliſh verſes, which might have afforded an amuſing object of compariſon. I might therefore aſſume the *primus ego in patriam*, &c.; but with what ſucceſs I have explored this untrodden path muſt be left to the deciſion of my French readers. Dr. Maty, who might himſelf be queſtioned as a foreigner, has ſecured his retreat at my expence. "Je ne crois "pas que vous vous piquiez d'être moins facile à reconnoitre pour un "Anglois que Lucullus pour un Romain." My friends at Paris have been more indulgent, they received me as a countryman, or at leaſt as a provincial; but they were friends and Pariſians *. The defects which Maty inſinuates, "Ces traits ſaillans, ces figures hardies, ce "ſacrifice de la régle au ſentiment, et de la cadence à la force," are the faults of the youth, rather than of the ſtranger: and after the long and laborious exerciſe of my own language, I am conſcious that my French ſtyle has been ripened and improved.

I have already hinted, that the publication of my Eſſay was delayed till I had embraced the military profeſſion. I ſhall now amuſe myſelf with the recollection of an active ſcene, which bears no affinity to any other period of my ſtudious and ſocial life.

* The copious extracts which were given in the *Journal Etranger* by Mr. Suard, a judicious critic, muſt ſatisfy both the author and the public. I may here obſerve, that I have never ſeen in any literary review a tolerable account of my Hiſtory. The manufacture of journals, at leaſt on the continent, is miſerably debaſed.

In

In the outſet of a glorious war, the Engliſh people had been defended by the aid of German mercenaries. A national militia has been the cry of every patriot ſince the Revolution; and this meaſure, both in parliament and in the field, was ſupported by the country gentlemen or Tories, who inſenſibly transferred their loyalty to the houſe of Hanover: in the language of Mr. Burke, they have changed the idol, but they have preſerved the idolatry. In the act of offering our names and receiving our commiſſions, as major and captain in the Hampſhire regiment, (June 12th, 1759,) we had not ſuppoſed that we ſhould be dragged away, my father from his farm, myſelf from my books, and condemned, during two years and a half, (May 10, 1760—December 23, 1762,) to a wandering life of military ſervitude. But a weekly or monthly exerciſe of thirty thouſand provincials would have left them uſeleſs and ridiculous; and after the pretence of an invaſion had vaniſhed, the popularity of Mr. Pitt gave a ſanction to the illegal ſtep of keeping them till the end of the war under arms, in conſtant pay and duty, and at a diſtance from their reſpective homes. When the King's order for our embodying came down, it was too late to retreat, and too ſoon to repent. The South battalion of the Hampſhire militia was a ſmall independent corps of four hundred and ſeventy-ſix, officers and men, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Sir Thomas Worſley, who, after a prolix and paſſionate conteſt, delivered us from the tyranny of the lord lieutenant, the Duke of Bolton. My proper ſtation, as firſt captain, was at the head of my own, and afterwards of the grenadier, company; but in the abſence, or even in the preſence, of the two field officers, I was entruſted by my friend and my father with the effective labour of dictating the orders, and exerciſing the battalion. With the help of our original journal, I could write the hiſtory of my bloodleſs and inglorious campaigns; but as theſe events have loſt much of their importance in my own eyes, they ſhall be diſpatched in a few words. From Wincheſter, the firſt place of aſſembly, (June 4, 1760,)

we were removed, at our own requeſt, for the benefit of a foreign education. By the arbitrary, and often capricious, orders of the War-office, the battalion ſucceſſively marched to the pleaſant and hoſpitable Blandford (June 17); to Hilſea barracks, a ſeat of diſeaſe and diſcord (September 1); to Cranbrook in the weald of Kent (December 11); to the ſea-coaſt of Dover (December 27); to Winchester camp (June 25, 1761); to the populous and diſorderly town of Devizes (October 23); to Saliſbury (February 28, 1762); to our beloved Blandford a ſecond time (March 9); and finally, to the faſhionable reſort of Southampton (June 2); where the colours were fixed till our final diſſolution (December 23). On the beach at Dover we had exerciſed in ſight of the Gallic ſhores. But the moſt ſplendid and uſeful ſcene of our life was a four months encampment on Wincheſter Down, under the command of the Earl of Effingham. Our army conſiſted of the thirty-fourth regiment of foot and ſix militia corps. The conſciouſneſs of our defects was ſtimulated by friendly emulation. We improved our time and opportunities in morning and evening field-days; and in the general reviews the South Hampſhire were rather a credit than a diſgrace to the line. In our ſubſequent quarters of the Devizes and Blandford, we advanced with a quick ſtep in our military ſtudies; the ballot of the enſuing ſummer renewed our vigour and youth; and had the militia ſubſiſted another year, we might have conteſted the prize with the moſt perfect of our brethren.

The loſs of ſo many buſy and idle hours was not compenſated by any elegant pleaſure; and my temper was inſenſibly ſoured by the ſociety of our ruſtic officers. In every ſtate there exiſts, however, a balance of good and evil. The habits of a ſedentary life were uſefully broken by the duties of an active profeſſion: in the healthful exerciſe of the field I hunted with a battalion, inſtead of a pack; and at that time I was ready, at any hour of the day or night, to fly from quarters to London, from London to quarters, on the ſlighteſt

ſlighteſt call of private or regimental buſineſs. But my principal obligation to the militia, was the making me an Engliſhman, and a ſoldier. After my foreign education, with my reſerved temper, I ſhould long have continued a ſtranger in my native country, had I not been ſhaken in this various ſcene of new faces and new friends: had not experience forced me to feel the characters of our leading men, the ſtate of parties, the forms of office, and the operation of our civil and military ſyſtem. In this peaceful ſervice, I imbibed the rudiments of the language, and ſcience of tactics, which opened a new field of ſtudy and obſervation. I diligently read, and meditated, the *Memoires Militaires* of Quintus Icilius, (Mr. Guichardt,) the only writer who has united the merits of a profeſſor and a veteran. The diſcipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampſhire grenadiers (the reader may ſmile) has not been uſeleſs to the hiſtorian of the Roman empire.

A youth of any ſpirit is fired even by the play of arms, and in the firſt ſallies of my enthuſiaſm I had ſeriouſly attempted to embrace the regular profeſſion of a ſoldier. But this military fever was cooled by the enjoyment of our mimic Bellona, who ſoon unveiled to my eyes her naked deformity. How often did I ſigh for my proper ſtation in ſociety and letters. How often (a proud compariſon) did I repeat the complaint of Cicero in the command of a provincial army: "Clitellæ bovi ſunt impoſitæ. Eſt incredibile quam me "negotii tædeat. Non habet ſatis magnum campum ille tibi non "ignotus curſus animi; et induſtriæ meæ præclara opera ceſſat. "Lucem, *libros*, urbem, domum, vos deſidero. Sed feram, ut "potero; ſit modo annuum. Si prorogatur, actum eſt *." From a ſervice without danger I might indeed have retired without diſgrace; but as often as I hinted a wiſh of reſigning, my fetters were rivetted by the friendly intreaties of the colonel, the parental authority of the major, and my own regard for the honour and

* Epiſt. ad Atticum, lib. v. 15.

welfare of the battalion. When I felt that my perſonal eſcape was impracticable, I bowed my neck to the yoke: my ſervitude was protracted far beyond the annual patience of Cicero; and it was not till after the preliminaries of peace that I received my diſcharge, from the act of government which diſembodied the militia *.

When

* JOURNAL, January 11th, 1761.]—In theſe ſeven or eight months of a moſt diſagreeably active life, I have had no ſtudies to ſet down; indeed, I hardly took a book in my hand the whole time. The firſt two months at Blandford, I might have done ſomething; but the novelty of the thing, of which for ſome time I was ſo fond as to think of going into the army, our field-days, our dinners abroad, and the drinking and late hours we got into, prevented any ſerious reflections. From the day we marched from Blandford I had hardly a moment I could call my own, almoſt continually in motion; if I was fixed for a day, it was in the guard-room, a barrack, or an inn. Our diſputes conſumed the little time I had left. Every letter, every memorial relative to them fell to my ſhare; and our evening conferences were uſed to hear all the morning hours ſtrike. At laſt I got to Dover, and Sir Thomas left us for two months. The charm was over, I was ſick of ſo hateful a ſervice; I was ſettled in a comparatively quiet ſituation. Once more I began to taſte the pleaſure of thinking.

Recollecting ſome thoughts I had formerly had in relation to the ſyſtem of Paganiſm, which I intended to make uſe of in my Eſſay, I reſolved to read Tully de Naturâ Deorum, and finiſhed it in about a month. I loſt ſome time before I could recover my habit of application.

Oct. 23d.]—Our firſt deſign was to march through Marlborough; but finding on inquiry that it was a bad road, and a great way about, we reſolved to puſh for the Devizes in one day, though nearly thirty miles. We accordingly arrived there about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Nov. 2d.]—I have very little to ſay for this and the following month. Nothing could be more uniform than the life I led there. The little civility of the neighbouring gentlemen gave us no opportunity of dining out; the time of year did not tempt us to any excurſions round the country; and at firſt my indolence, and afterwards a violent cold, prevented my going over to Bath. I believe in the two months I never dined or lay from quarters. I can therefore only ſet down what I did in the literary way. Deſigning to recover my Greek, which I had ſomewhat neglected, I ſet myſelf to read Homer, and finiſhed the four firſt books of the Iliad, with Pope's tranſlation and notes; at the ſame time, to underſtand the geography of the Iliad, and particularly the catalogue, I read the 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, and 14th books of Strabo, in Caſaubon's Latin tranſlation: I likewiſe read Hume's Hiſtory of England to the Reign of Henry the Seventh, juſt publiſhed, *ingenious but ſuperficial;* and the *Journals des Sçavans* for Auguſt, September, and October 1761, with the *Bibliotheque des Sciences*, &c. from July to October: Both theſe Journals ſpeak very handſomely of my book.

December

When I complain of the loſs of time, juſtice to myſelf and to the militia muſt throw the greateſt part of that reproach on the firſt ſeven

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December 25th, 1761.]—When, upon finiſhing the year, I take a review of what I have done, I am not diſſatisfied with what I did in it, upon making proper allowances. On the one hand, I could begin nothing before the middle of January. The Deal duty loſt me part of February; although I was at home part of March, and all April, yet electioneering is no friend to the Muſes. May, indeed, though diſſipated by our ſea parties, was pretty quiet; but June was abſolutely loſt, upon the march, at Alton, and ſettling ourſelves in camp. The four ſucceeding months in camp allowed me little leiſure, and leſs quiet. November and December were indeed as much my own as any time can be whilſt I remain in the militia; but ſtill it is, at beſt, not a life for a man of letters. However, in this tumultuous year, (beſides ſmaller things which I have ſet down,) I read four books of Homer in Greek, ſix of Strabo in Latin, Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, and the great philoſophical and theological work of M. de Beauſobre: I wrote in the ſame time a long diſſertation on the ſucceſſion of Naples; reviewed, fitted for the preſs, and augmented above a fourth, my Eſſai ſur l'Étude de la Litterature.

In the ſix weeks I paſſed at Beriton, as I never ſtirred from it, every day was like the former. I had neither viſits, hunting, or walking. My only reſources were myſelf, my books, and family converſations.—But to me theſe were great reſources.

April 24th, 1762.]—I waited upon Colonel Harvey in the morning, to get him to apply for me to be brigade major to Lord Effingham, as a poſt I ſhould be very fond of, and for which I am not unfit. Harvey received me with great good-nature and candour, told me he was both willing and able to ſerve me; that indeed he had already applied to Lord Effingham for *****, one of his own officers, and though there would be more than one brigade major, he did not think he could properly recommend two; but that if I could get ſome other perſon to break the ice, he would ſecond it, and believed he ſhould ſucceed: ſhould that fail, as ***** was in bad circumſtances, he believed he could make a compromiſe with him (this was my deſire) to let me do the duty without pay. I went from him to the Mallets, who promiſed to get Sir Charles Howard to ſpeak to Lord Effingham.

Auguſt 22d.]—I went with Ballard to the French church, where I heard a moſt indifferent ſermon preached by M. ******. A very bad ſtyle, a worſe pronunciation and action, and a very great vacuity of ideas, compoſed this excellent performance. Upon the whole, which is preferable, the philoſophic method of the Engliſh, or the rhetoric of the French preachers? The firſt (though leſs glorious) is certainly ſafer for the preacher. It is difficult for a man to make himſelf ridiculous, who propoſes only to deliver plain ſenſe on a ſubject he has thoroughly ſtudied. But the inſtant he diſcovers the leaſt pretenſions towards the ſublime, or the pathetic, there

ſeven or eight months, while I was obliged to learn as well as to teach. The diſſipation of Blandford, and the diſputes of Portſmouth, conſumed

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is no medium; we muſt either admire or laugh: and there are ſo many various talents requiſite to form the character of an orator, that it is more than probable we ſhall laugh. As to the advantage of the hearer, which ought to be the great conſideration, the dilemma is much greater. Excepting in ſome particular caſes, where we are blinded by popular prejudices, we are in general ſo well acquainted with our duty, that it is almoſt ſuperfluous to convince us of it. It is the heart, and not the head, that holds out; and it is certainly poſſible, by a moving eloquence, to rouſe the ſleeping ſentiments of that heart, and incite it to acts of virtue. Unluckily it is not ſo much acts, as habits of virtue, we ſhould have in view; and the preacher who is inculcating, with the eloquence of a Bourdaloue, the neceſſity of a virtuous life, will diſmiſs his aſſembly full of emotions, which a variety of other objects, the coldneſs of our northern conſtitutions, and no immediate opportunity of exerting their good reſolutions, will diſſipate in a few moments.

Auguſt 24th.]—The ſame reaſon that carried ſo many people to the aſſembly to-night, was what kept me away; I mean the dancing.

28th.]—To-day Sir Thomas came to us to dinner. The Spa has done him a great deal of good, for he looks another man. Pleaſed to ſee him, we kept bumperizing till after roll-calling; Sir Thomas aſſuring us, every freſh bottle, how infinitely ſoberer he was grown.

29th.]—I felt the uſual conſequences of Sir Thomas's company, and loſt a morning, becauſe I had loſt the day before. However, having finiſhed Voltaire, I returned to Le Clerc (I mean for the amuſement of my leiſure hours); and laid aſide for ſome time his *Bibliotheque Univerſelle*, to look into the *Bibliotheque Choiſie*, which is by far the better work.

September 23d.]—Colonel Wilkes, of the Buckinghamſhire militia, dined with us, and renewed the acquaintance Sir Thomas and myſelf had begun with him at Reading. I ſcarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhauſtible ſpirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge. He told us himſelf, that in this time of public diſſenſion he was reſolved to make his fortune. Upon this principle he has connected himſelf cloſely with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, commenced a public adverſary to Lord Bute, whom he abuſes weekly in the North Briton, and other political papers in which he is concerned. This proved a very debauched day: we drank a good deal both after dinner and ſupper; and when at laſt Wilkes had retired, Sir Thomas and ſome others (of whom I was not one) broke into his room, and made him drink a bottle of claret in bed.

October 5th.]—The review, which laſted about three hours, concluded, as uſual, with marching by Lord Effingham, by grand diviſions. Upon the whole, conſidering

conſumed the hours which were not employed in the field; and amid the perpetual hurry of an inn, a barrack, or a guard-room, all literary

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ſidering the camp had done both the Wincheſter and the Goſport duties all the ſummer, they behaved very well, and made a fine appearance. As they marched by, I had my uſual curioſity to count their files. The following is my field return: I think it a curioſity; I am ſure it is more exact than is commonly made to a reviewing general.

		Number of Files.		Number of Men.		Eſtabliſhment.
Berkſhire,	Grenadiers, 19 / Battalion, 72	91	—	273	—	560
W. Eſſex,	Grenadiers, 15 / Battalion, 80	95	—	285	—	480
S. Glóſter,	Grenadiers, 20 / Battalion, 84	104	—	312	—	600
N. Glóſter,	Grenadiers, 13 / Battalion, 52	65	—	195	—	360
Lancaſhire,	Grenadiers, 20 / Battalion, 88	108	—	324	—	800
Wiltſhire,	Grenadiers, 24 / Battalion, 120	144	—	432	—	800
	Total,	607		1821		3600

N. B. The Goſport detachment from the Lancaſhire conſiſted of two hundred and fifty men. The Buckinghamſhire took the Wincheſter duty that day.

So that this camp in England, ſuppoſed complete, with only one detachment, had under arms, on the day of the grand review, little more than half their eſtabliſhment. This amazing deficiency (though exemplified in every regiment I have ſeen) is an extraordinary military phœnomenon: what muſt it be upon foreign ſervice? I doubt whether a nominal army of an hundred thouſand men often brings fifty into the field.

Upon our return to Southampton in the evening, we found Sir Thomas Worſley.

October 21ſt.]—One of thoſe impulſes, which it is neither very eaſy nor very neceſſary to withſtand, drew me from Longinus to a very different ſubject, the Greek Calendar. Laſt night, when in bed, I was thinking of a diſſertation of M. de la Nauze upon the Roman calendar, which I read laſt year. This led me to conſider what was the Greek, and finding myſelf very ignorant of it, I determined to read a ſhort, but very excellent abſtract of Mr. Dodwell's book de Cyclis, by the famous Dr. Halley. It is only twenty-five pages; but as I meditated it thoroughly, and verified all the calculations, it was a very good morning's work.

October

literary ideas were baniſhed from my mind. After this long faſt, the longeſt which I have ever known, I once more taſted at Dover the

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October 28th.]—I looked over a new Greek Lexicon which I have juſt received from London. It is that of Robert Conſtantine, Lugdun. 1637. It is a very large volume in folio, in two parts, compriſing in the whole 1785 pages. After the great Theſaurus, this is eſteemed the beſt Greek Lexicon. It ſeems to be ſo. Of a variety of words for which I looked, I always found an exact definition; the various ſenſes well diſtinguiſhed, and properly ſupported, by the beſt authorities. However, I ſtill prefer the radical method of Scapula to this alphabetical one.

December 11th.]—I have already given an idea of the Goſport duty; I ſhall only add a trait which characterizes admirably our unthinking ſailors. At a time when they knew that they ſhould infallibly be diſcharged in a few weeks, numbers, who had conſiderable wages due to them, were continually jumping over the walls, and riſquing the loſing of it for a few hours amuſement at Portſmouth.

17th.]—We found old Captain Meard at Alresford, with the ſecond diviſion of the fourteenth. He and all his officers ſupped with us, and made the evening rather a drunken one.

18th.]—About the ſame hour our two corps paraded to march off. They, an old corps of regulars, who had been two years quiet in Dover caſtle. We, part of a young body of militia, two-thirds of our men recruits, of four months ſtanding, two of which they had paſſed upon very diſagreeable duty. Every advantage was on their ſide, and yet our ſuperiority, both as to appearance and diſcipline, was ſo ſtriking, that the moſt prejudiced regular could not have heſitated a moment. At the end of the town our two companies ſeparated; my father's ſtruck off for Petersfield, whilſt I continued my rout to Alton; into which place I marched my company about noon; two years ſix months and fifteen days after my firſt leaving it. I gave the men ſome beer at roll-calling, which they received with great cheerfulneſs and decency. I dined and lay at Harriſon's, where I was received with that old-faſhioned breeding, which is at once ſo honourable and ſo troubleſome.

23d.]—Our two companies were diſembodied; mine at Alton, and my father's at Beriton. Smith marched them over from Petersfield: they fired three vollies, lodged the major's colours, delivered up their arms, received their money, partook of a dinner at the major's expence, and then ſeparated with great cheerfulneſs and regularity. Thus ended the militia; I may ſay ended, ſince our annual aſſemblies in May are ſo very precarious, and can be of ſo little uſe. However, our ſerjeants and drums are ſtill kept up, and quartered at the rendezvous of their company, and the adjutant remains at Southampton in full pay.

the pleaſures of reading and thinking; and the hungry appetite with which I opened a volume of Tully's philoſophical works is ſtill preſent to my memory. The laſt review of my Eſſay before its publication, had prompted me to inveſtigate the *nature of the gods;* my inquiries led me to the Hiſtoire Critique du Manichèiſme of Beau-

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As this was an extraordinary ſcene of life, in which I was engaged above three years and a half from the date of my commiſſion, and above two years and a half from the time of our embodying, I cannot take my leave of it without ſome few reflections. When I engaged in it, I was totally ignorant of its nature and conſequences. I offered, becauſe my father did, without ever imagining that we ſhould be called out, till it was too late to retreat with honour. Indeed, I believe it happens throughout, that our moſt important actions have been often determined by chance, caprice, or ſome very inadequate motive. After our embodying, many things contributed to make me ſupport it with great impatience. Our continual diſputes with the duke of Bolton; our unſettled way of life, which hardly allowed me books or leiſure for ſtudy; and more than all, the diſagreeable ſociety in which I was forced to live.

After mentioning my ſufferings, I muſt ſay ſomething of what I found agreeable. Now it is over, I can make the ſeparation much better than I could at the time. 1. The unſettled way of life itſelf had its advantages. The exercife and change of air and of objects amuſed me, at the ſame time that it fortified my health. 2. A new field of knowledge and amuſement opened itſelf to me; that of military affairs, which, both in my ſtudies and travels, will give me eyes for a new world of things, which before would have paſſed unheeded. Indeed, in that reſpect I can hardly help wiſhing our battalion had continued another year. We had got a fine ſet of new men, all our difficulties were over; we were perfectly well clothed and appointed; and, from the progreſs our recruits had already made, we could promiſe ourſelves that we ſhould be one of the beſt militia corps by next ſummer: a circumſtance that would have been the more agreeable to me, as I am now eſtabliſhed the real acting major of the battalion. But what I value moſt, is the knowledge it has given me of mankind in general, and of my own country in particular. The general ſyſtem of our government, the methods of our ſeveral offices, the departments and powers of their reſpective officers, our provincial and municipal adminiſtration, the views of our ſeveral parties, the characters, connections, and influence of our principal people, have been impreſſed on my mind, not by vain theory, but by the indelible leſſons of action and experience. I have made a number of valuable acquaintance, and am myſelf much better known, than (with my reſerved character) I ſhould have been in ten years, paſſing regularly my ſummers at Beriton, and my winters in London. So that the ſum of all is, that I am glad the militia has been, and glad that it is no more.

ſobre,

ſobre, who diſcuſſes many deep queſtions of Pagan and Chriſtian theology: and from this rich treaſury of facts and opinions, I deduced my own conſequences, beyond the holy circle of the author. After this recovery I never relapſed into indolence; and my example might prove, that in the life moſt averſe to ſtudy, ſome hours may be ſtolen, ſome minutes may be ſnatched. Amidſt the tumult of Wincheſter camp I ſometimes thought and read in my tent; in the more ſettled quarters of the Devizes, Blandford, and Southampton, I always ſecured a ſeparate lodging, and the neceſſary books; and in the ſummer of 1762, while the new militia was raiſing, I enjoyed at Beriton two or three months of literary repoſe *. In forming a new plan of ſtudy, I heſitated between the mathematics and the Greek language; both of which I had neglected ſince my return from Lauſanne. I conſulted a learned and friendly mathematician, Mr. George Scott, a pupil of de Moivre; and his map of a country which I have never explored, may perhaps be more ſerviceable to others †. As ſoon as I had given the preference to Greek, the example of Scaliger and my own reaſon determined me

* JOURNAL, May 8th, 1762.]—This was my birth-day, on which I entered into the twenty-ſixth year of my age. This gave me occaſion to look a little into myſelf, and conſider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a baſe action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and diſagreeable in ſociety. Theſe qualities I muſt endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or reſtrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather ſtrong than pleaſing. My memory both capacious and retentive. The ſhining qualities of my underſtanding are extenſiveneſs and penetration; but I want both quickneſs and exactneſs. As to my ſituation in life, though I may ſometimes repine at it, it perhaps is the beſt adapted to my character. I can command all the conveniencies of life, and I can command too that independence, (that firſt earthly bleſſing,) which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk of my ſituation, I muſt exclude that temporary one, of being in the militia. Though I go through it with ſpirit and application, it is both unfit for, and unworthy of me.

† See Appendix, Letter, N° XI. *excellent*, from Mr. Scott to Mr. Gibbon.

on the choice of Homer, the father of poetry, and the Bible of the ancients: but Scaliger ran through the Iliad in one and twenty days; and I was not diſſatisfied with my own diligence for performing the ſame labour in an equal number of weeks. After the firſt difficulties were ſurmounted, the language of nature and harmony ſoon became eaſy and familiar, and each day I ſailed upon the ocean with a briſker gale and a more ſteady courſe.

Ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆτεν μέσον ἱστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
Στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε, νηὸς ἰούσης·
Ἡ δ' ἔθεεν κατα κῦμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθα*. *Ilias*, A. 481.

In the ſtudy of a poet who has ſince become the moſt intimate of my friends, I ſucceſſively applied many paſſages and fragments of Greek writers; and among theſe I ſhall notice a life of Homer, in the Opuſcula Mythologica of Gale, ſeveral books of the geography of Strabo, and the entire treatiſe of Longinus, which, from the title and the ſtyle, is equally worthy of the epithet of *ſublime*. My grammatical ſkill was improved, my vocabulary was enlarged; and in the militia I acquired a juſt and indelible knowledge of the firſt of languages. On every march, in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand: but I ſhould not mention his two critical epiſtles, the amuſement of a morning, had they not been accompanied by the elaborate commentary of Dr. Hurd, now Biſhop of Worceſter. On the intereſting ſubjects of compoſition and imitation of epic and dramatic poetry, I preſumed to think for myſelf; and thirty cloſe-written pages in folio could ſcarcely compriſe my full and free diſcuſſion of the ſenſe of the maſter and the pedantry of the ſervant †.

* —— Fair wind, and blowing freſh,
Apollo ſent them; quick they rear'd the maſt,
Then ſpread th'unſullied canvas to the gale,
And the wind fill'd it. Roar'd the ſable flood
Around the bark, that ever as ſhe went
Daſh'd wide the brine, and ſcudded ſwift away. COWPER's *Homer*.

† See Vol. II. Miſcellaneous Works.

After his oracle Dr. Johnſon, my friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds denies all original genius, any natural propenſity of the mind to one art or ſcience rather than another. Without engaging in a metaphyſical or rather verbal diſpute, I *know*, by experience, that from my early youth I aſpired to the character of an hiſtorian. While I ſerved in the militia, before and after the publication of my eſſay, this idea ripened in my mind; nor can I paint in more lively colours the feelings of the moment, than by tranſcribing ſome paſſages, under their reſpective dates, from a journal which I kept at that time.

Beriton, April 14, 1761.

(In a ſhort excurſion from Dover.)

" Having thought of ſeveral ſubjects for an hiſtorical compoſition, " I choſe the expedition of Charles VIII. of France into Italy. I " read two memoirs of Mr. de Foncemagne in the Academy of In- " ſcriptions (tom. xvii. p. 539—607.), and abſtracted them. I " likewiſe finiſhed this day a diſſertation, in which I examine the " right of Charles VIII. to the crown of Naples, and the rival " claims of the Houſe of Anjou and Arragon: it conſiſts of ten folio " pages, beſides large notes *."

Beriton, Auguſt 4, 1761.

(In a week's excurſion from Wincheſter camp.)

" After having long revolved ſubjects for my intended hiſtorical " eſſay, I renounced my firſt thought of the expedition of Charles " VIII. as too remote from us, and rather an introduction to great " events, than great and important in itſelf. I ſucceſſively choſe " and rejected the cruſade of Richard the Firſt, the barons' wars " againſt John and Henry the Third, the hiſtory of Edward the " Black Prince, the lives and compariſons of Henry V. and the Em- " peror Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and that of the Marquis " of Montroſe. At length I have fixed on Sir Walter Raleigh for

* See Vol. II. p. 6.

" my

" my hero. His eventful ſtory is varied by the characters of the " ſoldier and ſailor, the courtier and hiſtorian; and it may afford " ſuch a fund of materials as I deſire, which have not yet been pro- " perly manufactured. At preſent I cannot attempt the execution " of this work. Free leiſure, and the opportunity of conſulting " many books, both printed and manuſcript, are as neceſſary as " they are impoſſible to be attained in my preſent way of life. " However, to acquire a general inſight into my ſubject and re- " ſources, I read the life of Sir Walter Raleigh by Dr. Birch, his " copious article in the General Dictionary by the ſame hand, and " the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the Firſt in Hume's " Hiſtory of England."

Beriton, January 1762.

(In a month's abſence from the Devizes.)

" During this interval of repoſe, I again turned my thoughts to " Sir Walter Raleigh, and looked more cloſely into my materials. " I read the two volumes in quarto of the Bacon Papers, publiſhed " by Dr. Birch; the Fragmenta Regalia of Sir Robert Naunton, " Mallet's Life of Lord Bacon, and the political treatiſes of that " great man in the firſt volume of his works, with many of his " letters in the ſecond; Sir William Monſon's Naval Tracts, and the " elaborate Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, which Mr. Oldys has prefixed " to the beſt edition of his Hiſtory of the World. My ſubject opens " upon me, and in general improves upon a nearer proſpect."

Beriton, July 26, 1762.

(During my ſummer reſidence.)

" I am afraid of being reduced to drop my hero; but my time " has not, however, been loſt in the reſearch of his ſtory, and of a " memorable æra of our Engliſh annals. The Life of Sir Walter " Raleigh, by Oldys, is a very poor performance; a ſervile pane- " gyric, or flat apology, tediouſly minute, and compoſed in a dull

" and affected ſtyle. Yet the author was a man of diligence and
" learning, who had read every thing relative to his ſubject, and
" whoſe ample collections are arranged with perſpicuity and method.
" Excepting ſome anecdotes lately revealed in the Sidney and Bacon
" Papers, I know not what I ſhould be able to add. My ambition
" (excluſive of the uncertain merit of ſtyle and ſentiment) muſt be
" confined to the hope of giving a good abridgment of Oldys. I
" I have even the diſappointment of finding ſome parts of this
" copious work very dry and barren; and theſe parts are unluckily
" ſome of the moſt characteriſtic: Raleigh's colony of Virginia, his
" quarrels with Eſſex, the true ſecret of his conſpiracy, and, above
" all, the detail of his private life, the moſt eſſential and important
" to a biographer. My beſt reſource would be in the circumjacent
" hiſtory of the times, and perhaps in ſome digreſſions artfully in-
" troduced, like the fortunes of the Peripatetic philoſophy in the
" portrait of Lord Bacon. But the reigns of Elizabeth and James
" the Firſt are the periods of Engliſh hiſtory, which have been the
" moſt variouſly illuſtrated: and what new lights could I reflect on
" a ſubject, which has exerciſed the accurate induſtry of *Birch*, the
" lively and curious acuteneſs of *Walpole*, the critical ſpirit of *Hurd*,
" the vigorous ſenſe of *Mallet* and *Robertſon*, and the impartial
" philoſophy of *Hume?* Could I even ſurmount theſe obſtacles,
" I ſhould ſhrink with terror from the modern hiſtory of England,
" where every character is a problem, and every reader a friend
" or an enemy; where a writer is ſuppoſed to hoiſt a flag of party,
" and is devoted to damnation by the adverſe faction. Such would
" be *my* reception at home: and abroad, the hiſtorian of Raleigh
" muſt encounter an indifference far more bitter than cenſure or
" reproach. The events of his life are intereſting; but his cha-
" racter is ambiguous, his actions are obſcure, his writings are
" Engliſh, and his fame is confined to the narrow limits of our
" language and our iſland. I muſt embrace a ſafer and more ex-
" tenſive theme.

" There

" There is one which I ſhould prefer to all others, *The Hiſtory* " *of the Liberty of the Swiſs*, of that independence which a brave " people reſcued from the Houſe of Auſtria, defended againſt a " Dauphin of France, and finally ſealed with the blood of Charles " of Burgundy. From ſuch a theme, ſo full of public ſpirit, of " military glory, of examples of virtue, of leſſons of government, " the dulleſt ſtranger would catch fire: what might not *I* hope, " whoſe talents, whatſoever they may be, would be inflamed with " the zeal of patriotiſm. But the materials of this hiſtory are in- " acceſſible to me, faſt locked in the obſcurity of an old barbarous " German dialect, of which I am totally ignorant, and which I " cannot reſolve to learn for this ſole and peculiar purpoſe.

" I have another ſubject in view, which is the contraſt of the " former hiſtory: the one a poor, warlike, virtuous republic, which " emerges into glory and freedom; the other a commonwealth, ſoft, " opulent, and corrupt; which, by juſt degrees, is precipitated from " the abuſe to the loſs of her liberty: both leſſons are, perhaps, " equally inſtructive. This ſecond ſubject is, *The Hiſtory of the* " *Republic of Florence, under the Houſe of Medicis:* a period of one " hundred and fifty years, which riſes or deſcends from the dregs of " the Florentine democracy, to the title and dominion of Coſmo de " Medicis in the Grand Duchy of Tuſcany. I might deduce a " chain of revolutions not unworthy of the pen of Vertot; ſingular " men, and ſingular events; the Medicis four times expelled, and " as often recalled; and the Genius of Freedom reluctantly yielding " to the arms of Charles V. and the policy of Coſmo. The cha- " racter and fate of Savanerola, and the revival of arts and letters in " Italy, will be eſſentially connected with the elevation of the family " and the fall of the republic. The Medicis (ſtirps quaſi fataliter " nata ad inſtauranda vel fovenda ſtudia (Lipſius ad Germanos et " Gallos, Epiſt. viii.) were illuſtrated by the patronage of learning; " and enthuſiaſm was the moſt formidable weapon of their adver-

" ſaries.

" faries. On this ſplendid ſubject I ſhall moſt probably fix; but " *when*, or *where*, or *how* will it be executed? I behold in a dark " and doubtful perſpective."

Res altâ terrâ, et caligine merſas *.

The

* JOURNAL, July 27, 1762.]—The reflections which I was making yeſterday I continued and digeſted to-day. I don't abſolutely look on that time as loſt, but that it might have been better employed than in revolving ſchemes, the execution of which is ſo far diſtant. I muſt learn to check theſe wanderings of my imagination.

Nov. 24.]—I dined at the Cocoa Tree with ******; who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honour, good ſenſe, and even knowledge, than half thoſe who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (the Spaniſh Friar); and when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That reſpectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a ſight truly Engliſh. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the firſt men in the kingdom, in point of faſhion and fortune, ſupping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a Sandwich, and drinking a glaſs of punch. At preſent, we are full of king's counſellors and lords of the bedchamber; who, having jumped into the miniſtry, make a very ſingular medley of their old principles and language, with their modern ones.

Nov. 26.]—I went with Mallet to breakfaſt with Garrick; and thence to Drury-lane Houſe, where I aſſiſted at a very private rehearſal, in the Green-room, of a new tragedy of Mallet's, called Elvira. As I have ſince ſeen it acted, I ſhall defer my opinion of it till then; but I cannot help mentioning here the ſurpriſing verſatility of Mrs. Pritchard's talents, who rehearſed, almoſt at the ſame time, the part of a furious queen in the Green-room, and that of a coquette on the ſtage; and paſſed ſeveral times from one to the other with the utmoſt eaſe and happineſs.

Dec. 30.]—Before I cloſe the year I muſt balance my accounts—not of money, but of time. I may divide my ſtudies into four branches: 1. Books that I have read for themſelves, claſſic writers, or capital treatiſes upon any ſcience; ſuch books as ought to be peruſed with attention, and meditated with care. Of theſe I read *the twenty laſt books of the Iliad twice, the three firſt books of the Odyſſey, the Life of Homer*, and *Longinus* περι Υψους. 2. Books which I have read, or conſulted, to illuſtrate the former. Such as this year, *Blackwall's Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, Hurd's Horace, Guichard's Memoires Militaires*, a great variety of paſſages of the ancients occaſionally uſeful: large extracts from *Mezeriac, Bayle*, and *Potter*; and many memoirs and abſtracts from the *Academy of Belles Lettres*: among theſe I ſhall only mention here two long and curious ſuites of diſſertations—*the one upon the Temple of Delphi, the Amphictyonic Council, and the Holy Wars, by M. M. Hardion and de Valois; the other upon the Games of the Grecians, by M. M. Burette, Gedoyne, and*

The youthful habits of the language and manners of France had left in my mind an ardent desire of revisiting the Continent on a larger and more liberal plan. According to the law of custom, and perhaps of reason, foreign travel completes the education of an English gentleman: my father had consented to my wish, but I was detained above four years by my rash engagement in the militia. I eagerly grasped the first moments of freedom: three or four weeks in Hampshire and London were employed in the preparations of my journey, and the farewell visits of friendship and civility: my last act in town was to applaud Mallet's new tragedy of Elvira †; a post-chaise

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and de la Barre. 3. Books of amusement and instruction, perused at my leisure hours, without any reference to a regular plan of study. Of these, perhaps, I read too many, since I went through the Life of Erasmus, by Le Clerc and Burigny, many extracts from *Le Clerc's Bibliotheques*, *The Ciceronianus*, and *Colloquies of Erasmus*, *Barclay's Argenis*, *Terasson's Sethos*, *Voltaire's Siecle de Louis XIV.* *Madame de Motteville's Memoirs*, and *Fontenelle's Works.* 4. Compositions of my own. I find hardly any, except *this Journal*, and the *Extract of Hurd's Horace*, which (like a chapter of Montaigne) contains many things very different from its title. To these four heads I must this year add a fifth. 5. Those treatises of English history which I read in January, with a view to my now abortive scheme of the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.* I ought indeed to have known my own mind better before I undertook them. Upon the whole, after making proper allowances, I am not dissatisfied with the year.

The three weeks which I passed at Beriton, at the end of this and the beginning of the ensuing year, are almost a blank. I seldom went out; and as the scheme of my travelling was at last entirely settled, the hurry of impatience, the cares of preparations, and the tenderness of friends I was going to quit, allowed me hardly any moments for study.

† JOURNAL, January 11th, 1763.]—I called upon Dr. Maty in the morning. He told me that the Duke de Nivernois desired to be acquainted with me. It was indeed with that view that I had written to Maty from Beriton to present, in my name, a copy of my book to him. Thence I went to Becket, paid him his bill, (fifty-four pounds,) and gave him back his translation. It must be printed, though very indifferent. My comfort is, that my misfortune is not an uncommon one. We dined and supped at the Mallets.

12th. I went with Maty to visit the Duke in Albemarle Street. He is a little emaciated figure, but appears to possess a good understanding, taste and know-

chaiſe conveyed me to Dover, the packet to Boulogne, and ſuch was my diligence, that I reached Paris on the 28th of January 1763, only thirty-ſix days after the diſbanding of the militia. Two or three years were looſely defined for the term of my abſence; and I was left at liberty to ſpend that time in ſuch places and in ſuch a manner as was moſt agreeable to my taſte and judgment.

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ledge. He offered me very politely letters for Paris. We dined at our lodgings. I went to Covent Garden to ſee Woodward in Bobadil, and ſupped with the Mallets at George Scott's.

JOURNAL, Jan. 19th, 1763.]—I waited upon Lady Hervey and the Duke de Nivernois, and received my credentials. Lady Hervey's are for M. le Comte de Caylus, and Madame Geoffrin. The Duke received me civilly, but (perhaps through Maty's fault) treated me more as a man of letters than as a man of faſhion. His letters are entirely in that ſtyle; for the Count de Caylus and M. M. de la Bleterie, de Ste Palaye, Caperonier, du Clos, de Forcemagne, and d'Alembert. I then undreſſed for the play. My father and I went to the Roſe, in the paſſage of the play-houſe, where we found Mallet, with about thirty friends. We dined together, and went thence into the pit, where we took our places in a body, ready to ſilence all oppoſition. However, we had no occaſion to exert ourſelves. Notwithſtanding the malice of party, Mallet's nation, connections, and, indeed, imprudence, we heard nothing but applauſe. I think it was deſerved. The plan was borrowed from de la Motte, but the details and language have great merit. A fine vein of dramatic poetry runs through the piece. The ſcenes between the father and ſon awaken almoſt every ſenſation of the human breaſt; and the counſel would have equally moved, but for the inconvenience unavoidable upon all theatres, that of entruſting fine ſpeeches to indifferent actors. The perplexity of the cataſtrophe is much, and I believe juſtly, criticiſed. But another defect made a ſtronger impreſſion upon me. When a poet ventures upon the dreadful ſituation of a father who condemns his ſon to death, there is no medium, the father muſt either be a monſter or a hero. His obligations of juſtice, of the public good, muſt be as binding, as apparent, as perhaps thoſe of the firſt Brutus. The cruel neceſſity conſecrates his actions, and leaves no room for repentance. The thought is ſhocking, if not carried into action. In the execution of Brutus's ſons I am ſenſible of that fatal neceſſity. Without ſuch an example, the unſettled liberty of Rome would have periſhed the inſtant after its birth. But Alonzo might have pardoned his ſon for a raſh attempt, the cauſe of which was a private injury, and whoſe conſequences could never have diſturbed an eſtabliſhed government. He might have pardoned ſuch a crime in any other ſubject; and as the laws could exact only an equal rigour for a ſon, a vain appetite for glory, and a mad affectation of heroiſm, could alone have influenced him to exert an unequal and ſuperior ſeverity.

In this firſt viſit I paſſed three months and a half, (January 28 —May 9,) and a much longer ſpace might have been agreeably filled, without any intercourſe with the natives. At home we are content to move in the daily round of pleaſure and buſineſs; and a ſcene which is always preſent is ſuppoſed to be within our knowledge, or at leaſt within our power. But in a foreign country, curioſity is our buſineſs and our pleaſure; and the traveller, conſcious of his ignorance, and covetous of his time, is diligent in the ſearch and the view of every object that can deſerve his attention. I devoted many hours of the morning to the circuit of Paris and the neighbourhood, to the viſit of churches and palaces conſpicuous by their architecture, to the royal manufactures, collections of books and pictures, and all the various treaſures of art, of learning, and of luxury. An Engliſhman may hear without reluctance, that in theſe curious and coſtly articles Paris is ſuperior to London; ſince the opulence of the French capital ariſes from the defects of its government and religion. In the abſence of Louis XIV. and his ſucceſſors, the Louvre has been left unfiniſhed: but the millions which have been laviſhed on the ſands of Verſailles, and the moraſs of Marli, could not be ſupplied by the legal allowance of a Britiſh king. The ſplendour of the French nobles is confined to their town reſidence; that of the Engliſh is more uſefully diſtributed in their country ſeats; and we ſhould be aſtoniſhed at our own riches, if the labours of architecture, the ſpoils of Italy and Greece, which are now ſcattered from Inverary to Wilton, were accumulated in a few ſtreets between Marybone and Weſtminſter. All ſuperfluous ornament is rejected by the cold frugality of the proteſtants; but the catholic ſuperſtition, which is always the enemy of reaſon, is often the parent of the arts. The wealthy communities of prieſts and monks expend their revenues in ſtately edifices; and the pariſh church of St. Sulpice, one of the nobleſt ſtructures in Paris, was built and adorned

by the private induſtry of a late curé. In this outſet, and ſtill more in the ſequel of my tour, my eye was amuſed; but the pleaſing viſion cannot be fixed by the pen; the particular images are darkly ſeen through the medium of five-and-twenty years, and the narrative of my life muſt not degenerate into a book of travels *.

But the principal end of my journey was to enjoy the ſociety of a poliſhed and amiable people, in whoſe favour I was ſtrongly prejudiced, and to converſe with ſome authors, whoſe converſation, as I fondly imagined, muſt be far more pleaſing and inſtructive than their writings. The moment was happily choſen. At the cloſe of a ſucceſsful war the Britiſh name was reſpected on the continent.

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus.

Our opinions, our faſhions, even our games, were adopted in France, a ray of national glory illuminated each individual, and every Engliſhman was ſuppoſed to be born a patriot and a philoſopher. For myſelf, I carried a perſonal recommendation; my name and my Eſſay were already known; the compliment of having written in

* Journal, 21 Fevrier 1763.]—Aujourdhui j'ai commencé ma tournée, pour voir les endroits dignes d'attention dans la ville. D'Augny m'a accompagné. Nous ſommes allés d'abord à la bibliotheque de l'Abbayé de St. Germain des Prez, où tout le monde étoit occupé à l'arrangement d'un cabinet de curioſités, et à l'hôpital des invalides, où le dôme étoit fermé à cauſe des reparations qu'on y faiſoit. Il faut donc differer la viſite et la deſcription de ces deux endroits. De là nous ſommes allés voir l'école militaire. Comme ce bâtiment s'éleve à coté des Invalides, bien des gens y verroient un moyen aſſez facile d'apprecier les ames differentes de leurs fondateurs. Dans l'un tout eſt grand et faſtueux, dans l'autre tout eſt petit et meſquin. De petits corps de logis blancs et aſſez propres, qui, au lieu de 500 gentilſhommes, dont on a parlé, en contiennent 258, compoſent tout l'etabliſſement; car le manége et les ecuries ne ſont rien. Il eſt vrai qu'on dit que ces batimens ne ſont qu'un échaffaudage, qu'on doit ôter, pour élever le véritable ouvrage ſur ces débris. Il faut bien en effet qu'on n'ait pas bâti pour l'éternité, puiſque dans vingt ans la plûpart des poutres ſe ſont pourries. Nous jettâmes enſuite un coup d'oeil ſur l'égliſe de St. Sulpice, dont la façade (le prétexte et le fruit de tant de lotteries) n'eſt point encore achevée.

the French language entitled me to ſome returns of civility and gratitude. I was conſidered as a man of letters, who wrote for amuſement. Before my departure I had obtained from the Duke de Nivernois, Lady Hervey, the Mallets, Mr. Walpole, &c. many letters of recommendation to their private or literary friends. Of theſe epiſtles the reception and ſucceſs were determined by the character and ſituation of the perſons by whom and to whom they were addreſſed: the ſeed was ſometimes caſt on a barren rock, and it ſometimes multiplied an hundred fold in the production of new ſhoots, ſpreading branches, and exquiſite fruit. But upon the whole, I had reaſon to praiſe the national urbanity, which from the court has diffuſed its gentle influence to the ſhop, the cottage, and the ſchools. Of the men of genius of the age, Monteſquieu and Fontenelle were no more; Voltaire reſided on his own eſtate near Geneva; Rouſſeau in the preceding year had been driven from his hermitage of Montmorency; and I bluſh at my having neglected to ſeek, in this journey, the acquaintance of Buffon. Among the men of letters whom I ſaw, D'Alembert and Diderot held the foremoſt rank in merit, or at leaſt in fame. I ſhall content myſelf with enumerating the well-known names of the Count de Caylus, of the Abbé de la Bleterie, Barthelemy, Reynal, Arnaud, of Meſſieurs de la Condamine, du Clos, de S^te^ Palaye, de Bougainville, Caperonnier, de Guignes, Suard, &c. without attempting to diſcriminate the ſhades of their characters, or the degrees of our connection. Alone, in a morning viſit, I commonly found the artiſts and authors of Paris leſs vain, and more reaſonable, than in the circles of their equals, with whom they mingle in the houſes of the rich. Four days in a week I had a place, without invitation, at the hoſpitable tables of Meſdames Geoffrin and du Bocage, of the celebrated Helvetius, and of the Baron d'Olbach. In theſe ſympoſia the pleaſures of the table were improved by lively and liberal con-

verſation; the company was ſelect, though various and voluntary *.

The ſociety of Madame du Bocage was more ſoft and moderate than that of her rivals, and the evening converſations of M. de Foncemagne were ſupported by the good ſenſe and learning of the principal members of the Academy of Inſcriptions. The opera and the Italians I occaſionally viſited; but the French theatre, both in

* JOURNAL, Fevrier 23, 1763.]—Je fis une viſite à l'Abbé de la Bleterie, qui veut me mener chez la Ducheſſe d'Aiguillon; je me fis ecrire chez M. de Bougainville que j'ai grande envie de connoitre, et me rendis enſuite chez le Baron d'Olbach, ami de M. Helvetius. C'etoit ma premiére viſite, et le premier pas dans une fort bonne maiſon. Le Baron a de l'eſprit et des connoiſſances, et ſurtout il donne ſouvent et fort bien à diner.

Fevrier 24.]—L'Abbé Barthelemy eſt fort aimable et n'a de l'antiquaire qu'une très grande érudition. Je finis la ſoiréc par un ſouper très agréable chez Madame Bontems avec M. le Marquis de Mirabeau. Cet homme eſt ſingulier; il a aſſez d'imagination pour dix autres, et pas aſſez de ſens raſſis pour lui ſeul. Je lui ai fait beaucoup de queſtions ſur les titres de la nobleſſe Francoiſe; mais tout ce que j'en ai pu comprendre, c'eſt que perſonne n'a là deſſus des idées bien nettes.

Mai 1763.]—Muni d'une double lettre de recommandation pour M. le Comte de Caylus, je m'etois imaginé que je trouverois reunis en lui l'homme de lettres et l'homme de qualité. Je le vis trois ou quatre fois, et je vis un homme ſimple, uni, bon, et qui me temoignoit une bonté extrême. Si je n'en ai point profité, je l'attribue moins à ſon caractére qu'à ſon genre de vie. Il ſe leve de grand matin, court les atteliers des artiſtes pendant tout le jour, et rentre chez lui à ſix heurs du ſoir pour ſe mettre en robe de chambre, et s'enfermer dans ſon cabinet. Le moyen de voir ſes amis?

Si ces recommendations etoient ſteriles, il y en eut d'autres que devinrent auſſi fécondes par leurs ſuites, qu'elles etoient agréables en elles mêmes. Dans une capitale comme Paris, il eſt neceſſaire, il eſt juſte que des lettres de recommendation vous ayent diſtingué de la foule. Mais dèſque la glace eſt rompue, vos connoiſſances ſe multiplient, et vos nouveaux amis ſe ſont un plaiſir de vous en procurer d'autres plus nouveaux encore. Heureux effet de ce caractere leger et aimable du François, qui a établi dans Paris une douceur et une liberté dans la ſociété, inconnues à l'antiquité, et encore ignorées des autres nations. A Londres il faut faire ſon chemin dans les maiſons que ne s'ouvrent qu'avec peine. Là on croit vous faire plaiſir en vous recevant. Ici on croit s'en faire à ſoi-meme. Auſſi je connois plus de maiſons à Paris qu'à Londres: le fait n'eſt pas vraiſemblable, mais il eſt vrai.

tragedy

tragedy and comedy, was my daily and favourite amuſement. Two famous actreſſes then divided the public applauſe. For my own part, I preferred the conſummate art of the Clairon, to the intemperate ſallies of the Dumeſnil, which were extolled by her admirers, as the genuine voice of nature and paſſion. Fourteen weeks inſenſibly ſtole away; but had I been rich and independent, I ſhould have prolonged, and perhaps have fixed, my reſidence at Paris.

Between the expenſive ſtyle of Paris and of Italy it was prudent to interpoſe ſome months of tranquil ſimplicity; and at the thoughts of Lauſanne I again lived in the pleaſures and ſtudies of my early youth. Shaping my courſe through Dijon and Beſançon, in the laſt of which places I was kindly entertained by my couſin Acton, I arrived in the month of May 1763 on the banks of the Leman Lake. It had been my intention to paſs the Alps in the autumn, but ſuch are the ſimple attractions of the place, that the year had almoſt expired before my departure from Lauſanne in the enſuing ſpring. An abſence of five years had not made much alteration in manners, or even in perſons. My old friends, of both ſexes, hailed my voluntary return; the moſt genuine proof of my attachment. They had been flattered by the preſent of my book, the produce of their ſoil; and the good Pavilliard ſhed tears of joy as he embraced a pupil, whoſe literary merit he might fairly impute to his own labours. To my old liſt I added ſome new acquaintance, and among the ſtrangers I ſhall diſtinguiſh Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg, the brother of the reigning Duke, at whoſe country-houſe, near Lauſanne, I frequently dined: a wandering meteor, and at length a falling ſtar, his light and ambitious ſpirit had ſucceſſively dropped from the firmament of Pruſſia, of France, and of Auſtria; and his faults, which he ſtiled his misfortunes, had driven him into philoſophic exile in the Pais de Vaud. He could now moralize on the vanity of the world, the equality of mankind, and the happineſs of a private ſtation. His addreſs was affable and polite, and as he had

ſhone in courts and armies, his memory could ſupply, and his eloquence could adorn, a copious fund of intereſting anecdotes. His firſt enthuſiaſm was that of charity and agriculture; but the ſage gradually lapſed in the ſaint, and Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg is now buried in a hermitage near Mayence, in the laſt ſtage of myſtic devotion. By ſome eccleſiaſtical quarrel, Voltaire had been provoked to withdraw himſelf from Lauſanne, and retire to his caſtle at Ferney, where I again viſited the poet and the actor, without ſeeking his more intimate acquaintance, to which I might now have pleaded a better title. But the theatre which he had founded, the actors whom he had formed, ſurvived the loſs of their maſter; and recent from Paris, I attended with pleaſure at the repreſentation of ſeveral tragedies and comedies. I ſhall not deſcend to ſpecify particular names and characters; but I cannot forget a private inſtitution, which will diſplay the innocent freedom of Swiſs manners. My favourite ſociety had aſſumed, from the age of its members, the proud denomination of the ſpring *(la ſociété du printems)*. It conſiſted of fifteen or twenty young unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very firſt families; the eldeſt perhaps about twenty, all agreeable, ſeveral handſome, and two or three of exquiſite beauty. At each other's houſes they aſſembled almoſt every day, without the controul, or even the preſence, of a mother or an aunt; they were truſted to their own prudence, among a crowd of young men of every nation in Europe. They laughed, they ſung, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midſt of this careleſs gaiety, they reſpected themſelves, and were reſpected by the men; the inviſible line between liberty and licentiouſneſs was never trangreſſed by a geſture, a word, or a look, and their virgin chaſtity was never ſullied by the breath of ſcandal or ſuſpicion. A ſingular inſtitution, expreſſive of the innocent ſimplicity of Swiſs manners. After having taſted the luxury of England and Paris, I could not have returned with ſatisfaction to the coarſe and homely table of Madame

dame Pavilliard; nor was her huſband offended that I now entered myſelf as a *penſionaire*, or boarder, in the elegant houſe of Mr. De Meſery, which may be entitled to a ſhort remembrance, as it has ſtood above twenty years, perhaps, without a parallel in Europe. The houſe in which we lodged was ſpacious and convenient, in the beſt ſtreet, and commanding, from behind, a noble proſpect over the country and the Lake. Our table was ſerved with neatneſs and plenty; the boarders were ſelect; we had the liberty of inviting any gueſts at a ſtated price; and in the ſummer the ſcene was occaſionally transferred to a pleaſant villa, about a league from Lauſanne. The characters of Maſter and Miſtreſs were happily ſuited to each other, and to their ſituation. At the age of ſeventy-five, Madame de Meſery, who has ſurvived her huſband, is ſtill a graceful, I had almoſt ſaid a handſome woman. She was alike qualified to preſide in her kitchen and her drawing-room; and ſuch was the equal propriety of her conduct, that of two or three hundred foreigners, none ever failed in reſpect, none could complain of her neglect, and none could ever boaſt of her favour. Meſery himſelf, of the noble family of De Crouſaz, was a man of the world, a jovial companion, whoſe eaſy manners and natural ſallies maintained the cheerfulneſs of his houſe. His wit could laugh at his own ignorance: he diſguiſed, by an air of profuſion, a ſtrict attention to his intereſt; and in this ſituation, he appeared like a nobleman who ſpent his fortune and entertained his friends. In this agreeable ſociety I reſided nearly eleven months (May 1763—April 1764); and in this ſecond viſit to Lauſanne, among a crowd of my Engliſh companions, I knew and eſteemed Mr. Holroyd (now Lord Sheffield); and our mutual attachment was renewed and fortified in the ſubſequent ſtages of our Italian journey. Our lives are in the power of chance, and a ſlight variation on either ſide, in time or place, might have deprived me of a friend, whoſe activity in the ardour of youth was always prompted

prompted by a benevolent heart, and directed by a ſtrong underſtanding *.

If

* JOURNAL, Septembre 16, 1763.]—***** et **** nous ont quitté. Le premier eſt une mechante bête, groſſier, ignorant, et ſans uſage du monde. Sa violence lui a fait vingt mauvaiſes affaires ici. On vouloit cependant lui faire entreprendre le voyage d'Italie, mais **** refuſant de l'y accompagner, on a pris le partie de le rapeller en Angleterre en le faiſant paſſer par Paris. **** eſt philoſophe, et fort inſtruit, mais froid et nullement homme d'eſprit. Il eſt las de courir le monde avec des jeunes foux. Apres avoir rendu celui-ci à ſa famille, il compte venir chercher le repos et la retraite dans ce pays. Qu'il a raiſon!

Septembre 21me.]—J'ai eſſuyé une petite mortification au cercle. Le départ de Frey ayant fait vacquer l'emploi de directeur des etrangers, on m'avoit fait entrevoir qu'on me le deſtinoit, et ma franchiſe naturelle ne m'avoit pas permis de diſſimuler que je le recevrois avec plaiſir, et que je m'y attendois. Cependant le pluralité des voix l'a donné à M. Roel Hollandois. J'ai vu qu'on a ſaiſi le premier moment que les loix permettoient de balloter, et que, ſi j'avois voulu raſſembler mes amis, je l'aurois emporté; mais je ſais en même tems que je l'aurois eu il y a trois mois, ſans y ſonger un moment. Ma reputation baiſſe ici avec quelque raiſon, et j'ai des ennemis.

Septembre 25me.]—J'ai paſſé l'après diner chez Madame de *****. Je ne l'avois pas vue depuis le 14 de ce mois. Elle ne m'a point parlé, ni n'a paru s'etre apperçue de mon abſence. Ce ſilence m'a fait de la peine. J'avois une très belle reputation ici pour les mœurs, mais je vois qu'on commence à me confondre avec mes compatriotes et à me regarder comme un homme qui aime le vin et le deſordre.

Octobre 15me.]—J'ai paſſé l'après midi chez Madame de Meſery. Elle vouloit me faire rencontrer avec une Demoiſelle Françoiſe qu'elle a prié à ſouper; cette Demoiſelle, qui s'apelle Le Franc, a ſix pieds de haut. Sa taille, ſa figure, ſon ton, ſa converſation, tout annonce le grenadier le plus déterminé, mais un grenadier, qui a de l'eſprit, des connoiſſances, et l'uſage du monde. Auſſi ſon ſexe, ſon nom, ſon etat, tout eſt myſtere. Elle ſe dit Pariſienne, fille de condition, qui s'eſt retirée dans ce pays pour cauſe de religion. Ne ſeroit ce pas plûtot pour une affaire d'honneur?

Lauſanne, Decembre 16me, 1763.]—Je me ſuis levé tard, et une viſite fort amicale de M. de Chandieu Villars *, m'a enlevé ce qui me reſtoit de la matinée. M. de Chandieu a ſervi en France avec diſtinction, et s'eſt retiré avec le grade de maréchal de camp. C'eſt une homme d'une grande politeſſe, d'un eſprit vif et facile; il feroit aujourdhui à ſoixante ans, l'agrément d'une ſociété de jeunes filles. C'eſt preſque le ſeul étranger qui ait pu acquérir l'aiſance des maniéres Françoiſes, ſans en prendre en même tems les airs bruyans et étourdis.

* The father of Madame de Severy, whoſe family were Mr. Gibbon's moſt intimate friends, after he had ſettled at Lauſanne in the year 1783. S.

Lauſanne,

If my ſtudies at Paris had been confined to the ſtudy of the world, three or four months would not have been unprofitably ſpent. My viſits,

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Lauſanne, Décembre 18me, 1763.]—C'étoit un Dimanche de Communion. Les cérémonies religieuſes ſont bien entendues dans ce pays. Elles ſont rares, et par là même plus reſpectées; les Viellards ſe plaignent à la vérité du refroidiſſement de la dévotion; cependant un jour, comme celui-ci, offre encore un ſpectacle très édifiant. Point d'affaires, point d'aſſemblée; on s'interdit juſqu'au *whiſt* ſi néceſſaire a l'exiſtence d'un Lauſannois.

Décembre 31me.]—Jettons un coup d'œil ſur cette année 1763. Voyons comment j'ai employé cette portion de mon exiſtence qui s'eſt écoulée et qui ne reviendra plus. Le mois de Janvier s'eſt paſſé dans le ſein de ma famille à qui il falloit ſacrifier tous mes momens, parcequ'ils étoient les derniers dans les ſoins d'un départ et dans l'embarras d'un voyage. Dans ce voyage cependant je trouvai moyen de lire les lettres de *Buſbequius*, Miniſtre Imperial à la Porte. Elles ſont auſſi intéreſſantes qu'inſtructives. Je reſtai à Paris depuis le 28 Janvier juſqu'au 9 Mai. Pendant tout ce tems je n'étudiai point. Les amuſements m'occupoient beaucoup, et l'habitude de la diſſipation, qu'on prend ſi facilement dans les grandes villes, ne me permettoient pas de mettre à profit le tems qui me demeuroit. A la verité, ſi j'ai peu feuilleté les livres, l'obſervation de tous les objets curieux qui ſe preſentent dans une grande capitale, et la converſation avec les plus grands hommes du ſiécle, m'ont inſtruit de beaucoup de choſes que je n'aurois point trouvé dans les livres. Les ſept ou huit derniers mois de cette année ont été plus tranquilles. Dès que je me ſuis vu etabli à Lauſanne, j'ai entrepris une étude ſuivie ſur la géographie ancienne de l'Italie. Mon ardeur s'eſt très bien ſoutenue pendant ſix ſemaines juſqu'à la fin du mois de Juin. Ce fut alors qu'un voyage de Geneve interrompit un peu mon aſſiduité, que le ſejour de Meſery m'offrit mille diſtractions, et que la ſociété de Sauſſure acheva de me faire perdre mon tems. Je repris mon travail avec ce Journal au milieu *d'Aout*, et depuis ce tems, juſqu'au commencement de *Novembre*, j'ai mis a profit tous mes inſtans; j'avoue que pendant les deux derniers mois mon ardeur s'eſt un peu rallantie. Irement, Dans cette étude ſuivie j'ai lu: 1. Près de deux livres de la géographie de *Strabon* ſur l'Italie deux fois. 2. Une partie du deuxiéme livre de l'hiſtoire naturelle de *Pline*. 3. Le quatriéme chapitre du deuxiéme livre de *Pomponius Mela*. 4. Les Itineraires d'Antonin, et de Jeruſalem pour ce qui regarde l'Italie. Je les ai lus avec les Commentaires de Weſſeling, &c. J'en ai tiré des tables de toutes les grandes routes de l'Italie, reduiſant partout les milles Romains, en milles Anglois, et en lieues de France, ſelon les calculs de M. d'Anville. 5. L'Hiſtoire des Grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain, par M. Bergier, deux volumes in 4°. 5. Quelques Extraits choiſis de Ciceron, Tite Live, Velleius Paterculus, Tacite, et les deux Plines. La *Roma Vetus* de Nardini et pluſieurs autres opuſcules ſur le même ſujet qui compoſent preſque tout le quatriéme tome du Treſor des Antiquités Romaines de Grævius. 7. L'*Italia Antiqua* de Cluvier, en

viſits, however ſuperficial, to the Academy of Medals and the public libraries, opened a new field of inquiry; and the view of ſo many manuſcripts

deux volumes in folio. 8. L'*Iter* ou le Voyage de Cl. Rutillius Numatianus dans les Gaules. 9. Les Catalogues de Virgile. 10. Celui de Silius Italicus. 11. Le Voyage d'Horace a Brunduſium. N. B. J'ai lu deux fois ces trois derniers morceaux. 12. Le Traité ſur les Meſures Itineraires par M. d'Anville, et quelques Memoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres. II^ment^, On me fit attendre Nardini de la Bibliotheque de Geneve. Je voulus remplir ce moment de vuide par la lecture de *Juvenal*, poëte qui je ne connoiſſois encore que de réputation. Je le lu deux fois avec plaiſir et avec ſoin. III^ment^, Pendant l'année j'ai lu quelques journaux, entre autres le Journal Etranger depuis ſon commencement, un tome des Nouvelles de Bayle, et les xxxv premiers volumes de la Bibliotheque raiſonnée. IV^ment^, J'ai beaucoup ecrit de mon Recueil Géographique de l'Italie qui eſt deja bien ample et aſſez curieux. V^ment^, Je ne dois point oublier ce journal même qui eſt devenu un ouvrage; 214 pages en quatre mois et demi et des pages des mieux fournies ſont un objet conſiderable. Auſſi ſans compter un grand nombre d'obſervations détachées, il s'y trouve des diſſertations ſavantes et raiſonées. Celle du paſſage d'Annibal contient dix pages, et celle ſur le guerre ſociale en a douze. Mais ces morceaux ſont trop etendus, et le journal même a beſoin d'une reforme qui lui retranche quantité de pieces qui ſont aſſez étrangeres à ſon veritable plan. Après avoir un peu reflechi là deſſus, voici quelques regles que je me ſuis faites ſur les objets qui lui conviennent. I^ment^, Toute ma vie civile et privée, mes amuſemens, mes liaiſons, mes ecarts même, et toutes mes réfléxions qui ne roulent que ſur des ſujets qui me ſont perſonels, je conviens que tout cela n'eſt intereſſant que pour moi, mais auſſi ce n'eſt que pour moi que j'ecris mon journal. II^ment^, Tout ce que j'apprens par l'obſervation ou la converſation. A l'égard de celle-ci je ne rapporterai que ce que je tiens de perſonnes tout à la fois inſtruites et véridiques, lorſqu'il eſt queſtion de faits, ou du petit nombre de ceux qui meritent le titre de grand homme, s'il s'agit de ſentimens et d'opinions. III^ment^, J'y mettrai ſoigneuſement tout ce qu'on peut appeller la partie materielle de mes études; combien d'heures j'ai travaillé, combien de pages j'ai ecrit ou lu, avec une courte notice du ſujet qu'elles contenoient. IV^ment^, Je ſerois faché de lire ſans réfléchir ſur mes lectures, ſans porter des jugemens raiſonnés ſur mes auteurs, et ſans éplucher avec ſoin leurs idées et leurs expreſſions. Mais toute lecture ne fournit pas egalement. Il y a des livres qu'on parcourt, et il y en a qu'on lit; il y en a enfin qu'on doit étudier. Mes obſervations ſur ceux de la premiere claſſe ne peuvent qu'etre courtes et detachées. Elles conviennent au journal. Celles qui regardent la ſeconde claſſe n'y entreront qu'autant qu'elles auront le même caractère. V^ment^, Mes réfléxions ſur ce petit nombre d'auteurs claſſiques, qu'on medite avec ſoin, ſeront naturellement plus approfondies et plus ſuivies. C'eſt pour elles, et pour des pieces plus etendues et plus originales, aux quelles la lecture ou la meditation peut donner lieu, que je ferai un recueil ſéparé. Je conſerverai cependant ſa liaiſon avec le journal

par

manuſcripts of different ages and characters induced me to conſult the two great Benedictine works, the *Diplomatica* of Mabillon, and the *Palæographia* of Montfaucon. I ſtudied the theory without attaining the practice of the art: nor ſhould I complain of the intricacy of

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par des renvois conſtans qui marqueront le numero de chaque piece avec le tems et l'occaſion de ſa compoſition. Moyennant ces précautions mon journal ne peut que m'être utile. Ce compte exact de mon tems m'en ſera mieux ſentir le prix; il diſſipera par ſon detail, l'illuſion qu'on ſe fait d'inviſager ſeulement les années et les mois et de mepriſer les heures et les jours. Je ne dis rien de l'agrément. C'en eſt un bien grand cependant de pouvoir repaſſer chaque epoque de ſa vie, et de ſe placer, dès qu'on le veut, au milieu de toutes les petites ſcenes qu'on a joué, ou qu'on a vu jouer.

6 Avril 1764.]—J'ai été eveillé par Pavilliard et H**** pour arrêter une facheuſe affaire qui s'etoit paſſée au bal après notre départ. G**** qui faiſoit ſa cour a Mademoiſelle ****** depuis long tems, voyoit avec peine que ****** (******) menacoit de le ſupplanter. Il ne répondoit jamais aux politeſſes de ſon rival, que par des bruſqueries; et a la fin a l'occaſion de la main de Mademoiſelle ****** il s'emporta contre lui le plus mal à propos du monde, et le traita devant tout le monde *d'impertinent*, &c. J'ai appris de Pavilliard que ****** lui avoit envoyé un cartel, et que la reponſe de G**** ne l'ayant point contenté ils devoient ſe rencontrer à cinq heures du ſoir. Au déſeſpoir de voir mon ami engagé dans une affaire qui ne pouvoit que lui faire du tort, j'ai couru chez M. de Crouſaz où demeuroit ******. J'ai bientot vu qu'il ne lui falloit qu'une explication aſſez légere, jointe a quelque apologie de la part de G**** pour le déſarmer, et je ſuis retourné chez lui avec H**** pour l'engager a la donner. Nous lui avons fait comprendre que l'aveu d'une veritable tort ne bleſſoit jamais l'honneur, et que ſon inſulte envers les dames auſſi bien qu'envers ***** étoit ſans excuſe. Je lui ai dicté un billet convenable, mais ſans la moindre baſſeſſe, que j'ai porté au Hollandois. Il a rendu les armes ſur le champ, lui a fait la réponſe la plus polie, et m'a remercié mille fois du rôle que j'avois fait. En vérité cet homme n'eſt pas difficile. Après diner j'ai vu nos dames à qui j'ai porté une lettre d'excuſes. La mere n'en veut plus a G****, mais Mademoiſelle ****** eſt deſolée du tort que cette affaire peut lui faire dans le monde. Cette négociation m'a pris le jour entier; mais peut on mieux employer un jour qu'à ſauver la vie, peutêtre a deux perſonnes, et a conſerver la réputation d'un ami? Au reſte j'ai vu au fond plus d'un caractére. G**** eſt brave, vrai, et ſenſé, mais d'une impétuoſité qui n'eſt que plus dangereuſe pour être ſupprimée a l'ordinaire. C***** eſt d'une étourderie d'enfant. De S**** d'une indifference qui vient bien plus d'un défaut de ſenſibilité, que d'un excès de raiſon. J'ai conçu une véritable amitié pour H****. Il a beaucoup de raiſon et des ſentimens d'honneur avec un cœur des mieux placé.

Greek abbreviations and Gothic alphabets, ſince every day, in a familiar language, I am at a loſs to decypher the hieroglyphics of a female note. In a tranquil ſcene, which revived the memory of my firſt ſtudies, idleneſs would have been leſs pardonable: the public libraries of Lauſanne and Geneva liberally ſupplied me with books; and if many hours were loſt in diſſipation, many more were employed in literary labour. In the country, Horace and Virgil, Juvenal and Ovid, were my aſſiduous companions: but, in town, I formed and executed a plan of ſtudy for the uſe of my Tranſalpine expedition: the topography of old Rome, the ancient geography of Italy, and the ſcience of medals. 1. I diligently read, almoſt always with my pen in my hand, the elaborate treatiſes of Nardini, Donatus, &c. which fill the fourth volume of the Roman Antiquities of Grævius. 2. I next undertook and finiſhed the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, a learned native of Pruſſia, who had meaſured, on foot, every ſpot, and has compiled and digeſted every paſſage of the ancient writers. Theſe paſſages in Greek or Latin authors I peruſed in the text of Cluverius, in two folio volumes: but I ſeparately read the deſcriptions of Italy by Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela, the Catalogues of the Epic poets, the Itineraries of Weſſeling's Antoninus, and the coaſting Voyage of Rutilius Numatianus; and I ſtudied two kindred ſubjects in the Meſures Itineraires of d'Anville, and the copious work of Bergier, *Hiſtoire des grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain*. From theſe materials I formed a table of roads and diſtances reduced to our Engliſh meaſure; filled a folio common-place book with my collections and remarks on the geography of Italy; and inſerted in my journal many long and learned notes on the inſulæ and populouſneſs of Rome, the ſocial war, the paſſage of the Alps by Hannibal, &c. 3. After glancing my eye over Addiſon's agreeable dialogues, I more ſeriouſly read the great work of Ezechiel Spanheim *de Præſtantiâ et Uſû Numiſmatum*, and applied with him the medals of

of the kings and emperors, the families and colonies, to the illuſtration of ancient hiſtory. And thus was I armed for my Italian journey *.

I ſhall advance with rapid brevity in the narrative of this tour, in which ſomewhat more than a year (April 1764—May 1765) was agreeably employed. Content with tracing my line of march, and ſlightly touching on my perſonal feelings, I ſhall wave the minute inveſtigation of the ſcenes which have been viewed by thouſands, and deſcribed by hundreds, of our modern travellers. ROME is the

* JOURNAL, Lauſanne, Avril 17, 1764.]—Guiſe et moi, nous avons donné un diner excellent et beaucoup de vin à Dupleix, et à beaucoup d'autres. Après dîner nous nous ſommes échappés pour faire quelques viſites aux ***, aux ***, et aux ***. Je pars avec quelques regrets : cependant un peu de vin, et une gayeté dont je ne pouvois rendre raiſon, m'ont rendu d'une étourderie ſans pareille, vis-a-vis de ces petites. Je leur ai dit cent folies, et nous nous ſommes embraſſés en riant. Meſery nous a donné un très beau ſouper avec une partie de la compagnie du matin, augmentée de Bourgeois et de Pavilliard. Ce ſouper, les adieux ſur tout a Pavilliard, que j'aime véritablement, et les préparatifs du départ, m'ont occupé juſqu'a deux heures du matin.

Je quitte Lauſanne avec moins de regret que la première fois. Je n'y laiſſe plus que des connoiſſances. C'etoit la maitreſſe et l'ami dont je pleurois la perte. D'ailleurs je voyois Lauſanne avec les yeux encore novices d'un jeune homme, qui lui devoit la partie raiſonable de ſon exiſtence, et qui jugeoit ſans objets de comparaiſon. Aujourdhui j'y vois une ville mal batie, au milieu d'un pays delicieux, qui jouit de la paix et du repos, et qui les prend pour la liberté. Un peuple nombreux et bien élevé, qui aime la ſociété, qui y eſt propre, et qui admet avec plaiſir les étrangers dans ſes cotteries, qui feroient bien plus agréables, ſi la converſation n'avoit pas cédé la place au jeu. Les femmes ſont jolies, et malgré leur grande liberté, elles ſont très ſages. Tout au plus peuvent elles être un peu complaiſantes, dans l'idée honnête, mais incertaine, de prendre un étranger dans leurs filets. L'affectation eſt le péché originel des Lauſannois. Affectation de depenſe, affectation de nobleſſe, affectation d'eſprit : les deux premiéres ſont fort repandues, pendant que la troiſiéme eſt fort rare. Comme ce vice ſe choque a tout inſtant avec celui des autres, Lauſanne ſe trouve partagée dans un grand nombre d'etats, dont les principes et le langage varient a l'infini, et qui n'ont de commun que leur mepris reciproque les uns pour les autres. Leur gout pour la depenſe s'accorde mal avec celui de la nobleſſe. Ils périroient plutot que de renoncer a leurs grandeurs, ou d'embraſſer la ſeule profeſſion qui puiſſe les y ſoutenir. La maiſon de M. de Meſery eſt charmante : le caractére franc et genereux du Mari, les agrémens de la femme, une ſituation délicieuſe, une chere excellente, la compagnie de ſes compatriotes, et une liberté parfaite, font aimer ce ſéjour a tout Anglois. Que je voudrois en trouver un ſemblable a Londres! J'y regrette encore Holroyd, mais il nous ſuit de près.

great

great object of our pilgrimage: and 1ſt, the journey; 2d, the reſidence; and 3d, the return; will form the moſt proper and perſpicuous diviſion. 1. I climbed Mount Cenis, and deſcended into the plain of Piedmont, not on the back of an elephant, but on a light oſier ſeat, in the hands of the dextrous and intrepid chairmen of the Alps. The architecture and government of Turin preſented the ſame aſpect of tame and tireſome uniformity: but the court was regulated with decent and ſplendid œconomy; and I was introduced to his Sardinian majeſty * Charles Emanuel, who, after the incomparable Frederic, held the ſecond rank (proximus longo tamen intervallo) among the kings of Europe. The ſize and populouſneſs of Milan could not ſurpriſe an inhabitant of London: but the fancy is amuſed by a viſit to the Boromean Iſlands, an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies in the midſt of a lake encompaſſed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men. I was leſs amuſed by the marble palaces of Genoa, than by the recent memorials of her deliverance (in December 1746) from the Auſtrian tyranny; and I took a military ſurvey of every ſcene of action within the incloſure of her double walls. My ſteps were detained at Parma and Modena, by the precious relics of the Farneſe and Eſte collections: but, alas! the far greater part had been already tranſported, by inheritance or purchaſe, to Naples and Dreſden. By the road of Bologna and the Apennine I at laſt reached Florence, where I repoſed from June to September, during the heat of the ſummer months. In the Gallery, and eſpecially in the Tribune, I firſt acknowledged, at the feet of the Venus of Medicis, that the chiſſel may diſpute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this ſide of the Alps be felt or underſtood. At home I had taken ſome leſſons of Italian: on the ſpot I read, with a learned native, the claſſics of the Tuſcan idiom: but the ſhortneſs of my time, and the uſe of the

* See Appendix, Letter, No. XII.

French

French language, prevented my acquiring any facility of ſpeaking; and I was a ſilent ſpectator in the converſations of our envoy, Sir Horace Mann, whoſe moſt ſerious buſineſs was that of entertaining the Engliſh at his hoſpitable table *. After leaving Florence, I compared the ſolitude of Piſa with the induſtry of Lucca and Leghorn, and continued my journey through Sienna to Rome, where I arrived in the beginning of October. 2. My temper is not very ſuſceptible of enthuſiaſm; and the enthuſiaſm which I do not feel, I have ever ſcorned to affect. But, at the diſtance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor expreſs the ſtrong emotions which agitated my mind as I firſt approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a ſleepleſs night, I trod, with a lofty ſtep, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable ſpot where Romulus *ſtood*, or Tully ſpoke, or Cæſar fell, was at once preſent to my eye; and ſeveral days of intoxication were loſt or enjoyed before I could deſcend to a cool and minute inveſtigation. My guide was Mr. Byers, a Scotch antiquary of experience and taſte; but, in the daily labour of eighteen weeks, the powers of attention were ſometimes fatigued, till I was myſelf qualified, in a laſt review, to ſelect and ſtudy the capital works of ancient and modern art. Six weeks were borrowed for my tour of Naples, the moſt populous of cities, relative to its ſize, whoſe luxurious inhabitants ſeem to dwell on the confines of paradiſe and hell-fire. I was preſented to the boy-king by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton; who, wiſely diverting his correſpondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society and Britiſh Muſeum, has eluci-

* JOURNAL, Florence, Aout 9me, 1764.]—Cocchi à diné avec nous. Nous avons beaucoup cauſé, mais je ne lui trouve pas le genre qu'on lui attribue, c'eſt peutêtre, parceque les notres ne ſont pas analogues. J'entrevois de l'extravagance dans ſes idées, de l'affectation dans ſes maniéres. Il ſe plaint à tout moment de ſa pauvreté. Il connoit peu la veritable dignité d'un homme de lettres. S'il a beaucoup de ſcience, elle eſt bornée à la phyſique. Il m'a demandé ſi Lord Spenſer ne pouvoit pas faire des éveques, et m'a fait un conte de Lord Lyttelton (dont il ne peut ſouffrir le fils) ou il étoit queſtion des Parlemens de Campagne.

dated a country of ſuch ineſtimable value to the naturaliſt and antiquarian. On my return, I fondly embraced, for the laſt time, the miracles of Rome; but I departed without kiſſing the feet of Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), who neither poſſeſſed the wit of his predeceſſor Lambertini, nor the virtues of his ſucceſſor Ganganelli. 3. In my pilgrimage from Rome to Loretto I again croſſed the Apennine; from the coaſt of the Adriatic I traverſed a fruitful and populous country, which could alone diſprove the paradox of Monteſquieu, that modern Italy is a deſert. Without adopting the excluſive prejudice of the natives, I ſincerely admire the paintings of the Bologna ſchool. I haſtened to eſcape from the ſad ſolitude of Ferrara, which in the age of Cæſar was ſtill more deſolate. The ſpectacle of Venice afforded ſome hours of aſtoniſhment; the univerſity of Padua is a dying taper: but Verona ſtill boaſts her amphitheatre, and his native Vicenza is adorned by the claſſic architecture of Palladio: the road of Lombardy and Piedmont (did Monteſquieu find them without inhabitants?) led me back to Milan, Turin, and the paſſage of Mount Cenis, where I again croſſed the Alps in my way to Lyons.

The uſe of foreign travel has been often debated as a general queſtion; but the concluſion muſt be finally applied to the character and circumſtances of each individual. With the education of boys, *where* or *how* they may paſs over ſome juvenile years with the leaſt miſchief to themſelves or others, I have no concern. But after ſuppoſing the previous and indiſpenſable requiſites of age, judgment, a competent knowledge of men and books, and a freedom from domeſtic prejudices, I will briefly deſcribe the qualifications which I deem moſt eſſential to a traveller. He ſhould be endowed with an active, indefatigable vigour of mind and body, which can ſeize every mode of conveyance, and ſupport, with a careleſs ſmile, every hardſhip of the road, the weather, or the inn. The benefits of foreign travel will correſpond with the degrees of theſe qualifications; but, in

in this ſketch, thoſe to whom I am known will not accuſe me of framing my own panegyric. It was at Rome, on the 15th of October 1764, as I ſat muſing amidſt the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed fryars were ſinging veſpers in the Temple of Jupiter *, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city firſt ſtarted to my mind. But my original plan was circumſcribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire: and, though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, ſome years elapſed, and ſeveral avocations intervened, before I was ſeriouſly engaged in the execution of that laborious work.

I had not totally renounced the ſouthern provinces of France, but the letters which I found at Lyons were expreſſive of ſome impatience. Rome and Italy had ſatiated my curious appetite, and I was now ready to return to the peaceful retreat of my family and books. After a happy fortnight I reluctantly left Paris, embarked at Calais, again landed at Dover, after an interval of two years and five months, and haſtily drove through the ſummer duſt and ſolitude of London. On the 25th of June 1765 I arrived at my father's houſe: and the five years and a half between my travels and my father's death (1770) are the portion of my life which I paſſed with the leaſt enjoyment, and which I remember with the leaſt ſatisfaction. Every ſpring I attended the monthly meeting and exerciſe of the militia at Southampton; and by the reſignation of my father, and the death of Sir Thomas Worſley, I was ſucceſſively promoted to the rank of major and lieutenant-colonel commandant: but I was each year more diſguſted with the inn, the wine, the company, and the tireſome repetition of annual attendance and daily exerciſe. At home, the œconomy of the family and farm ſtill maintained the ſame creditable appearance. My connection with Mrs. Gibbon was mellowed into a warm and ſolid attachment: my growing years aboliſhed the diſtance

* Now the church of the Zoccolants, or Franciſcan Friars. S.

that might yet remain between a parent and a ſon, and my behaviour ſatisfied my father, who was proud of the ſucceſs, however imperfect in his own life-time, of my literary talents. Our ſolitude was ſoon and often enlivened by the viſit of the friend of my youth, Mr. Deyverdun, whoſe abſence from Lauſanne I had ſincerely lamented. About three years after my firſt departure, he had emigrated from his native lake to the banks of the Oder in Germany. The *res anguſta domi*, the waſte of a decent patrimony, by an improvident father, obliged him, like many of his countrymen, to confide in his own induſtry; and he was entruſted with the education of a young prince, the grandſon of the Margrave of Schavedt, of the Royal Family of Pruſſia. Our friendſhip was never cooled, our correſpondence was ſometimes interrupted; but I rather wiſhed than hoped to obtain Mr. Deyverdun for the companion of my Italian tour. An unhappy, though honourable paſſion, drove him from his German court; and the attractions of hope and curioſity were fortified by the expectation of my ſpeedy return to England. During four ſucceſſive ſummers he paſſed ſeveral weeks or months at Beriton, and our free converſations, on every topic that could intereſt the heart or underſtanding, would have reconciled me to a deſert or a priſon. In the winter months of London my ſphere of knowledge and action was ſomewhat enlarged, by the many new acquaintance which I had contracted in the militia and abroad; and I muſt regret, as more than an acquaintance, Mr. Godfrey Clarke of Derbyſhire, an amiable and worthy young man, who was ſnatched away by an untimely death. A weekly convivial meeting was eſtabliſhed by myſelf and travellers, under the name of the Roman Club *.

* The members were Lord Mountſtuart (now Earl of Bute), Colonel Edmonſtone, Weddal, Palgrave, Lord Berkley, Godfrey Clarke, Holroyd (Lord Sheffield), Major Ridley, Sir William Guize, Sir John Aubrey, Lord Abingdon, Hon. Peregrine Bertie, Cleaver, Hon. John Damer, Hon. George Damer (Lord Milton), Sir Thomas Gaſcoygne, Sir John Hort, E. Gibbon.

The renewal, or perhaps the improvement, of my Engliſh life was embittered by the alteration of my own feelings. At the age of twenty-one I was, in my proper ſtation of a youth, delivered from the yoke of education, and delighted with the comparative ſtate of liberty and affluence. My filial obedience was natural and eaſy; and in the gay proſpect of futurity, my ambition did not extend beyond the enjoyment of my books, my leiſure, and my patrimonial eſtate, undiſturbed by the cares of a family and the duties of a profeſſion. But in the militia I was armed with power; in my travels, I was exempt from controul; and as I approached, as I gradually paſſed my thirtieth year, I began to feel the deſire of being maſter in my own houſe. The moſt gentle authority will ſometimes frown without reaſon, the moſt cheerful ſubmiſſion will ſometimes murmur without cauſe; and ſuch is the law of our imperfect nature, that we muſt either command or obey; that our perſonal liberty is ſupported by the obſequiouſneſs of our own dependants. While ſo many of my acquaintance were married or in parliament, or advancing with a rapid ſtep in the various roads of honour and fortune, I ſtood alone, immoveable and inſignificant; for after the monthly meeting of 1770, I had even withdrawn myſelf from the militia, by the reſignation of an empty and barren commiſſion. My temper is not ſuſceptible of envy, and the view of ſucceſsful merit has always excited my warmeſt applauſe. The miſeries of a vacant life were never known to a man whoſe hours were inſufficient for the inexhauſtible pleaſures of ſtudy. But I lamented that at the proper age I had not embraced the lucrative purſuits of the law or of trade, the chances of civil office or India adventure, or even the fat ſlumbers of the church; and my repentance became more lively as the loſs of time was more irretrievable. Experience ſhewed me the uſe of grafting my private conſequence on the importance of a great profeſſional body; the benefits of thoſe firm connections which are cemented by hope and intereſt, by grati-

tude and emulation, by the mutual exchange of ſervices and favours. From the emoluments of a profeſſion I might have derived an ample fortune, or a competent income, inſtead of being ſtinted to the ſame narrow allowance, to be increaſed only by an event which I ſincerely deprecated. The progreſs and the knowledge of our domeſtic diſorders aggravated my anxiety, and I began to apprehend that I might be left in my old age without the fruits either of induſtry or inheritance.

In the firſt ſummer after my return, whilſt I enjoyed at Beriton the ſociety of my friend Deyverdun, our daily converſations expatiated over the field of antient and modern literature; and we freely diſcuſſed my ſtudies, my firſt Eſſay, and my future projects. The Decline and Fall of Rome I ſtill contemplated at an awful diſtance: but the two hiſtorical deſigns which had balanced my choice were ſubmitted to his taſte; and in the parallel between the Revolutions of Florence and Switzerland, our common partiality for a country which was *his* by birth, and *mine* by adoption, inclined the ſcale in favour of the latter. According to the plan, which was ſoon conceived and digeſted, I embraced a period of two hundred years, from the aſſociation of the three peaſants of the Alps to the plenitude and proſperity of the Helvetic body in the ſixteenth century. I ſhould have deſcribed the deliverance and victory of the Swiſs, who have never ſhed the blood of their tyrants but in a field of battle; the laws and manners of the confederate ſtates; the ſplendid trophies of the Auſtrian, Burgundian, and Italian wars; and the wiſdom of a nation, who, after ſome ſallies of martial adventure, has been content to guard the bleſſings of peace with the ſword of freedom.

—— Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Enſe petit placidam ſub libertate quietem.

My judgment, as well as my enthuſiaſm, was ſatisfied with the glorious theme; and the aſſiſtance of Deyverdun ſeemed to remove an

an inſuperable obſtacle. The French or Latin memorials, of which I was not ignorant, are inconſiderable in number and weight; but in the perfect acquaintance of my friend with the German language, I found the key of a more valuable collection. The moſt neceſſary books were procured; he tranſlated, for my uſe, the folio volume of Schilling, a copious and contemporary relation of the war of Burgundy; we read and marked the moſt intereſting parts of the great chronicle of Tſchudi; and by his labour, or that of an inferior aſſiſtant, large extracts were made from the Hiſtory of Lauffer and the Dictionary of Lew: yet ſuch was the diſtance and delay, that two years elapſed in theſe preparatory ſteps; and it was late in the third ſummer (1767) before I entered, with theſe ſlender materials, on the more agreeable taſk of compoſition. A ſpecimen of my Hiſtory, the firſt book, was read the following winter in a literary ſociety of foreigners in London; and as the author was unknown, I liſtened, without obſervation, to the free ſtrictures, and unfavourable ſentence, of my judges *. The momentary ſenſation was painful;

* Mr. Hume ſeems to have had a different opinion of this work.

From Mr. HUME *to* Mr. GIBBON.

SIR,

It is but a few days ago ſince M. Deyverdun put your manuſcript into my hands, and I have peruſed it with great pleaſure and ſatisfaction. I have only one objection, derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compoſe in French, and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace ſays with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek? I grant that you have a like motive to thoſe Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffuſed than your native tongue: but have you not remarked the fate of thoſe two ancient languages in following ages? The Latin, though then leſs celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has in ſome meaſure outlived the Greek, and is now more generally underſtood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the preſent diffuſion of their tongue. Our ſolid and increaſing eſtabliſhments in America, where we need leſs dread the inundation of Barbarians, promiſe a ſuperior ſtability and duration to the Engliſh language.

Your uſe of the French tongue has alſo led you into a ſtyle more poetical and figurative, and more highly coloured, than our language ſeems to admit of in hiſtorical

ſul; but their condemnation was ratified by my cooler thoughts. I delivered my imperfect ſheets to the flames †, and forever renounced a deſign in which ſome expence, much labour, and more time, had been ſo vainly conſumed. I cannot regret the loſs of a ſlight and ſuperficial eſſay; for ſuch the work muſt have been in the hands of a ſtranger, uninformed by the ſcholars and ſtateſmen, and remote from the libraries and archives of the Swiſs republics. My antient habits, and the preſence of Deyverdun, encouraged me to write in French for the continent of Europe; but I was conſcious myſelf that my ſtyle, above proſe and below poetry, degenerated into a verboſe and turgid declamation. Perhaps I may impute the failure to the injudicious choice of a foreign language. Perhaps I may ſuſpect that the language itſelf is ill adapted to ſuſtain the vigour and dignity of an important narrative. But if France, ſo rich in literary merit, had produced a great original hiſtorian, his genius would have formed and fixed the idiom to the proper tone, the peculiar mode of hiſtorical eloquence.

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rical productions: for ſuch is the practice of French writers, particularly the more recent ones, who illuminate their pictures more than cuſtom will permit us. On the whole, your Hiſtory, in my opinion, is written with ſpirit and judgment; and I exhort you very earneſtly to continue it. The objections that occurred to me on reading it, were ſo frivolous, that I ſhall not trouble you with them, and ſhould, I believe, have a difficulty to recollect them. I am, with great eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,
and moſt humble Servant,

(Signed) DAVID HUME.

LONDON,
24th of Oct. 1767.

† He neglected to burn them. He left at Sheffield-Place the introduction, or firſt book, in forty-three pages folio, written in a very ſmall hand, beſides a conſiderable number of notes. If Mr. Gibbon had not declared his judgment, perhaps Mr. Hume's opinion, expreſſed in the letter in the laſt note, might have juſtified the publication of it. S.

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It was in ſearch of ſome liberal and lucrative employment that my friend Deyverdun had viſited England. His remittances from home were ſcanty and precarious. My purſe was always open, but it was often empty; and I bitterly felt the want of riches and power, which might have enabled me to correct the errors of his fortune. His wiſhes and qualifications ſolicited the ſtation of the travelling governor of ſome wealthy pupil; but every vacancy provoked ſo many eager candidates, that for a long time I ſtruggled without ſucceſs; nor was it till after much application that I could even place him as a clerk in the office of the ſecretary of ſtate. In a reſidence of ſeveral years he never acquired the juſt pronunciation and familiar uſe of the Engliſh tongue, but he read our moſt difficult authors with eaſe and taſte: his critical knowledge of our language and poetry was ſuch as few foreigners have poſſeſſed; and few of our countrymen could enjoy the theatre of Shakeſpeare and Garrick with more exquiſite feeling and diſcernment. The conſciouſneſs of his own ſtrength, and the aſſurance of my aid, emboldened him to imitate the example of Dr. Maty, whoſe *Journal Britannique* was eſteemed and regretted; and to improve his model, by uniting with the tranſactions of literature a philoſophic view of the arts and manners of the Britiſh nation. Our Journal for the year 1767, under the title of *Memoires Literaires de la Grand Bretagne*, was ſoon finiſhed and ſent to the preſs. For the firſt article, Lord Lyttelton's Hiſtory of Henry II. I muſt own myſelf reſponſible; but the public has ratified my judgment of that voluminous work, in which ſenſe and learning are not illuminated by a ray of genius. The next ſpecimen was the choice of my friend, *the Bath Guide*, a light and whimſical performance, of local, and even verbal, pleaſantry. I ſtarted at the attempt: he ſmiled at my fears: his courage was juſtified by ſucceſs; and a maſter of both languages will applaud the curious felicity with which he has transfuſed into French

proſe

proſe the ſpirit, and even the humour, of the Engliſh verſe. It is not my wiſh to deny how deeply I was intereſted in theſe Memoirs, of which I need not ſurely be aſhamed; but at the diſtance of more than twenty years, it would be impoſſible for me to aſcertain the reſpective ſhares of the two aſſociates. A long and intimate communication of ideas had caſt our ſentiments and ſtyle in the ſame mould. In our ſocial labours we compoſed and corrected by turns; and the praiſe which I might honeſtly beſtow, would fall perhaps on ſome article or paſſage moſt properly my own. A ſecond volume (for the year 1768) was publiſhed of theſe Memoirs. I will preſume to ſay, that their merit was ſuperior to their reputation; but it is not leſs true, that they were productive of more reputation than emolument. They introduced my friend to the protection, and myſelf to the acquaintance, of the Earl of Cheſterfield, whoſe age and infirmities ſecluded him from the world; and of Mr. David Hume, who was under-ſecretary to the office in which Deyverdun was more humbly employed. The former accepted a dedication, (April 12th, 1769,) and reſerved the author for the future education of his ſucceſſor: the latter enriched the Journal with a reply to Mr. Walpole's Hiſtorical Doubts, which he afterwards ſhaped into the form of a note. The materials of the third volume were almoſt completed, when I recommended Deyverdun as governor to Sir Richard Worſley, a youth, the ſon of my old Lieutenant-colonel, who was lately deceaſed. They ſet forwards on their travels; nor did they return to England till ſome time after my father's death.

My next publication was an accidental ſally of love and reſentment; of my reverence for modeſt genius, and my averſion for inſolent pedantry. The ſixth book of the Æneid is the moſt pleaſing and perfect compoſition of Latin poetry. The deſcent of Æneas and the Sybil to the infernal regions, to the world of ſpirits, expands

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an awful and boundleſs proſpect, from the nocturnal gloom of the Cumæan grot,

Ibant obſcuri ſolâ ſub nocte per umbram,

to the meridian brightneſs of the Elyſian fields;

Largior hic campos æther et lumine veſtit
Purpureo ———

from the dreams of ſimple Nature, to the dreams, alas! of Egyptian theology, and the philoſophy of the Greeks. But the final diſmiſſion of the hero through the ivory gate, whence

Falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes,

ſeems to diſſolve the whole enchantment, and leaves the reader in a ſtate of cold and anxious ſcepticiſm. This moſt lame and impotent concluſion has been variouſly imputed to the taſte or irreligion of Virgil; but, according to the more elaborate interpretation of Biſhop Warburton, the deſcent to hell is not a falſe, but a mimic ſcene; which repreſents the initiation of Æneas, in the character of a lawgiver, to the Eleuſinian myſteries. This hypotheſis, a ſingular chapter in the Divine Legation of Moſes, had been admitted by many as true; it was praiſed by all as ingenious; nor had it been expoſed, in a ſpace of thirty years, to a fair and critical diſcuſſion. The learning and the abilities of the author had raiſed him to a juſt eminence; but he reigned the dictator and tyrant of the world of literature. The real merit of Warburton was degraded by the pride and preſumption with which he pronounced his infallible decrees; in his polemic writings he laſhed his antagoniſts without mercy or moderation; and his ſervile flatterers, (ſee the baſe and malignant Eſſay on the *Delicacy of Friendſhip*,) exalting the maſter critic far above Ariſtotle and Longinus, aſſaulted every modeſt diſſenter who refuſed to conſult the oracle, and to adore the idol. In a land of liberty, ſuch deſpotiſm muſt provoke a general oppoſition,

and the zeal of oppoſition is ſeldom candid or impartial. A late profeſſor of Oxford, (Dr. Lowth,) in a pointed and poliſhed epiſtle, (Auguſt 31ſt, 1765,) defended himſelf, and attacked the Biſhop; and, whatſoever might be the merits of an inſignificant controverſy, his victory was clearly eſtabliſhed by the ſilent confuſion of Warburton and his ſlaves. *I* too, without any private offence, was ambitious of breaking a lance againſt the giant's ſhield; and in the beginning of the year 1770, my Critical Obſervations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid were ſent, without my name, to the preſs. In this ſhort Eſſay, my firſt Engliſh publication, I aimed my ſtrokes againſt the perſon and the hypotheſis of Biſhop Warburton. I proved, at leaſt to my own ſatisfaction, *that* the antient lawgivers did not invent the myſteries, and *that* Æneas was never inveſted with the office of lawgiver: *that* there is not any argument, any circumſtance, which can melt a fable into allegory, or remove the ſcene from the Lake Avernus to the Temple of Ceres: *that* ſuch a wild ſuppoſition is equally injurious to the poet and the man: *that* if Virgil was not initiated he could not, if he were he would not, reveal the ſecrets of the initiation: *that* the anathema of Horace (*vetabo qui Cereris ſacrum vulgarit, &c.*) at once atteſts his own ignorance and the innocence of his friend. As the Biſhop of Glouceſter and his party maintained a diſcreet ſilence, my critical diſquiſition was ſoon loſt among the pamphlets of the day; but the public coldneſs was overbalanced to my feelings by the weighty approbation of the laſt and beſt editor of Virgil, Profeſſor Heyne of Gottingen, who acquieſces in my confutation, and ſtiles the unknown author, *doctus --- et elegantiſſimus Britannus.* But I cannot reſiſt the temptation of tranſcribing the favourable judgment of Mr. Hayley, himſelf a poet and a ſcholar: "An intricate hypotheſis, "twiſted into a long and laboured chain of quotation and argu- "ment, the Diſſertation on the Sixth Book of Virgil, remained "ſome time unrefuted. ---- At length, a ſuperior, but anony- "mous,

" mous, critic aroſe, who, in one of the moſt judicious and ſpirited " eſſays that our nation has produced, on a point of claſſical litera- " ture, completely overturned this ill-founded edifice, and expoſed " the arrogance and futility of its aſſuming architect." He even condeſcends to juſtify an acrimony of ſtyle, which had been gently blamed by the more unbiaſſed German ; " *Paullo acrius quam velis* ---- *perſtrinxit* *." But I cannot forgive myſelf the contemptuous treatment of a man who, with all his faults, was entitled to my eſteem † ; and I can leſs forgive, in a perſonal attack, the cowardly concealment of my name and character.

In the fifteen years between my Eſſay on the Study of Literature and the firſt volume of the Decline and Fall, (1761—1776,) this criticiſm on Warburton, and ſome articles in the Journal, were my ſole publications. It is more eſpecially incumbent on me to mark the employment, or to confeſs the waſte of time, from my travels to my father's death, an interval in which I was not diverted by any profeſſional duties from the labours and pleaſures of a ſtudious life. 1. As ſoon as I was releaſed from the fruitleſs taſk of the Swiſs revolutions, (1768,) I began gradually to advance from the wiſh to the hope, from the hope to the deſign, from the deſign to the execution, of my hiſtorical work, of whoſe limits and extent I had yet a very inadequate notion. The Claſſics, as low as Tacitus, the younger Pliny, and Juvenal, were my old and familiar com-

* The editor of the Warburtonian tracts, Dr. Parr, (p. 192.) conſiders the allegorical interpretation " as completely refuted in a moſt clear, elegant, and deciſive work " of criticiſm ; which could not, indeed, derive authority from the greateſt name ; " but to which the greateſt name might with propriety have been affixed."

† The Divine Legation of Moſes is a monument, already crumbling in the duſt, of the vigour and weakneſs of the human mind. If Warburton's new argument proved any thing, it would be a demonſtration againſt the legiſlator, who left his people without the knowledge of a future ſtate. But ſome epiſodes of the work, on the Greek philoſophy, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, &c. are entitled to the praiſe of learning, imagination, and diſcernment.

panions. I inſenſibly plunged into the ocean of the Auguſtan hiſtory; and in the deſcending ſeries I inveſtigated, with my pen almoſt always in my hand, the original records, both Greek and Latin, from Dion Caſſius to Ammianus Marcellinus, from the reign of Trajan to the laſt age of the Weſtern Cæſars. The ſubſidiary rays of medals, and inſcriptions of geography and chronology, were thrown on their proper objects; and I applied the collections of Tillemont, whoſe inimitable accuracy almoſt aſſumes the character of genius, to fix and arrange within my reach the looſe and ſcattered atoms of hiſtorical information. Through the darkneſs of the middle ages I explored my way in the Annals and Antiquities of Italy of the learned Muratori; and diligently compared them with the parallel or tranſverſe lines of Sigonius and Maffei, Baronius and Pagi, till I almoſt graſped the ruins of Rome in the fourteenth century, without ſuſpecting that this final chapter muſt be attained by the labour of ſix quartos and twenty years. Among the books which I purchaſed, the Theodocian Code, with the commentary of James Godefroy, muſt be gratefully remembered. I uſed it (and much I uſed it) as a work of hiſtory, rather than of juriſprudence: but in every light it may be conſidered as a full and capacious repoſitory of the political ſtate of the empire in the fourth and fifth centuries. As I believed, and as I ſtill believe, that the propagation of the Goſpel, and the triumph of the church, are inſeparably connected with the decline of the Roman monarchy, I weighed the cauſes and effects of the revolution, and contraſted the narratives and apologies of the Chriſtians themſelves, with the glances of candour or enmity which the Pagans have caſt on the riſing ſects. The Jewiſh and Heathen teſtimonies, as they are collected and illuſtrated by Dr. Lardner, directed, without ſuperſeding, my ſearch of the originals; and in an ample diſſertation on the miraculous darkneſs of the paſſion, I privately withdrew my concluſions from the ſilence of an unbelieving age. I have aſſembled the preparatory ſtudies, directly

or

or indirectly relative to my hiſtory; but, in ſtrict equity, they muſt be ſpread beyond this period of my life, over the two ſummers (1771 and 1772) that elapſed between my father's death and my ſettlement in London. 2. In a free converſation with books and men, it would be endleſs to enumerate the names and characters of all who are introduced to our acquaintance; but in this general acquaintance we may ſelect the degrees of friendſhip and eſteem, according to the wiſe maxim, *Multum legere potius quam multa.* I reviewed, again and again, the immortal works of the French and Engliſh, the Latin and Italian claſſics. My Greek ſtudies (though leſs aſſiduous than I deſigned) maintained and extended my knowledge of that incomparable idiom. Homer and Xenophon were ſtill my favourite authors; and I had almoſt prepared for the preſs an Eſſay on the Cyropœdia, which, in my own judgment, is not unhappily laboured. After a certain age, the new publications of merit are the ſole food of the many; and the moſt auſtere ſtudent will be often tempted to break the line, for the ſake of indulging his own curioſity, and of providing the topics of faſhionable currency. A more reſpectable motive may be aſſigned for the third peruſal of Blackſtone's Commentaries, and a copious and critical abſtract of that Engliſh work was my firſt ſerious production in my native language. 3. My literary leiſure was much leſs complete and independent than it might appear to the eye of a ſtranger. In the hurry of London I was deſtitute of books; in the ſolitude of Hampſhire I was not maſter of my time. My quiet was gradually diſturbed by our domeſtic anxiety, and I ſhould be aſhamed of my unfeeling philoſophy, had I found much time or taſte for ſtudy in the laſt fatal ſummer (1772) of my father's decay and diſſolution.

The diſembodying of the militia at the cloſe of the war (1763) had reſtored the Major (a new Cincinnatus) to a life of agriculture. His labours were uſeful, his pleaſures innocent, his wiſhes moderate; and my father *ſeemed* to enjoy the ſtate of happineſs which is celebrated

celebrated by poets and philoſophers, as the moſt agreeable to nature, and the leaſt acceſſible to fortune.

> Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
> (Ut priſca gens mortalium)
> Paterna rura bubus exercet ſuis,
> Solutus omni fœnore *. HOR. *Epod.* ii.

But the laſt indiſpenſable condition, the freedom from debt, was wanting to my father's felicity; and the vanities of his youth were ſeverely puniſhed by the ſolicitude and ſorrow of his declining age. The firſt mortgage, on my return from Lauſanne, (1758,) had afforded him a partial and tranſient relief. The annual demand of intereſt and allowance was a heavy deduction from his income; the militia was a ſource of expence, the farm in his hands was not a profitable adventure, he was loaded with the coſts and damages of an obſolete law-ſuit; and each year multiplied the number, and exhauſted the patience, of his creditors. Under theſe painful circumſtances, I conſented to an additional mortgage, to the ſale of Putney, and to every ſacrifice that could alleviate his diſtreſs. But he was no longer capable of a rational effort, and his reluctant delays poſtponed not the evils themſelves, but the remedies of thoſe evils *(remedia malorum potius quam mala differebat)*. The pangs of ſhame, tenderneſs, and ſelf-reproach, inceſſantly preyed on his vitals; his conſtitution was broken; he loſt his ſtrength and his ſight; the rapid progreſs of a dropſy admoniſhed him of his end, and he ſunk into the grave on the 10th of November 1770, in the ſixty-fourth year of his age. A family-tradition inſinuates that Mr. William Law had drawn his pupil in the light and inconſtant character of

* Like the firſt mortals, bleſt is he,
From debts, and uſury, and buſineſs free,
With his own team who ploughs the ſoil,
Which grateful once confeſs'd his father's toil. FRANCIS.

Flatus, who is ever confident, and ever diſappointed in the chace of happineſs. But theſe conſtitutional failings were happily compenſated by the virtues of the head and heart, by the warmeſt ſentiments of honour and humanity. His graceful perſon, polite addreſs, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulneſs, recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions, his liberal ſpirit had long ſince delivered him from the zeal and prejudice of a Tory education. I ſubmitted to the order of Nature; and my grief was ſoothed by the conſcious ſatisfaction that I had diſcharged all the duties of filial piety.

As ſoon as I had paid the laſt ſolemn duties to my father, and obtained, from time and reaſon, a tolerable compoſure of mind, I began to form the plan of an independent life, moſt adapted to my circumſtances and inclination. Yet ſo intricate was the net, my efforts were ſo awkward and feeble, that nearly two years (November 1770—October 1772) were ſuffered to elapſe before I could diſentangle myſelf from the management of the farm, and transfer my reſidence from Beriton to a houſe in London. During this interval I continued to divide my year between town and the country; but my new ſituation was brightened by hope; my ſtay in London was prolonged into the ſummer; and the uniformity of the ſummer was occaſionally broken by viſits and excurſions at a diſtance from home. The gratification of my deſires (they were not immoderate) has been ſeldom diſappointed by the want of money or credit; my pride was never inſulted by the viſit of an importunate tradeſman; and my tranſient anxiety for the paſt or future has been diſpelled by the ſtudious or ſocial occupation of the preſent hour. My conſcience does not accuſe me of any act of extravagance or injuſtice, and the remnant of my eſtate affords an ample and honourable proviſion for my declining age. I ſhall not expatiate on my œconomical affairs, which cannot be inſtructive or amuſing to the reader. It is a rule of prudence, as well as of politeneſs, to reſerve ſuch confidence for the

the ear of a private friend, without expoſing our ſituation to the envy or pity of ſtrangers; for envy is productive of hatred, and pity borders too nearly on contempt. Yet I may believe, and even aſſert, that in circumſtances more indigent or more wealthy, I ſhould never have accompliſhed the taſk, or acquired the fame, of an hiſtorian; that my ſpirit would have been broken by poverty and contempt, and that my induſtry might have been relaxed in the labour and luxury of a ſuperfluous fortune.

I had now attained the firſt of earthly bleſſings, independence: I was the abſolute maſter of my hours and actions: nor was I deceived in the hope that the eſtabliſhment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between ſtudy and ſociety. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books, the ſhops and ſales of London preſent irreſiſtible temptations; and the manufacture of my hiſtory required a various and growing ſtock of materials. The militia, my travels, the Houſe of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections: I was choſen a member of the faſhionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few perſons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a ſtranger *. It would moſt aſſuredly be in my power to amuſe the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of ſatire or praiſe. By my own choice I paſſed in town the greateſt part of the year; but whenever I was

* From the mixed, though polite, company of Boodle's, White's, and Brooks's, I muſt honourably diſtinguiſh a weekly ſociety, which was inſtituted in the year 1764, and which ſtill continues to flouriſh, under the title of the Literary Club. (Hawkins's Life of Johnſon, p. 415. Boſwell's Tour to the Hebrides, p. 97.) The names of Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Burke, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldſmith, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Mr. Colman, Sir William Jones, Dr. Percy, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Dunning, Sir Joſeph Banks, Dr. Warton, and his brother Mr. Thomas Warton, Dr. Burney, &c. form a large and luminous conſtellation of Britiſh ſtars.

deſirous

deſirous of breathing the air of the country, I poſſeſſed an hoſpitable retreat at Sheffield-place in Suſſex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whoſe character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has ſince been more conſpicuous to the public.

No ſooner was I ſettled in my houſe and library, than I undertook the compoſition of the firſt volume of my Hiſtory. At the outſet all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true æra of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the diviſion of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to caſt away the labour of ſeven years. The ſtyle of an author ſhould be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exerciſe. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compoſe the firſt chapter, and twice the ſecond and third, before I was tolerably ſatisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and eaſy pace; but the fifteenth and ſixteenth chapters have been reduced by three ſucceſſive reviſals, from a large volume to their preſent ſize; and they might ſtill be compreſſed, without any loſs of facts or ſentiments. An oppoſite fault may be imputed to the conciſe and ſuperficial narrative of the firſt reigns from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his laſt journey to London. Such an oracle might have been conſulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was ſoon diſguſted with the modeſt practice of reading the manuſcript to my friends. Of ſuch friends ſome will praiſe from politeneſs, and ſome will criticiſe from vanity. The author himſelf is the beſt judge of his own performance; no one has ſo deeply meditated on the ſubject; no one is ſo ſincerely intereſted in the event.

By the friendſhip of Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, who had married my firſt couſin, I was returned at the general election for the borough

of Leſkeard. I took my ſeat at the beginning of the memorable conteſt between Great Britain and America, and ſupported, with many a ſincere and ſilent vote, the rights, though not, perhaps, the intereſt, of the mother country. After a fleeting illuſive hope, prudence condemned me to acquieſce in the humble ſtation of a mute. I was not armed by Nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice.

Vincentem ſtrepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the ſucceſs of my pen diſcouraged the trial of my voice *. But I aſſiſted at the debates of a free aſſembly; I liſtened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reaſon; I had a near proſpect of the characters, views, and paſſions of the firſt men of the age. The cauſe of government was ably vindicated by *Lord North*, a ſtateſman of ſpotleſs integrity, a conſummate maſter of debate, who could wield, with equal dexterity, the arms of reaſon and of ridicule. He was ſeated on the Treaſury-bench between his Attorney and Solicitor General, the two pillars of the law and ſtate, *magis pares quam ſimiles;* and the miniſter might indulge in a ſhort ſlumber, whilſt he was upholden on either hand by the majeſtic ſenſe of *Thurlow*, and the ſkilful eloquence of *Wedderburne*. From the adverſe ſide of the houſe an ardent and powerful oppoſition was ſupported, by the lively declamation of *Barré*, the legal acuteneſs of *Dunning*, the profuſe and philoſophic fancy of *Burke*, and the argumentative vehemence of *Fox*, who in the conduct of a party approved himſelf equal to the conduct of an empire.

* A French ſketch of Mr. Gibbon's Life, written by himſelf, probably for the uſe of ſome foreign journaliſt or tranſlator, contains no fact not mentioned in his Engliſh Life. He there deſcribes himſelf with his uſual candour. Depuis huit ans il a aſſiſté aux deliberations les plus importantes, mais il ne s'eſt jamais trouvé *le courage*, ni *le talent*, de parler dans une aſſemblée publique. This ſketch was written before the publication of his three laſt volumes, as in cloſing it he ſays of his Hiſtory: Cette entrepriſe lui demande encore pluſieurs années d'une application ſoutenue; mais quelqu'en ſoit le ſuccès, il trouve dans cette application même un plaiſir toujours varié et toujours renaiſſant.

By ſuch men every operation of peace and war, every principle of juſtice or policy, every queſtion of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the ſubject of the momentous conteſt was the union or ſeparation of Great Britain and America. The eight ſeſſions that I ſat in parliament were a ſchool of civil prudence, the firſt and moſt eſſential virtue of an hiſtorian.

The volume of my Hiſtory, which had been ſomewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a firſt ſeſſion, was now ready for the preſs. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmſly, I agreed, upon eaſy terms, with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a reſpectable bookſeller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and riſk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the ſhop than from that of the author. The laſt reviſal of the proofs was ſubmitted to my vigilance; and many blemiſhes of ſtyle, which had been inviſible in the manuſcript, were diſcovered and corrected in the printed ſheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impreſſion had been ſtinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taſte of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depreſſed by the apprehenſion of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were atteſted by my own conſcience. Hiſtory is the moſt popular ſpecies of writing, ſince it can adapt itſelf to the higheſt or the loweſt capacity. I had choſen an illuſtrious ſubject. Rome is familiar to the ſchool-boy and the ſtateſman; and my narrative was deduced from the laſt period of claſſical reading. I had likewiſe flattered myſelf, that an age of light and liberty would receive, without ſcandal, an inquiry into the human *cauſes* of the progreſs and eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity.

I am at a loſs how to deſcribe the ſucceſs of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The firſt impreſſion was exhauſted in a few days; a ſecond and third edition were ſcarcely

adequate to the demand; and the bookſeller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almoſt on every toilette; the hiſtorian was crowned by the taſte or faſhion of the day; nor was the general voice diſturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favour of mankind is moſt freely beſtowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual ſurprize of the public and their favourite is productive of thoſe warm ſenſibilities, which at a ſecond meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I liſtened to the muſic of praiſe, I was more ſeriouſly ſatisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candour of Dr. Robertſon embraced his diſciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labour of ten years; but I have never preſumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of Britiſh hiſtorians.

That curious and original letter will amuſe the reader, and his gratitude ſhould ſhield my free communication from the reproach of vanity.

" Dear Sir, Edinburgh, 18th March 1776.

" As I ran through your volume of hiſtory with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear diſcovering ſomewhat of the ſame impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable preſent, and expreſſing the ſatisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I conſider the dignity of your ſtyle, the depth of your matter, or the extenſiveneſs of your learning, I muſt regard the work as equally the object of eſteem; and I own that if I had not previouſly had the happineſs of your perſonal acquaintance, ſuch a performance from an Engliſhman in our age would have given me ſome ſurprize. You may ſmile at this ſentiment; but as it ſeems to me that your countrymen, for almoſt a whole generation, have given themſelves up to barbarous and abſurd faction, and have totally neglected all polite letters, I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them. I know it will give you pleaſure (as it did me)

to

to find that all the men of letters in this place concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious deſire of your continuing it.

" When I heard of your undertaking, (which was ſome time ago,) I own I was a little curious to ſee how you would extricate yourſelf from the ſubject of your two laſt chapters. I think you have obſerved a very prudent temperament; but it was impoſſible to treat the ſubject ſo as not to give grounds of ſuſpicion againſt you, and you may expect that a clamour will ariſe. This, if any thing, will retard your ſucceſs with the public; for in every other reſpect your work is calculated to be popular. But among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of ſuperſtition in England prognoſticates the fall of philoſophy and decay of taſte; and though nobody be more capable than you to revive them, you will probably find a ſtruggle in your firſt advances.

" I ſee you entertain a great doubt with regard to the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian. You are certainly right in ſo doing. It is indeed ſtrange that any men of ſenſe could have imagined it poſſible, that above twenty thouſand verſes, along with numberleſs hiſtorical facts, could have been preſerved by oral tradition during fifty generations, by the rudeſt, perhaps, of all the European nations, the moſt neceſſitous, the moſt turbulent, and the moſt unſettled. Where a ſuppoſition is ſo contrary to common ſenſe, any poſitive evidence of it ought never to be regarded. Men run with great avidity to give their evidence in favour of what flatters their paſſions and their national prejudices. You are therefore over and above indulgent to us in ſpeaking of the matter with heſitation.

" I muſt inform you that we are all very anxious to hear that you have fully collected the materials for your ſecond volume, and that you are even conſiderably advanced in the compoſition of it. I ſpeak this more in the name of my friends than in my own; as I cannot expect

expect to live ſo long as to ſee the publication of it. Your enſuing volume will be more delicate than the preceding, but I truſt in your prudence for extricating you from the difficulties; and, in all events, you have courage to deſpiſe the clamour of bigots.

I am, with great regard,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble Servant,

DAVID HUME."

Some weeks afterwards I had the melancholy pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Hume in his paſſage through London; his body feeble, his mind firm. On the 25th of Auguſt of the ſame year (1776) he died, at Edinburgh, the death of a philoſopher.

My ſecond excurſion to Paris was determined by the preſſing invitation of M. and Madame Necker, who had viſited England in the preceding ſummer. On my arrival I found M. Necker Director-general of the finances, in the firſt bloom of power and popularity. His private fortune enabled him to ſupport a liberal eſtabliſhment; and his wife, whoſe talents and virtues I had long admired, was admirably qualified to preſide in the converſation of her table and drawing-room. As their friend, I was introduced to the beſt company of both ſexes; to the foreign miniſters of all nations, and to the firſt names and characters of France; who diſtinguiſhed me by ſuch marks of civility and kindneſs, as gratitude will not ſuffer me to forget, and modeſty will not allow me to enumerate. The faſhionable ſuppers often broke into the morning hours; yet I occaſionally conſulted the Royal Library, and that of the Abbey of St. Germain, and in the free uſe of their books at home, I had always reaſon to praiſe the liberality of thoſe inſtitutions. The ſociety of men of letters I neither courted nor declined; but I was

happy in the acquaintance of M. de Buffon, who united with a ſublime genius the moſt amiable ſimplicity of mind and manners. At the table of my old friend, M. de Foncemagne, I was involved in a diſpute with the Abbé de Mably; and his jealous iraſcible ſpirit revenged itſelf on a work which he was incapable of reading in the original.

As I might be partial in my own cauſe, I ſhall tranſcribe the words of an unknown critic, obſerving only, that this diſpute had been preceded by another on the Engliſh conſtitution, at the houſe of the Counteſs de Froulay, an old Janſeniſt lady.

" Vous étiez chez M. de Foncemagne, mon cher Theodon, le jour " que M. l'Abbé de Mably et M. Gibbon y dinerent en grande com- " pagnie. La converſation roula preſque entièrement ſur l'hiſtoire. " L'Abbé etant un profond politique, la tourna ſur l'adminiſtration, " quand on fut au deſert: et comme par caractère, par humeur, " par l'habitude d'admirer Tite Live, il ne priſe que le ſyſtême re- " publicain, il ſe mit à vanter l'excellence des republiques; bien " perſuadé que le ſavant Anglois l'approuveroit en tout, et admireroit " la profondeur de génie qui avoit fait deviner tous ces avantages à " un François. Mais M. Gibbon, inſtruit par l'experience des in- " conveniens d'un gouvernement populaire, ne fut point du tout de " ſon avis, et il prit généreuſement la défenſe du gouvernement mo- " narchique. L'Abbé voulut le convaincre par Tite Live, et par " quelques argumens tirés de Plutarque en faveur des Spartiates. " M. Gibbon, doué de la memoire la plus heureuſe, et ayant tous les " faits preſens à la penſée, domina bien-tot la converſation; l'Abbé ſe " facha, il s'emporta, il dit des choſes dures; l'Anglois, conſervant le " phlegme de ſon pays, prenoit ſes avantages, et preſſoit l'Abbé avec " d'autant plus de ſuccès que la colere le troubloit de plus en plus. " La converſation s'echauffoit, et M. de Foncemagne la rompit en ſe " levant de table, et en paſſant dans le ſalon, où perſonne ne fut tenté

" de

" de la renouer." *Supplément de la Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire*, p. 125, &c. *

Nearly two years had elapſed between the publication of my firſt and the commencement of my ſecond volume; and the cauſes muſt be aſſigned of this long delay. 1. After a ſhort holiday, I indulged my curioſity in ſome ſtudies of a very different nature, a courſe of anatomy, which was demonſtrated by Doctor Hunter; and ſome leſſons of chymiſtry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of theſe ſciences, and a taſte for books of natural hiſtory, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomiſt and chymiſt may ſometimes track me in their own ſnow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controverſy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were conſumed in the purſuit of a phantom. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perſpicuity, the various tranſactions of the age of Conſtantine; and ſo much was I diſpleaſed with the firſt eſſay, that I committed to the flames above fifty ſheets. 4. The ſix months of Paris and pleaſure muſt be deducted from the account. But when I reſumed my taſk I felt my improvement; I was now maſter of my ſtyle and ſubject, and while the meaſure of my daily performance was enlarged, I diſ-

* Of the voluminous writings of the Abbé de Mably, (ſee his Eloge by the Abbé Brizard,) the *Principes du droit public de l'Europe*, and the firſt part of the *Obſervations ſur l'Hiſtoire de France*, may be deſervedly praiſed; and even the *Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire* contains ſeveral uſeful precepts and judicious remarks. Mably was a lover of virtue and freedom; but his virtue was auſtere, and his freedom was impatient of an equal. Kings, magiſtrates, nobles, and ſucceſsful writers, were the objects of his contempt, or hatred, or envy; but his illiberal abuſe of Voltaire, Hume, Buffon, the Abbé Reynal, Dr. Robertſon, and *tutti quanti*, can be injurious only to himſelf.

" Eſt il rien de plus faſtidieux (ſays the polite Cenſor) qu'un M. Gibbon; qui dans " ſon eternelle Hiſtoire des Empereurs Romains, ſuſpend à chaque inſtant ſon inſipide et " lente narration, pour vous expliquer la cauſe de faits que vous allez lire." (Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire, p. 184. See another paſſage, p. 280.) Yet I am indebted to the Abbé de Mably for two ſuch advocates as the anonymous French Critic and my friend Mr. Hayley. (Hayley's Works, 8vo Edit. Vol. ii. p. 261—263.)

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covered leſs reaſon to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to caſt a long paragraph in a ſingle mould, to try it by my ear, to depoſit it in my memory, but to ſuſpend the action of the pen till I had given the laſt poliſh to my work. Shall I add, that I never found my mind more vigorous, nor my compoſition more happy, than in the winter hurry of ſociety and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of Engliſh readers were ſo fondly attached even to the name and ſhadow of Chriſtianity; had I foreſeen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent, would feel, or affect to feel, with ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility; I might, perhaps, have ſoftened the two invidious chapters, which would create many enemies, and conciliate few friends. But the ſhaft was ſhot, the alarm was ſounded, and I could only rejoice, that if the voice of our prieſts was clamorous and bitter, their hands were diſarmed from the powers of perſecution. I adhered to the wiſe reſolution of truſting myſelf and my writings to the candour of the public, till Mr. Davies of Oxford preſumed to attack, not the faith, but the fidelity, of the hiſtorian. *My Vindication*, expreſſive of leſs anger than contempt, amuſed for a moment the buſy and idle metropolis; and the moſt rational part of the laity, and even of the clergy, appear to have been ſatisfied of my innocence and accuracy. I would not print this Vindication in quarto, leſt it ſhould be bound and preſerved with the hiſtory itſelf. At the diſtance of twelve years, I calmly affirm my judgment of Davies, Chelſum, &c. A victory over ſuch antagoniſts was a ſufficient humiliation. They, however, were rewarded in this world. Poor Chelſum was indeed neglected; and I dare not boaſt the making Dr. Watſon a biſhop; he is a prelate of a large mind and liberal ſpirit *: but I enjoyed the pleaſure of giving a Royal penſion to Mr. Davies, and of collating Dr. Apthorpe to an archiepiſcopal living.

* See Appendix, Letters, N° LXVIII. LXIX. and C.

Their ſucceſs encouraged the zeal of Taylor the Arian *, and Milner the Methodiſt †, with many others, whom it would be difficult to remember, and tedious to rehearſe. The liſt of my adverſaries, however, was graced with the more reſpectable names of Dr. Prieſtley, Sir David Dalrymple, and Dr. White; and every polemic, of either univerſity, diſcharged his ſermon or pamphlet againſt the impenetrable ſilence of the Roman hiſtorian. In his Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity, Dr. Prieſtley threw down his two gauntlets to Biſhop Hurd and Mr. Gibbon. I declined the challenge in a letter, exhorting my opponent to enlighten the world by his philoſophical diſcoveries, and to remember that the merit of his predeceſſor Servetus is now reduced to a ſingle paſſage, which indicates the ſmaller circulation of the blood through the lungs, from and to the heart ‡. Inſtead of liſtening to this friendly advice, the dauntleſs philoſopher of Birmingham continued to fire away his double battery againſt thoſe who believed too little, and thoſe who believed too much. *From my* replies he has nothing to hope or fear: but his Socinian ſhield has repeatedly been pierced by the ſpear of Horſley, and his trumpet of ſedition may at length awaken the magiſtrates of a free country.

The profeſſion and rank of Sir David Dalrymple (now a Lord of Seſſion) has given a more decent colour to his ſtyle. But he ſcru-

* The ſtupendous title, *Thoughts on the Cauſes of the grand Apoſtacy*, at firſt agitated my nerves, till I diſcovered that it was the apoſtacy of the whole church, ſince the Council of Nice, from Mr. Taylor's private religion. His book is a thorough mixture of *high* enthuſiaſm and *low* buffoonery, and the Millenium is a fundamental article of his creed.

† From his grammar-ſchool at Kingſton upon Hull, Mr. Joſeph Milner pronounces an anathema againſt all rational religion. *His* faith is a divine taſte, a ſpiritual inſpiration; *his* church is a myſtic and inviſible body: the *natural* Chriſtians, ſuch as Mr. Locke, who believe and interpret the Scriptures, are, in his judgment, no better than profane infidels.

‡ Aſtruc de la Structure du Cœur, tom. i. 77. 79. Appendix, Letters CXIX—CXXIV.

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tinized each ſeparate paſſage of the two chapters with the dry minuteneſs of a ſpecial pleader; and as he was always ſolicitous to make, he may have ſucceeded ſometimes in finding, a flaw. In his Annals of Scotland, he has ſhewn himſelf a diligent collector and an accurate critic.

I have praiſed, and I ſtill praiſe, the eloquent ſermons which were preached in St. Mary's pulpit at Oxford by Dr. White. If he aſſaulted me with ſome degree of illiberal acrimony, in ſuch a place, and before ſuch an audience, he was obliged to ſpeak the language of the country. I ſmiled at a paſſage in one of his private letters to Mr. Badcock; "The part where we encounter Gibbon muſt be "brilliant and ſtriking."

In a ſermon preached before the univerſity of Cambridge, Dr. Edwards complimented a work, "which can only periſh with the "language itſelf;" and eſteems the author a formidable enemy. He is, indeed, aſtoniſhed that more learning and ingenuity has not been ſhewn in the defence of Iſrael; that the prelates and dignitaries of the church (alas, good man!) did not vie with each other, whoſe ſtone ſhould ſink the deepeſt in the forehead of this Goliah.

"But the force of truth will oblige us to confeſs, that in the at-"tacks which have been levelled againſt our ſceptical hiſtorian, we "can diſcover but ſlender traces of profound and exquiſite erudition, "of ſolid criticiſm and accurate inveſtigation; but we are too fre-"quently diſguſted by vague and inconcluſive reaſoning; by unſea-"ſonable banter and ſenſeleſs witticiſms; by imbittered bigotry and "enthuſiaſtic jargon; by futile cavils and illiberal invectives. Proud "and elated by the weakneſs of his antagoniſts, he condeſcends not "to handle the ſword of controverſy *."

Let me frankly own that I was ſtartled at the firſt diſcharge of eccleſiaſtical ordnance; but as ſoon as I found that this empty noiſe was miſchievous only in the intention, my fear was converted into

* Monthly Review, Oct. 1790.

indignation; and every feeling of indignation or curioſity has long ſince ſubſided in pure and placid indifference.

The proſecution of my hiſtory was ſoon afterwards checked by another controverſy of a very different kind. At the requeſt of the Lord Chancellor, and of Lord Weymouth, then Secretary of State, I vindicated, againſt the French manifeſto, the juſtice of the Britiſh arms. The whole correſpondence of Lord Stormont, our late ambaſſador at Paris, was ſubmitted to my inſpection, and the *Memoire Juſtificatif*, which I compoſed in French, was firſt approved by the Cabinet Miniſters, and then delivered as a ſtate paper to the courts of Europe. The ſtyle and manner are praiſed by Beaumarchais himſelf, who, in his private quarrel, attempted a reply; but he flatters me, by aſcribing the memoir to Lord Stormont; and the groſſneſs of his invective betrays the loſs of temper and of wit; he acknowledged *, that *le ſtyle ne ſeroit pas ſans grace, ni la logique ſans juſteſſe*, &c. if the facts were true which he undertakes to diſprove. For theſe facts my credit is not pledged; I ſpoke as a lawyer from my brief, but the veracity of Beaumarchais may be eſtimated from the aſſertion that France, by the treaty of Paris (1763), was limited to a certain number of ſhips of war. On the application of the Duke of Choiſeul, he was obliged to retract this daring falſehood.

Among the honourable connections which I had formed, I may juſtly be proud of the friendſhip of Mr. Wedderburne, at that time Attorney General, who now illuſtrates the title of Lord Loughborough, and the office of Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas. By his ſtrong recommendation, and the favourable diſpoſition of Lord North, I was appointed one of the Lords Commiſſioners of Trade and Plantations; and my private income was enlarged by a clear addition of between ſeven and eight hundred pounds a-year. The fancy of an hoſtile orator may paint, in the ſtrong colours of ridi-

* Oeuvres de Beaumarchais, tom. iii. p. 299. 355.

cule, "the perpetual virtual adjournment, and the unbroken ſitting "vacation of the Board of Trade *." But it muſt be allowed that our duty was not intolerably ſevere, and that I enjoyed many days and weeks of repoſe, without being called away from my library to the office. My acceptance of a place provoked ſome of the leaders of oppoſition, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy; and I was moſt unjuſtly accuſed of deſerting a party, in which I had never inliſted †.

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* I can never forget the delight with which that diffuſive and ingenious orator, Mr. Burke, was heard by all ſides of the houſe, and even by thoſe whoſe exiſtence he proſcribed. (See Mr. Burke's ſpeech on the Bill of Reform, p. 72—80.) The Lords of Trade bluſhed at their inſignificancy, and Mr. Eden's appeal to the two thouſand five hundred volumes of our Reports, ſerved only to excite a general laugh. I take this opportunity of certifying the correctneſs of Mr. Burke's printed ſpeeches, which I have heard and read.

† *From* EDWARD GIBBON eſq. *to* ——— eſq.

DEAR SIR, 2d July 1779.

Yeſterday I received a very intereſting communication from my friend, whoſe kind and honourable behaviour towards me I muſt always remember with the higheſt gratitude. He informed me that, in conſequence of an arrangement, a place at the Board of Trade was reſerved for me, and that as ſoon as I ſignified my acceptance of it, he was ſatisfied no farther difficulties would ariſe. My anſwer to him was ſincere and explicit. I told him that I was far from approving all the paſt meaſures of the adminiſtration, even ſome of thoſe in which I myſelf had ſilently concurred; that I ſaw, with the reſt of the world, many capital defects in the characters of ſome of the preſent miniſters, and was ſorry that in ſo alarming a ſituation of public affairs, the country had not the aſſiſtance of ſeveral able and honeſt men who are now in oppoſition. But that I had not formed with any of thoſe perſons in oppoſition any engagements or connections which could in the leaſt reſtrain or affect my parliamentary conduct; that I could not diſcover among them ſuch ſuperior advantages, either of meaſures or of abilities, as could make me conſider it as a duty to attach myſelf to their cauſe; and that I clearly underſtood, from the public and private language of ———, one of their leaders, that in the actual ſtate of the country, he himſelf was ſeriouſly of opinion that oppoſition could not tend to any good purpoſe, and might be productive of much miſchief; that, for thoſe reaſons, I ſaw no objections which could prevent me from accepting an office under the preſent government, and that I was ready to take a ſtep which I found to be conſiſtent both with my intereſt and my honour.

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The aſpect of the next ſeſſion of parliament was ſtormy and perilous; county meetings, petitions, and committees of correſpondence, announced the public diſcontent; and inſtead of voting with a triumphant majority, the friends of government were often expoſed to a ſtruggle, and ſometimes to a defeat. The Houſe of Commons adopted Mr. Dunning's motion, "That the influence of the "Crown had increaſed, was increaſing, and ought to be dimi-"niſhed:" and Mr. Burke's bill of reform was framed with ſkill, introduced with eloquence, and ſupported by numbers. Our late preſident, the American Secretary of State, very narrowly eſcaped the ſentence of proſcription; but the unfortunate Board of Trade was aboliſhed in the committee by a ſmall majority (207 to 199) of eight votes. The ſtorm, however, blew over for a time; a large defection of country gentlemen eluded the ſanguine hopes of the patriots: the Lords of Trade were revived; adminiſtration recovered their ſtrength and ſpirit; and the flames of London, which were kindled by a miſchievous madman, admoniſhed all thinking men of the danger of an appeal to the people. In the premature diſſolution which followed this ſeſſion of parliament I loſt my ſeat. Mr. Elliot was now deeply engaged in the meaſures of oppoſition, and the electors of Leſkeard * are commonly of the ſame opinion as Mr. Elliot.

It muſt now be decided, whether I may continue to live in England, or whether I muſt ſoon withdraw myſelf into a kind of philoſophical exile in Switzerland. My father left his affairs in a ſtate of embarraſſment, and even of diſtreſs. My attempts to diſpoſe of a part of my landed property have hitherto been diſappointed, and are not likely at preſent to be more ſucceſsful: and my plan of expence, though moderate in itſelf, deſerves the name of extravagance, ſince it exceeds my real income. The addition of the ſalary which is now offered will make my ſituation perfectly eaſy; but I hope you will do me the juſtice to believe that my mind could not be ſo, unleſs I were ſatisfied of the rectitude of my own conduct.

* The borough which Mr. Gibbon had repreſented in parliament.

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In this interval of my ſenatorial life, I publiſhed the ſecond and third volumes of the Decline and Fall. My eccleſiaſtical hiſtory ſtill breathed the ſame ſpirit of freedom; but proteſtant zeal is more indifferent to the characters and controverſies of the fourth and fifth centuries. My obſtinate ſilence had damped the ardour of the polemics. Dr. Watſon, the moſt candid of my adverſaries, aſſured me that he had no thoughts of renewing the attack, and my impartial balance of the virtues and vices of Julian was generally praiſed. This truce was interrupted only by ſome animadverſions of the Catholics of Italy, and by ſome angry letters from Mr. Travis, who made me perſonally reſponſible for condemning, with the beſt critics, the ſpurious text of the three heavenly witneſſes.

The piety or prudence of my Italian tranſlator has provided an antidote againſt the poiſon of his original. The 5th and 7th volumes are armed with five letters from an anonymous divine to his friends, Foothead and Kirk, two Engliſh ſtudents at Rome; and this meritorious ſervice is commended by Monſignor Stonor, a prelate of the ſame nation, who diſcovers much venom in the *fluid* and nervous ſtyle of Gibbon. The critical eſſay at the end of the third volume was furniſhed by the Abbate Nicola Spedalieri, whoſe zeal has gradually ſwelled to a more ſolid confutation in two quarto volumes.—Shall I be excuſed for not having read them?

The brutal inſolence of Mr. Travis's challenge can only be excuſed by the abſence of learning, judgment, and humanity; and to that excuſe he has the faireſt or fouleſt pretenſion. Compared with Archdeacon Travis, Chelſum and Davies aſſume the title of reſpectable enemies.

The bigotted advocate of popes and monks may be turned over even to the bigots of Oxford; and the wretched Travis ſtill ſmarts under the laſh of the mercileſs Porſon. I conſider Mr. Porſon's anſwer to Archdeacon Travis as the moſt acute and accurate piece of criticiſm which has appeared ſince the days of Bentley. His ſtric-

tures are founded in argument, enriched with learning, and enlivened with wit; and his adverſary neither deſerves nor finds any quarter at his hands. The evidence of the three heavenly witneſſes would now be rejected in any court of juſtice: but prejudice is blind, authority is deaf, and our vulgar bibles will ever be polluted by this ſpurious text, "*ſedet æternumque ſedebit.*" The more learned eccleſiaſtics will indeed have the ſecret ſatisfaction of reprobating in the cloſet what they read in the church.

I perceived, and without ſurpriſe, the coldneſs and even prejudice of the town; nor could a whiſper eſcape my ear, that, in the judgment of many readers, my continuation was much inferior to the original attempts. An author who cannot aſcend will always appear to ſink: envy was now prepared for my reception, and the zeal of my religious, was fortified by the motive of my political, enemies. Biſhop Newton, in writing his own life, was at full liberty to declare how much he himſelf and two eminent brethren were diſguſted by Mr. G.'s prolixity, tediouſneſs, and affectation. But the old man ſhould not have indulged his zeal in a falſe and feeble charge againſt the hiſtorian *, who had faithfully and even cautiouſly rendered Dr. Burnet's

* *Extract from* Mr. GIBBON's *Common Place Book.*

Thomas Newton, Biſhop of Briſtol and Dean of St. Paul's, was born at Litchfield on the 21ſt of December 1703, O. S. (1ſt January 1704, N. S.), and died the 14th of February 1782, in the 79th year of his age. A few days before his death he finiſhed the memoirs of his own life, which have been prefixed to an edition of his poſthumous works, firſt publiſhed in quarto, and ſince (1787) re-publiſhed in ſix volumes octavo.

P. 173, 174. Some books were publiſhed in 1781, which employed ſome of the Biſhop's leiſure hours, and during his ilineſs. Mr. Gibbon's *Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* he read throughout, but it by no means anſwered his expectation; for he found it rather a prolix and tedious performance, his matter unintereſting, and his ſtyle affected; his teſtimonies not to be depended upon, and his frequent ſcoffs at religion offenſive to every ſober mind. He had before been convicted of making falſe quotations, which ſhould have taught him more prudence and caution. But, without examining his authorities, there is one which muſt neceſſarily ſtrike every man who

Burnet's meaning by the alternative of ſleep or repoſe. That philoſophic divine ſuppoſes, that, in the period between death and the reſurrection, human ſouls exiſt without a body, endowed with internal conſciouſneſs, but deſtitute of all active or paſſive connection with the external world. " Secundum communem dictionem ſacræ " ſcripturæ, mors dicitur ſomnus, et morientes dicuntur *abdormire*,

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who has read Dr. Burnet's Treatiſe *de Statû Mortuorum*. In vol. iii. p. 99. Mr. G. has the following note :—" Burnet (*de S. M.* p. 56—84.) collects the opinions of the " Fathers, as far as they aſſert the ſleep or repoſe of human ſouls till the day of judg- " ment. He afterwards expoſes (p. 91.) the inconveniences which muſt ariſe if they " poſſeſſed a more active and ſenſible exiſtence. Who would not from hence infer " that Dr. B. was an advocate for the ſleep or inſenſible exiſtence of the ſoul after " death? whereas his doctrine is directly the contrary. He has employed ſome chap- " ters in treating of the ſtate of human ſouls in the interval between death and the " reſurrection; and after various proofs from reaſon, from ſcripture, and the Fathers, " his concluſions are, that human ſouls exiſt after their ſeparation from the body, that " they are in a good or evil ſtate according to their good or ill behaviour, but that " neither their happineſs nor their miſery will be complete or perfect before the day " of judgment. His argumentation is thus ſummed up at the end of the 4th chapter— " *Ex quibus conſtat primo, animas ſupereſſe extincto corpore; ſecundo, bonas bene, malas male* " *ſe habituras; tertio, nec illis ſummam felicitatem, nec his ſummam miſeriam, acceſſuram* " *eſſe ante diem judicii.*" (The Biſhop's reading the whole was a greater compliment to the work than was paid to it by two of the moſt eminent of his brethren for their learning and ſtation. The one entered upon it, but was ſoon wearied, and laid it aſide in diſguſt: the other returned it upon the bookſeller's hands; and it is ſaid that Mr. G. himſelf happened unluckily to be in the ſhop at the ſame time.)

Does the Biſhop comply with his own precept in the next page? (p. 175.) " Old " age ſhould lenify, ſhould ſoften men's manners, and make them more mild and " gentle; but often has the contrary effect, hardens their hearts, and makes them " more ſour and crabbed."—He is ſpeaking of Dr. Johnſon.

Have I ever inſinuated that preferment-hunting is the great occupation of an eccleſiaſtical life? (Memoirs paſſim); that a miniſter's influence and a biſhop's patronage are ſometimes pledged eleven deep? (p. 151.) that a prebendary conſiders the audit week as the better part of the year? (p. 127.) or that the moſt eminent of prieſts, the pope himſelf, would change their religion, if any thing better could be offered them? (p. 56.) Such things are more than inſinuated in the Biſhop's Life, which afforded ſome ſcandal to the church, and ſome diverſion to the profane laity.

" quod innuere mihi videtur ſtatum mortis eſſe ſtatum quietis, ſilentii, " et ἀεργασιας." (*De Statû Mortuorum*, ch. v. p. 98.)

I was however encouraged by ſome domeſtic and foreign teſtimonies of applauſe; and the ſecond and third volumes inſenſibly roſe in ſale and reputation to a level with the firſt. But the public is ſeldom wrong; and I am inclined to believe that, eſpecially in the beginning, they are more prolix and leſs entertaining than the firſt: my efforts had not been relaxed by ſucceſs, and I had rather deviated into the oppoſite fault of minute and ſuperfluous diligence. On the Continent, my name and writings were ſlowly diffuſed: a French tranſlation of the firſt volume had diſappointed the bookſellers of Paris; and a paſſage in the third was conſtrued as a perſonal reflection on the reigning monarch *.

Before I could apply for a ſeat at the general election the liſt was already full; but Lord North's promiſe was ſincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was ſoon choſen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington, in Hampſhire. In the firſt ſeſſion of the new parliament, adminiſtration ſtood their ground; their final overthrow was reſerved for the ſecond. The American war had once been the favourite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the reſiſtance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamour into the moſt vigorous and coercive meaſures. But the length of a fruitleſs conteſt, the loſs of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hoſtile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indiſpoſed the public to the American war, and the

* It may not be generally known that Louis the Sixteenth is a great reader, and a reader of Engliſh books. On peruſing a paſſage of my Hiſtory which ſeems to compare him to Arcadius or Honorius, he expreſſed his reſentment to the Prince of B*****, from whom the intelligence was conveyed to me. I ſhall neither diſclaim the alluſion, nor examine the likeneſs; but the ſituation of the late King of France excludes all ſuſpicion of flattery; and I am ready to declare that the concluding obſervations of my third volume were written before his acceſſion to the throne.

perſons

perſons by whom it was conducted; the repreſentatives of the people, followed, at a ſlow diſtance, the changes of their opinion; and the miniſters who refuſed to bend, were broken by the tempeſt. As ſoon as Lord North had loſt, or was about to loſe, a majority in the Houſe of Commons, he ſurrendered his office, and retired to a private ſtation, with the tranquil aſſurance of a clear conſcience and a cheerful temper: the old fabric was diſſolved, and the poſts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of oppoſition. The lords of trade were not immediately diſmiſſed, but the board itſelf was aboliſhed by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive; and I was ſtripped of a convenient ſalary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my Hiſtory, that the final æra might be fixed at my own choice; and I long heſitated whether I ſhould be content with the three volumes, the fall of the Weſtern empire, which fulfilled my firſt engagement with the public. In this interval of ſuſpence, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned by a natural impulſe to the Greek authors of antiquity; I read with new pleaſure the Iliad and the Odyſſey, the Hiſtories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theatre of Athens, and many intereſting dialogues of the Socratic ſchool. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wiſh for the daily taſk, the active purſuit, which gave a value to every book, and an object to every inquiry: the preface of a new edition announced my deſign, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Juſtinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias ſupplied the events and even the characters of his reign: but a laborious winter was devoted to the Codes, the Pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I preſumed to form an abſtract of the civil law. My ſkill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loſs of office; and, excepting the laſt chapter, I had finiſhed the

fourth volume before I ſought a retreat on the banks of the Leman Lake.

It is not the purpoſe of this narrative to expatiate on the public or ſecret hiſtory of the times: the ſchiſm which followed the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, the appointment of the Earl of Shelburne, the reſignation of Mr. Fox, and his famous coalition with Lord North. But I may aſſert, with ſome degree of aſſurance, that in their political conflict thoſe great antagoniſts had never felt any perſonal animoſity to each other, that their reconciliation was eaſy and ſincere, and that their friendſhip has never been clouded by the ſhadow of ſuſpicion or jealouſy. The moſt violent or venal of their reſpective followers embraced this fair occaſion of revolt, but their alliance ſtill commanded a majority in the Houſe of Commons; the peace was cenſured, Lord Shelburne reſigned, and the two friends knelt on the ſame cuſhion to take the oath of ſecretary of ſtate. From a principle of gratitude I adhered to the coalition: my vote was counted in the day of battle, but I was overlooked in the diviſion of the ſpoil. There were many claimants more deſerving and importunate than myſelf: the board of trade could not be reſtored; and, while the liſt of places was curtailed, the number of candidates was doubled. An eaſy diſmiſſion to a ſecure ſeat at the board of cuſtoms or exciſe was promiſed on the firſt vacancy: but the chance was diſtant and doubtful; nor could I ſolicit with much ardour an ignoble ſervitude, which would have robbed me of the moſt valuable of my ſtudious hours: at the ſame time the tumult of London, and the attendance on parliament, were grown more irkſome; and, without ſome additional income, I could not long or prudently maintain the ſtile of expence to which I was accuſtomed.

From my early acquaintance with Lauſanne I had always cheriſhed a ſecret wiſh, that the ſchool of my youth might become the retreat of my declining age. A moderate fortune would ſecure the bleſſings

of eaſe, leiſure, and independence: the country, the people, the manners, the language, were congenial to my taſte; and I might indulge the hope of paſſing ſome years in the domeſtic ſociety of a friend. After travelling with ſeveral Engliſh *, Mr. Deyverdun was now ſettled at home, in a pleaſant habitation, the gift of his deceaſed aunt: we had long been ſeparated, we had long been ſilent; yet in my firſt letter I expoſed, with the moſt perfect confidence, my ſituation, my ſentiments, and my deſigns. His immediate anſwer was a warm and joyful acceptance: the picture of our future life provoked my impatience; and the terms of arrangement were ſhort and ſimple, as he poſſeſſed the property, and I undertook the expence of our common houſe †. Before I could break my Engliſh chain, it was incumbent on me to ſtruggle with the feelings of my heart, the indolence of my temper, and the opinion of the world, which unanimouſly condemned this voluntary baniſhment. In the diſpoſal of my effects, the library, a ſacred depoſit, was alone excepted: as my poſt-chaiſe moved over Weſtminſter-bridge I bid a long farewel to the "fumum et opes ſtrepitumq; Romæ." My journey by the direct road through France was not attended with any accident, and I arrived at Lauſanne nearly twenty years after my ſecond departure. Within leſs than three months the coalition ſtruck on ſome hidden rocks: had I remained on board, I ſhould have periſhed in the general ſhipwreck ‡.

Since my eſtabliſhment at Lauſanne, more than ſeven years have elapſed; and if every day has not been equally ſoft and ſerene, not a day, not a moment, has occurred in which I have repented of my choice. During my abſence, a long portion of human life, many changes had happened: my elder acquaintance had left the ſtage;

* Sir Richard Worſley, Lord Cheſterfield, Broderick Lord Midleton, and Mr. Hume, brother to Sir Abraham.

† See Appendix, Letters, No. CXXV. CXXVI. CXXVII. CXXVIII. CXXIX. CXXX.

‡ See Appendix, Letter, No. CL.

virgins

virgins were ripened into matrons, and children were grown to the age of manhood. But the ſame manners were tranſmitted from one generation to another: my friend alone was an ineſtimable treaſure; my name was not totally forgotten, and all were ambitious to welcome the arrival of a ſtranger and the return of a fellow-citizen. The firſt winter was given to a general embrace, without any nice diſcrimination of perſons and characters. After a more regular ſettlement, a more accurate ſurvey, I diſcovered three ſolid and permanent benefits of my new ſituation. 1. My perſonal freedom had been ſomewhat impaired by the Houſe of Commons and the Board of Trade; but I was now delivered from the chain of duty and dependence, from the hopes and fears of political adventure: my ſober mind was no longer intoxicated by the fumes of party, and I rejoiced in my eſcape, as often as I read of the midnight debates which preceded the diſſolution of parliament *. 2. My Engliſh œconomy had been that of a ſolitary bachelor, who might afford ſome occaſional dinners. In Switzerland I enjoyed at every meal, at every hour, the free and pleaſant converſation of the friend of my youth; and my daily table was always provided for the reception of one or two extraordinary gueſts. Our importance in ſociety is leſs a poſitive than a relative weight: in London I was loſt in the crowd; I ranked with the firſt families of Lauſanne, and my ſtyle of prudent expence enabled me to maintain a fair balance of reciprocal civilities. 3. Inſtead of a ſmall houſe between a ſtreet and a ſtable-yard, I began to occupy a ſpacious and convenient manſion, connected on the north ſide with the city, and open on the ſouth to a beautiful and boundleſs horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taſte of Mr. Deyverdun: from the garden a rich ſcenery of meadows and vineyards deſcends to the Leman Lake, and the proſpect far beyond the Lake is crowned by the ſtupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintance had been firſt united in London; but this happy poſi-

* See Appendix, Letter, No. CXLVI.

tion

tion of my library in town and country was finally reſerved for Lauſanne. Poſſeſſed of every comfort in this triple alliance, I could not be tempted to change my habitation with the changes of the ſeaſons.

My friends had been kindly apprehenſive that I ſhould not be able to exiſt in a Swiſs town at the foot of the Alps, after having ſo long converſed with the firſt men of the firſt cities of the world. Such lofty connections may attract the curious, and gratify the vain; but I am too modeſt, or too proud, to rate my own value by that of my aſſociates; and whatſoever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has ſhewn me that the cheaper qualifications of politeneſs and good ſenſe are of more uſeful currency in the commerce of life. By many, converſation is eſteemed as a theatre or a ſchool: but, after the morning has been occupied by the labours of the library, I wiſh to unbend rather than to exerciſe my mind; and in the interval between tea and ſupper I am far from diſdaining the innocent amuſement of a game at cards. Lauſanne is peopled by a numerous gentry, whoſe companionable idleneſs is ſeldom diſturbed by the purſuits of avarice or ambition: the women, though confined to a domeſtic education, are endowed for the moſt part with more taſte and knowledge than their huſbands and brothers: but the decent freedom of both ſexes is equally remote from the extremes of ſimplicity and refinement. I ſhall add as a misfortune rather than a merit, that the ſituation and beauty of the Pays de Vaud, the long habits of the Engliſh, the medical reputation of Dr. Tiſſot, and the faſhion of viewing the mountains and *Glaciers*, have opened us on all ſides to the incurſions of foreigners. The viſits of Mr. and Madame Necker, of Prince Henry of Pruſſia, and of Mr. Fox, may form ſome pleaſing exceptions; but, in general, Lauſanne has appeared moſt agreeable in my eyes, when we have been abandoned to our own ſociety. I had frequently ſeen Mr. Necker, in the ſummer of 1784, at a country houſe near Lauſanne, where he compoſed his

Treatiſe on the Adminiſtration of the Finances. I have ſince, in October 1790, viſited him in his preſent reſidence, the caſtle and barony of Copet, near Geneva. Of the merits and meaſures of that ſtateſman various opinions may be entertained; but all impartial men muſt agree in their eſteem of his integrity and patriotiſm.

In the month of Auguſt 1784, Prince Henry of Pruſſia, in his way to Paris, paſſed three days at Lauſanne. His military conduct has been praiſed by profeſſional men; his character has been vilified by the wit and malice of a dæmon *; but I was flattered by his affability, and entertained by his converſation.

In his tour of Switzerland (September 1788) Mr. Fox gave me two days of free and private ſociety †. He ſeemed to feel, and even to envy, the happineſs of my ſituation; while I admired the powers of a ſuperior man, as they are blended in his attractive character with the ſoftneſs and ſimplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falſehood.

My tranſmigration from London to Lauſanne could not be effected without interrupting the courſe of my hiſtorical labours. The hurry of my departure, the joy of my arrival, the delay of my tools, ſuſpended their progreſs; and a full twelvemonth was loſt before I could reſume the thread of regular and daily induſtry. A number of books moſt requiſite and leaſt common had been previouſly ſelected; the academical library of Lauſanne, which I could uſe as my own, contained at leaſt the fathers and councils; and I have derived ſome occaſional ſuccour from the public collections of Berne and Geneva. The fourth volume was ſoon terminated, by an abſtract of the controverſies of the Incarnation, which the learned Dr. Prideaux was apprehenſive of expoſing to profane eyes. It had been the original deſign of the learned Dean Prideaux to write the

* Memoire Secret de la Cour de Berlin.

† See Letter in the Continuation, October 1, 1788.

hiſtory

hiſtory of the ruin of the Eaſtern Church. In this work it would have been neceſſary, not only to unravel all thoſe controverſies which the Chriſtians made about the hypoſtatical union, but alſo to unfold all the niceties and ſubtle notions which each ſect entertained concerning it. The pious hiſtorian was apprehenſive of expoſing that incomprehenſible myſtery to the cavils and objections of unbelievers; and he durſt not, "ſeeing the nature of this book, venture "it abroad in ſo wanton and lewd an age *."

In the fifth and ſixth volumes the revolutions of the empire and the world are moſt rapid, various, and inſtructive; and the Greek or Roman hiſtorians are checked by the hoſtile narratives of the barbarians of the Eaſt and the Weſt †.

It was not till after many deſigns, and many trials, that I preferred, as I ſtill prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the ſeeming neglect of chronological order is ſurely compenſated by the ſuperior merits of intereſt and perſpicuity. The ſtyle of the firſt volume is, in my opinion, ſomewhat crude and elaborate; in the ſecond and third it is ripened into eaſe, correctneſs, and numbers; but in the three laſt I may have been ſeduced by the facility of my pen, and the conſtant habit of ſpeaking one language and writing another may have infuſed ſome mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always cloſed my ſtudies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long, but temperate, labour has been accompliſhed, without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my taſk, it was apparent that, according to the ſeaſon of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now ſtraining for the goal, and in the laſt winter many even-

* See preface to the Life of Mahomet, p. 10, 11.

† I have followed the judicious precept of the Abbé de Mably, (Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire, p. 110.) who adviſes the hiſtorian not to dwell too minutely on the decay of the eaſtern empire; but to conſider the barbarian conquerors as a more worthy ſubject of his narrative. "Fas eſt et ab hoſte doceri."

ings were borrowed from the ſocial pleaſures of Lauſanne. I could now wiſh that a pauſe, an interval, had been allowed for a ſerious reviſal.

I have preſumed to mark the moment of conception: I ſhall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the laſt lines of the laſt page, in a ſummer-houſe in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took ſeveral turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a proſpect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the ſky was ſerene, the ſilver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was ſilent. I will not diſſemble the firſt emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the eſtabliſhment of my fame. But my pride was ſoon humbled, and a ſober melancholy was ſpread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlaſting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatſoever might be the future date of my Hiſtory, the life of the hiſtorian muſt be ſhort and precarious. I will add two facts, which have ſeldom occurred in the compoſition of ſix, or at leaſt of five, quartos. 1. My firſt rough manuſcript, without any intermediate copy, has been ſent to the preſs. 2. Not a ſheet has been ſeen by any human eyes, excepting thoſe of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are excluſively my own *.

I cannot help recollecting a much more extraordinary fact, which is affirmed of himſelf by Retif de la Bretorme, a voluminous and original writer of French novels. He laboured, and may ſtill labour,

* *Extract from* Mr. GIBBON's *Common-place Book*.

The IVth Volume of the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, - -	begun March 1ſt, 1782—ended June 1784.
The Vth Volume, - -	begun July 1784—ended May 1ſt, 1786.
The VIth Volume, - -	begun May 18th, 1786—ended June 27th, 1787.

Theſe three volumes were ſent to preſs Auguſt 15th, 1787, and the whole impreſſion was concluded April following.

in

in the humble office of corrector to a printing-houſe; but this office enabled him to tranſport an entire volume from his mind to the preſs; and his work was given to the public without ever having been written with a pen.

After a quiet reſidence of four years, during which I had never moved ten miles from Lauſanne, it was not without ſome reluctance and terror that I undertook, in a journey of two hundred leagues, to croſs the mountains and the ſea. Yet this formidable adventure was atchieved without danger or fatigue; and at the end of a fortnight I found myſelf in Lord Sheffield's houſe and library, ſafe, happy, and at home. The character of my friend (Mr. Holroyd) had recommended him to a ſeat in parliament for Coventry, the command of a regiment of light dragoons, and an Iriſh peerage. The ſenſe and ſpirit of his political writings have decided the public opinion on the great queſtions of our commercial intereſt with America and Ireland *.

The ſale of his Obſervations on the American States was diffuſive, their effect beneficial; the Navigation Act, the palladium of Britain, was defended, and perhaps ſaved, by his pen; and he proves, by the weight of fact and argument, that the mother-country may ſurvive and flouriſh after the loſs of America. My friend has never cultivated the arts of compoſition; but his materials are copious and correct, and he leaves on his paper the clear impreſſion of an active and vigorous mind. His "Obſervations on the Trade, Manufac-"tures, and preſent State of Ireland," were intended to guide the induſtry, to correct the prejudices, and to aſſuage the paſſions of a country which ſeemed to forget that ſhe could be free and proſperous only by a friendly connection with Great Britain. The concluding obſervations are written with ſo much eaſe and ſpirit, that they may be read by thoſe who are the leaſt intereſted in the ſubject.

* Obſervations on the Commerce of the American States, by John Lord Sheffield, the 6th edition, London, 1784, in octavo.

He fell (in 1784) with the unpopular coalition; but his merit has been acknowledged at the laſt general election, 1790, by the honourable invitation and free choice of the city of Briſtol. During the whole time of my reſidence in England I was entertained at Sheffield-Place and in Downing-Street by his hoſpitable kindneſs; and the moſt pleaſant period was that which I paſſed in the domeſtic ſociety of the family. In the larger circle of the metropolis I obſerved the country and the inhabitants with the knowledge, and without the prejudices, of an Engliſhman; but I rejoiced in the apparent increaſe of wealth and proſperity, which might be fairly divided between the ſpirit of the nation and the wiſdom of the miniſter. All party-reſentment was now loſt in oblivion: ſince I was no man's rival, no man was my enemy. I felt the dignity of independence, and as I aſked no more, I was ſatisfied with the general civilities of the world. The houſe in London which I frequented with moſt pleaſure and aſſiduity was that of Lord North. After the loſs of power and of ſight, he was ſtill happy in himſelf and his friends; and my public tribute of gratitude and eſteem could no longer be ſuſpected of any intereſted motive. Before my departure from England, I was preſent at the auguſt ſpectacle of Mr. Haſtings's trial in Weſtminſter Hall. It is not my province to abſolve or condemn the Governor of India; but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence demanded my applauſe; nor could I hear without emotion the perſonal compliment which he paid me in the preſence of the Britiſh nation *.

From this diſplay of genius, which blazed four ſucceſſive days, I ſhall ſtoop to a very mechanical circumſtance. As I was waiting in the managers' box, I had the curioſity to inquire of the ſhort-

* He ſaid the facts that made up the volume of narrative were unparalleled in atrociouſneſs, and that nothing equal in criminality was to be traced, either in ancient or modern hiſtory, in the correct periods of Tacitus or the luminous page of Gibbon. *Morning Chronicle*, *June* 14, 1788.

hand

hand writer, how many words a ready and rapid orator might pronounce in an hour? From 7000 to 7500 was his anſwer. The medium of 7200 will afford 120 words in a minute, and two words in each ſecond. But this computation will only apply to the Engliſh language.

As the publication of my three laſt volumes was the principal object, ſo it was the firſt care of my Engliſh journey. The previous arrangements with the bookſeller and the printer were ſettled in my paſſage through London, and the proofs, which I returned more correct, were tranſmitted every poſt from the preſs to Sheffield-Place. The length of the operation, and the leiſure of the country, allowed ſome time to review my manuſcript. Several rare and uſeful books, the Aſſiſes de Jeruſalem, Ramuſius de Bello C. P^aro^, the Greek Acts of the Synod of Florence, the Statuta Urbis Romæ, &c. were procured, and introduced in their proper places the ſupplements which they afforded. The impreſſion of the fourth volume had conſumed three months. Our common intereſt required that we ſhould move with a quicker pace; and Mr. Strahan fulfilled his engagement, which few printers could ſuſtain, of delivering every week three thouſand copies of nine ſheets. The day of publication was, however, delayed, that it might coincide with the fifty-firſt anniverſary of my own birth-day; the double feſtival was celebrated by a cheerful literary dinner at Mr. Cadell's houſe; and I ſeemed to bluſh while they read an elegant compliment from Mr. Hayley *, whoſe poetical talents

* OCCASIONAL STANZAS, *by* Mr. HAYLEY, *read after the Dinner at* Mr. CADELL's, *May* 8, 1788; *being the Day of the Publication of the Three Laſt Volumes of* Mr. GIBBON's *Hiſtory, and his Birth-day.*

GENII of ENGLAND, and of ROME!
In mutual triumph here aſſume
The honors each may claim!
This ſocial ſcene with ſmiles ſurvey!
And conſecrate the feſtive day
To Friendſhip and to Fame!

Enough,

talents had more than once been employed in the praiſe of his friend. Before Mr. Hayley inſcribed with my name his epiſtles on hiſtory, I was not acquainted with that amiable man and elegant poet. He

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Enough, by Deſolation's tide,
With anguiſh, and indignant pride,
Has ROME bewail'd her fate;
And mourn'd that Time, in Havoc's hour,
Defac'd each monument, of power
To ſpeak her truly great:

O'er maim'd POLYBIUS, juſt and ſage,
O'er LIVY's mutilated page,
How deep was her regret!
Touch'd by this Queen, in ruin grand,
See! Glory, by an Engliſh hand,
Now pays a mighty debt:

Lo! ſacred to the ROMAN Name,
And rais'd, like ROME's immortal Fame,
By Genius and by Toil,
The ſplendid Work is crown'd to-day,
On which Oblivion ne'er ſhall prey,
Nor Envy make her ſpoil!

ENGLAND, exult! and view not now
With jealous glance each nation's brow,
Where Hiſt'ry's palm has ſpread!
In every path of liberal art,
Thy Sons to prime diſtinction ſtart,
And no ſuperior dread.

Science for Thee a NEWTON rais'd;
For thy renown a SHAKESPEARE blaz'd,
Lord of the drama's ſphere!
In different fields to equal praiſe
See Hiſt'ry now thy GIBBON raiſe
To ſhine without a peer!

Eager to honor living worth,
And bleſs to-day the double birth,
That proudeſt joy may claim,
Let artleſs Truth this homage pay,
And conſecrate the feſtive day
To Friendſhip and to Fame!

afterwards

afterwards thanked me in verſe for my ſecond and third volumes †; and in the ſummer of 1781, the Roman Eagle ‡ (a proud title) accepted

† SONNET *to* EDWARD GIBBON eſq.

On the Publication of his Second and Third Volumes, 1781.

WITH proud delight th' imperial founder gaz'd
On the new beauty of his ſecond Rome,
When on his eager eye rich temples blaz'd,
And his fair city roſe in youthful bloom:
A pride more noble may thy heart aſſume,
O GIBBON! gazing on thy growing work,
In which, conſtructed for a happier doom,
No haſty marks of vain ambition lurk:
Thou may'ſt deride both Time's deſtructive ſway,
And baſer Envy's beauty-mangling dirk;
Thy gorgeous fabric, plann'd with wiſe delay,
Shall baffle foes more ſavage than the Turk;
As ages multiply, its fame ſhall riſe,
And earth muſt periſh ere its ſplendor dies.

HAYLEY's *Works*, 8vo edit. vol. i. p. 162.

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‡ *A* CARD *of* INVITATION *to* Mr. GIBBON *at Brighthelmſtone*, 1781.

AN Engliſh ſparrow, pert and free,
Who chirps beneath his native tree,
Hearing the Roman eagle's near,
And feeling more reſpect than fear,
Thus, with united love and awe,
Invites him to his ſhed of ſtraw.
Tho' he is but a twittering ſparrow,
The field he hops in rather narrow,
When nobler plumes attract his view
He ever pays them homage due,
He looks with reverential wonder
On him, whoſe talons bear the thunder;
Nor could the Jackdaws e'er inveigle
His voice to vilify the eagle,
Tho' iſſuing from the holy tow'rs,
In which they build their warmeſt bow'rs,
Their ſovereign's haunt they ſlyly ſearch,
In hopes to catch him on his perch,
(For Pindar ſays, beſide his God
The thunder-bearing bird will nod,)

cepted the invitation of the Engliſh Sparrow, who chirped in the groves of Eartham, near Chicheſter. As moſt of the former purchaſers were naturally deſirous of completing their ſets, the ſale of the quarto edition was quick and eaſy; and an octavo ſize was printed, to ſatisfy at a cheaper rate the public demand. The concluſion of my work was generally read, and variouſly judged. The ſtyle has been expoſed to much academical criticiſm; a religious clamour was revived, and the reproach of indecency has been loudly echoed by the rigid cenſors of morals. I never could underſtand the clamour that has been raiſed againſt the indecency of my three laſt volumes. 1. An equal degree of freedom in the former part, eſpecially in the firſt volume, had paſſed without reproach. 2. I am juſtified in painting the manners of the times; the vices of Theodora form an eſſential feature in the reign and character of Juſtinian. 3. My Engliſh text is chaſte, and all licentious paſſages are left in the obſcurity of a learned language. *Le Latin dans ſes mots brave l'honnêteté*, ſays the correct Boileau, in a country and idiom more ſcrupulous than our own. Yet, upon the whole, the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall ſeems to have ſtruck root, both at home and abroad, and may, perhaps, a hundred years hence ſtill continue to

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Then, peeping round his ſtill retreat,
They pick from underneath his feet
Some molted feather he lets fall,
And ſwear he cannot fly at all.——
Lord of the ſky! whoſe pounce can tear
Theſe croakers, that infeſt the air,
Truſt him! the ſparrow loves to ſing
The praiſe of thy imperial wing!
He thinks thou'lt deem him, on his word,
An honeſt, though familiar bird;
And hopes thou ſoon wilt condeſcend
To look upon thy little friend;
That he may boaſt around his grove
A viſit from the bird of Jove.

HAYLEY's *Works*, vol. i. p. 189.

be abuſed. I am leſs flattered by Mr. Porſon's high encomium on the ſtyle and ſpirit of my hiſtory, than I am ſatisfied with his honourable teſtimony to my attention, diligence, and accuracy; thoſe humble virtues, which religious zeal had moſt audaciouſly denied. The ſweetneſs of his praiſe is tempered by a reaſonable mixture of acid *. As the book may not be common in England, I ſhall tranſcribe my own character from the Bibliotheca Hiſtorica of Meuſelius †, a learned and laborious German. "Summis ævi noſtri "hiſtoricis Gibbonus ſine dubio adnumerandus eſt. Inter capitolii "ruinas ſtans primum hujus operis ſcribendi conſilium cepit. Flo- "rentiſſimos vitæ annos colligendo et laborando eidem impendit. "Enatum inde monumentum ære perennius, licet paſſim appareant "ſiniſtrè dicta, minus perfecta, veritati non ſatis conſentanea. Vi- "demus quidem ubique fere ſtudium ſcrutandi veritatemque ſcri- "bendi maximum: tamen ſine Tillemontio duce ubi ſcilicet hujus "hiſtoria finitur ſæpius noſter titubat atque hallucinatur. Quod vel "maxime fit, ubi de rebus Eccleſiaſticis vel de juris prudentiâ Romanâ "(tom. iv.) tradit, et in aliis locis. Attamen nævi hujus generis "haud impediunt quo minus operis ſummam et οικονομιαν præclare "diſpoſitam, delectum rerum ſapientiſſimum, argutum quoque inter- "dum, dictionemque ſeu ſtylum hiſtorico æque ac philoſopho dig- "niſſimum, et vix a quoque alio Anglo, Humio ac Robertſono haud "exceptis *(præreptum?)* vehementer laudemus, atque ſæculo noſtro "de hujuſmodi hiſtoriâ gratulemur ..... Gibbonus adverſarios cum "in tum extra patriam nactus eſt, quia propogationem religionis "Chriſtianæ, non, ut vulgo, fieri ſolet, aut more Theologorum, ſed "ut Hiſtoricum et Philoſophum decet, expoſuerat."

The French, Italian, and German tranſlations have been executed with various ſucceſs; but, inſtead of patronizing, I ſhould willingly

* See his preface, page 28. 32. † Vol. iv. part 1. page 342. 344.

ſuppreſs ſuch imperfect copies, which injure the character, while they propagate the name of the author. The firſt volume had been feebly, though faithfully, tranſlated into French by M. Le Clerc de Septchenes, a young gentleman of a ſtudious character and liberal fortune. After his deceaſe the work was continued by two manufacturers of Paris, M. M. Deſmuniers and Cantwell: but the former is now an active member in the national aſſembly, and the undertaking languiſhes in the hands of his aſſociate. The ſuperior merit of the interpreter, or his language, inclines me to prefer the Italian verſion: but I wiſh that it were in my power to read the German, which is praiſed by the beſt judges. The Iriſh pirates are at once my friends and my enemies. But I cannot be diſpleaſed with the two numerous and correct impreſſions which have been publiſhed for the uſe of the continent at Baſil in Switzerland *. The conqueſts of our language and literature are not confined to Europe alone, and a writer who ſucceeds in London, is ſpeedily read on the banks of the Delaware and the Ganges.

In the preface of the fourth volume, while I gloried in the name of an Engliſhman, I announced my approaching return to the neighbourhood of the Lake of Lauſanne. This laſt trial confirmed my aſſurance that I had wiſely choſen for my own happineſs; nor did I once, in a year's viſit, entertain a wiſh of ſettling in my native country. Britain is the free and fortunate iſland; but where is the ſpot in which I could unite the comforts and beauties of my eſtabliſhment at Lauſanne? The tumult of London aſtoniſhed my eyes and ears; the amuſements of public places were no longer adequate to the trouble; the clubs and aſſemblies were filled with new faces and young men; and our beſt ſociety, our long and late dinners, would

* Of their fourteen octavo volumes the two laſt include the whole body of the notes. The public importunity had forced *me* to remove them from the end of the volume to the bottom of the page; but I have often repented of my compliance.

ſoon

ſoon have been prejudicial to my health. Without any ſhare in the political wheel, I muſt be idle and inſignificant: yet the moſt ſplendid temptations would not have enticed me to engage a ſecond time in the ſervitude of parliament or office. At Tunbridge, ſome weeks after the publication of my Hiſtory, I reluctantly quitted Lord and Lady Sheffield, and, with a young Swiſs friend *, whom I had introduced to the Engliſh world, I purſued the road of Dover and Lauſanne. My habitation was embelliſhed in my abſence, and the laſt diviſion of books, which followed my ſteps, increaſed my choſen library to the number of between ſix and ſeven thouſand volumes. My ſeraglio was ample, my choice was free, my appetite was keen. After a full repaſt on Homer and Ariſtophanes, I involved myſelf in the philoſophic maze of the writings of Plato, of which the dramatic is, perhaps, more intereſting than the argumentative part: but I ſtepped aſide into every path of inquiry which reading or reflection accidentally opened.

Alas! the joy of my return, and my ſtudious ardour, were ſoon damped by the melancholy ſtate of my friend Mr. Deyverdun. His health and ſpirits had long ſuffered a gradual decline, a ſucceſſion of apoplectic fits anounced his diſſolution; and before he expired, thoſe who loved him could not wiſh for the continuance of his life. The voice of reaſon might congratulate his deliverance, but the feelings of nature and friendſhip could be ſubdued only by time: his amiable character was ſtill alive in my remembrance; each room, each walk, was imprinted with our common footſteps; and I ſhould bluſh at my own philoſophy, if a long interval of ſtudy had not preceded and followed the death of my friend. By his laſt will he left to me the option of purchaſing his houſe and garden, or of poſſeſſing them during my life, on the payment either of a ſtipulated price, or of

* M. Wilhelm. de Severy.

an eaſy retribution to his kinſman and heir. I ſhould probably have been tempted by the dæmon of property, if ſome legal difficulties had not been ſtarted againſt my title: a conteſt would have been vexatious, doubtful, and invidious; and the heir moſt gratefully ſubſcribed an agreement, which rendered my life-poſſeſſion more perfect, and his future condition more advantageous. Yet I had often revolved the judicious lines in which Pope anſwers the objections of his long-ſighted friend:

> Pity to build without or child or wife;
> Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life:
> Well, if the uſe be mine, does it concern one,
> Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

The certainty of my tenure has allowed me to lay out a conſiderable ſum in improvements and alterations: they have been executed with ſkill and taſte; and few men of letters, perhaps, in Europe, are ſo deſirably lodged as myſelf. But I feel, and with the decline of years I ſhall more painfully feel, that I am alone in paradiſe. Among the circle of my acquaintance at Lauſanne, I have gradually acquired the ſolid and tender friendſhip of a reſpectable family*: the four perſons of whom it is compoſed are all endowed with the virtues beſt adapted to their age and ſituation; and I am encouraged to love the parents as a brother, and the children as a father. Every day we ſeek and find the opportunities of meeting: yet even this valuable connection cannot ſupply the loſs of domeſtic ſociety.

Within the laſt two or three years our tranquillity has been clouded by the diſorders of France: many families at Lauſanne were alarmed and affected by the terrors of an impending bankruptcy; but the revolution, or rather the diſſolution of the kingdom has been heard and felt in the adjacent lands.

* The family of de Severy.

I beg

I beg leave to ſubſcribe my aſſent to Mr. Burke's creed on the revolution of France. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can almoſt excuſe his reverence for church eſtabliſhments. I have ſometimes thought of writing a dialogue of the dead, in which Lucian, Eraſmus, and Voltaire ſhould mutually acknowledge the danger of expoſing an old ſuperſtition to the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude.

A ſwarm of emigrants of both ſexes, who eſcaped from the public ruin, has been attracted by the vicinity, the manners, and the language of Lauſanne; and our narrow habitations in town and country are now occupied by the firſt names and titles of the departed monarchy. Theſe noble fugitives are entitled to our pity; they may claim our eſteem, but they cannot, in their preſent ſtate of mind and fortune, much contribute to our amuſement. Inſtead of looking down as calm and idle ſpectators on the theatre of Europe, our domeſtic harmony is ſomewhat embittered by the infuſion of party ſpirit: our ladies and gentlemen aſſume the character of ſelf-taught politicians; and the ſober dictates of wiſdom and experience are ſilenced by the clamour of the triumphant *democrates*. The fanatic miſſionaries of ſedition have ſcattered the ſeeds of diſcontent in our cities and villages, which had flouriſhed above two hundred and fifty years without fearing the approach of war, or feeling the weight of government. Many individuals, and ſome communities, appear to be infeſted with the Gallic phrenzy, the wild theories of equal and boundleſs freedom; but I truſt that the body of the people will be faithful to their ſovereign and to themſelves; and I am ſatisfied that the failure or ſucceſs of a revolt would equally terminate in the ruin of the country. While the ariſtocracy of Bern protects the happineſs, it is ſuperfluous to enquire whether it be founded in the rights, of man: the œconomy of the ſtate is liberally ſupplied without the aid of taxes; and the magiſtrates *muſt* reign with prudence and equity, ſince they are unarmed in the midſt of an armed nation.

The revenue of Bern, excepting ſome ſmall duties, is derived from church lands, tithes, feudal rights, and intereſt of money. The republic has nearly 500,000l. ſterling in the Engliſh funds, and the amount of their treaſure is unknown to the citizens themſelves. For myſelf (may the omen be averted) I can only declare, that the firſt ſtroke of a rebel drum would be the ſignal of my immediate departure.

When I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I muſt acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. The far greater part of the globe is overſpread with barbariſm or ſlavery: in the civilized world, the moſt numerous claſs is condemned to ignorance and poverty; and the double fortune of my birth in a free and enlightened country, in an honourable and wealthy family, is the lucky chance of an unit againſt millions. The general probability is about three to one, that a new-born infant will not live to complete his fiftieth year *. I have now paſſed that age, and may fairly eſtimate the preſent value of my exiſtence in the three-fold diviſion of mind, body, and eſtate.

1. The firſt and indiſpenſable requiſite of happineſs is a clear conſcience, unſullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

—— Hic murus aheneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nullâ palleſcere culpâ.

I am endowed with a cheerful temper, a moderate ſenſibility, and a natural diſpoſition to repoſe rather than to activity: ſome miſchievous appetites and habits have perhaps been corrected by philoſophy or time. The love of ſtudy, a paſſion which derives freſh vigour from enjoyment, ſupplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual ſource of independent and rational pleaſure; and I am not ſenſible

* See Buffon, Supplement à l'Hiſtoire naturelle, tom. vii. page 158—164. of a given number of new-born infants, one half, by the fault of nature or man, is extinguiſhed before the age of puberty and reaſon.—A melancholy calculation!

of any decay of the mental faculties. The original ſoil has been highly improved by cultivation; but it may be queſtioned, whether ſome flowers of fancy, ſome grateful errors, have not been eradicated with the weeds of prejudice. 2. Since I have eſcaped from the long perils of my childhood, the ſerious advice of a phyſician has ſeldom been requiſite. "The madneſs of ſuperfluous health" I have never known; but my tender conſtitution has been fortified by time, and the ineſtimable gift of the ſound and peaceful ſlumbers of infancy may be imputed both to the mind and body. 3. I have already deſcribed the merits of my ſociety and ſituation; but theſe enjoyments would be taſteleſs or bitter if their poſſeſſion were not aſſured by an annual and adequate ſupply. According to the ſcale of Switzerland, I am a rich man; and I am indeed rich, ſince my income is ſuperior to my expence, and my expence is equal to my wiſhes. My friend Lord Sheffield has kindly relieved me from the cares to which my taſte and temper are moſt adverſe: ſhall I add, that ſince the failure of my firſt wiſhes, I have never entertained any ſerious thoughts of a matrimonial connection?

I am diſguſted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a ſubſtance for a ſhadow; and that their fame (which ſometimes is no inſupportable weight) affords a poor compenſation for envy, cenſure, and perſecution *. My own experience, at leaſt, has taught me a very different leſſon: twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my Hiſtory; and its ſucceſs has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world, to which I ſhould not otherwiſe have been entitled. The freedom of my writings has indeed provoked an implacable tribe; but, as I

* Mr. d'Alembert relates, that as he was walking in the gardens of Sans Souci with the King of Pruſſia, Frederic ſaid to him, "Do you ſee that old woman, a poor weeder, "aſleep on that ſunny bank? ſhe is probably a more happy being than either of us." The king and the philoſopher may ſpeak for themſelves; for my part I do not envy the old woman.

was

was ſafe from the ſtings, I was ſoon accuſtomed to the buzzing of the hornets: my nerves are not tremblingly alive, and my literary temper is ſo happily framed, that I am leſs ſenſible of pain than of pleaſure. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague indiſcriminate praiſe; but he cannot, he ſhould not, be indifferent to the fair teſtimonies of private and public eſteem. Even his moral ſympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the preſent hour, he is imparting ſome degree of amuſement or knowledge to his friends in a diſtant land: that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of thoſe who are yet unborn *. I cannot boaſt of the friendſhip or favour of princes; the patronage of Engliſh literature has long ſince been devolved on our bookſellers, and the meaſure of their liberality is the leaſt ambiguous teſt of our common ſucceſs. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application.

The preſent is a fleeting moment, the paſt is no more; and our proſpect of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may *poſſibly* be my laſt: but the laws of probability, ſo true in general, ſo fallacious in particular, ſtill allow about fifteen years †. I ſhall ſoon enter into the

* In the firſt of antient or modern romances (Tom Jones), this proud ſentiment, this feaſt of fancy, is enjoyed by the genius of Fielding.—"Come, bright love of fame, "&c. fill my raviſhed fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel "me that ſome tender maid, whoſe grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under "the fictitious name of Sophia, ſhe reads the real worth which once exiſted in my "Charlotte, ſhall from her ſympathetic breaſt ſend forth the heaving ſigh. Do thou "teach me not only to foreſee but to enjoy, nay even to feed on future praiſe. Com-"fort me by the ſolemn aſſurance, that, when the little parlour in which I ſit at this "moment ſhall be reduced to a worſe furniſhed box, I ſhall be read with honour by "thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee." Book xiii. ch. 1.

† Mr. Buffon, from our diſregard of the poſſibility of death within the four and twenty hours, concludes that a chance, which falls below or riſes above ten thouſand to one, will never affect the hopes or fears of a reaſonable man. The

the period which, as the moſt agreeable of his long life, was ſelected by the judgment and experience of the ſage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent hiſtorian of nature, who fixes our moral happineſs to the mature ſeaſon in which our paſſions are ſuppoſed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition ſatisfied, our fame and fortune eſtabliſhed on a ſolid baſis *. In private converſation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to diſpute this comfortable doctrine. I will not ſuppoſe any premature decay of the mind or body; but I muſt reluctantly obſerve that two cauſes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner ſhade the evening of life.

The fact is true, but our courage is the effect of thoughtleſſneſs, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were inſcribed on one of the ten thouſand tickets, ſhould we be perfectly eaſy?

* See Buffon.

WHEN I firſt undertook to prepare Mr. Gibbon's Memoirs for the preſs, I ſuppoſed that it would be neceſſary to introduce ſome continuation of them, from the time when they ceaſe, namely, ſoon after his return to Switzerland in the year 1788; but the examination of his correſpondence with me ſuggeſted, that the beſt continuation would be the publication of his letters from that time to his death. I ſhall thus give more ſatisfaction, by employing the language of Mr. Gibbon, inſtead of my own; and the public will ſee him in a new and (I think) an admirable light, as a writer of letters. By the inſertion of a few occaſional ſentences, I ſhall obviate the diſadvantages that are apt to ariſe from an interrupted narration. A prejudiced or a faſtidious critic may condemn, perhaps, ſome parts of the letters as trivial; but many readers, I flatter myſelf, will be gratified by diſcovering even in theſe my friend's affectionate feelings, and his character in familiar life. His letters in general bear a ſtrong reſemblance to the ſtyle and turn of his converſation; the characteriſtics of which were vivacity, elegance, and preciſion, with knowledge aſtoniſhingly extenſive and correct. He never ceaſed to be inſtructive and entertaining; and in general there was a vein of pleaſantry in his converſation which prevented its becoming languid, even during a reſidence of many months with a family in the country.

It has been ſuppoſed that he always arranged what he intended to ſay, before he ſpoke; his quickneſs in converſation contradicts this

notion: but it is very true, that before he ſat down to write a note or letter, he completely arranged in his mind what he meant to expreſs. He purſued the ſame method in reſpect to other compoſition; and he occaſionally would walk ſeveral times about his apartment before he had rounded a period to his taſte. He has pleaſantly remarked to me, that it ſometimes coſt him many a turn before he could throw a ſentiment into a form that gratified his own criticiſm. His ſyſtematic habit of arrangement in point of ſtyle, aſſiſted, in his inſtance, by an excellent memory and correct judgment, is much to be recommended to thoſe who aſpire to any perfection in writing.

Although the Memoirs extend beyond the time of Mr. Gibbon's return to Lauſanne, I ſhall inſert a few Letters, written immediately after his arrival there, and combine them ſo far as to include even the laſt note which he wrote a few days previouſly to his death. Some of them contain few incidents; but they connect and carry on the account either of his opinions or of his employment.

LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON Eſq.

TO THE

Right Hon. LORD *SHEFFIELD.*

LAUSANNE, July 30, 1788.—Wedneſday, 3 o'clock.

I HAVE but a moment to ſay, before the departure of the poſt, that after a very pleaſant journey I arrived here about half an hour ago; that I am as well arranged, as if I had never ſtirred from this place; and that dinner on the table is juſt announced. Severy I dropt at his country-houſe about two leagues off. I juſt ſaluted the family, who dine with me the day after to-morrow, and return to town for ſome days, I hope weeks, on my account. The ſon is an amiable and grateful youth; and even this journey has taught me to know and to love him ſtill better. My ſatisfaction would be complete, had I not found a ſad and ſerious alteration in poor Deyverdun: but thus our joys are chequered! I embrace all; and at this moment feel the laſt pang of our parting at Tunbridge. Convey this letter or information, without delay, from Sheffield-Place to Bath. In a few days I ſhall write more amply to both places.

October 1, 1788.

After ſuch an act of vigor as my firſt letter, compoſed, finiſhed, and diſpatched within half an hour after my landing, while the dinner was ſmoaking on the table, your knowledge of the animal muſt have taught you to expect a proportionable degree of relaxation; and you will be ſatisfied to hear, that, for many Wedneſdays and Saturdays, I have conſumed more time than would have ſufficed for the epiſtle, in deviſing reaſons for procraſtinating it to the next poſt. At this very moment I begin ſo very late, as I am juſt going to dreſs, and dine in the country, that I can take only the benefit of the date, October the firſt, and muſt be content to ſeal and ſend my letter next Saturday.

October the 4th.

Saturday is now arrived, and I much doubt whether I ſhall have time to finiſh. I roſe, as uſual, about ſeven; but as I knew I ſhould have ſo much time, you know it would have been ridiculous to begin any thing before breakfaſt. When I returned from my breakfaſt-room to the library, unluckily I found on the table ſome new and intereſting books, which inſtantly caught my attention; and without injuring my correſpondent, I could ſafely beſtow a ſingle hour to gratify my curioſity. Some things which I found in them inſenſibly led me to other books, and other enquiries; the morning has ſtolen away, and I ſhall be ſoon ſummoned to dreſs and dine with the two Severys, father and ſon, who are returned from the country on a diſagreeable errand, an illneſs of Madame, from which ſhe is however recovering. Such is the faithful picture of my mind and manners, and from a ſingle day *diſce omnes*. After having been ſo long chained to the oar, in a ſplendid galley indeed, I freely and fairly enjoy my liberty as I promiſed in my preface; range without

control over the wide expanſe of my library; converſe, as my fancy prompts me, with poets and hiſtorians, philoſophers and orators, of every age and language; and often indulge my meditations in the invention and arrangement of mighty works, which I ſhall probably never find time or application to execute. My garden, berçeau, and pavilion often varied the ſcene of my ſtudies; the beautiful weather which we have enjoyed exhilarated my ſpirits, and I again taſted the wiſdom and happineſs of my retirement, till that happineſs was interrupted by a very ſerious calamity, which took from me for above a fortnight all thoughts of ſtudy, of amuſement, and even of correſpondence. I mentioned in my firſt letter the uneaſineſs I felt at poor Deyverdun's declining health, how much the pleaſure of my life was embittered by the ſight of a ſuffering and languid friend. The joy of our meeting appeared at firſt to revive him; and, though not ſatisfied, I began to think, at leaſt to hope, that he was every day gaining ground; when, alas! one morning I was ſuddenly recalled from my berçeau to the houſe, with the dreadful intelligence of an apoplectic ſtroke; I found him ſenſeleſs: the beſt aſſiſtance was inſtantly collected; and he had the aid of the genius and experience of Mr. Tiſſot, and of the aſſiduous care of another phyſician, who for ſome time ſcarcely quitted his bedſide either night or day. While I was in momentary dread of a relapſe, with a confeſſion from his phyſicians that ſuch a relapſe muſt be fatal, you will feel that I was much more to be pitied than my friend. At length, art or nature triumphed over the enemy of life. I was ſoon aſſured that all immediate danger was paſt; and now for many days I have had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him recover, though by ſlow degrees, his health and ſtrength, his ſleep and appetite. He now walks about the garden, and receives his particular friends, but has not yet gone abroad. His future health will depend very much upon his own prudence: but, at all events, this has been a very ſerious warning; and the ſlighteſt indiſpoſition will hereafter aſſume a very formidable aſpect. But let us

turn

turn from this melancholy ſubject.—The Man of the People eſcaped from the tumult, the bloody tumult of the Weſtminſter election, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and I was informed that he was arrived at the Lyon d'Or. I ſent a compliment; he anſwered it in perſon, and ſettled at my houſe for the remainder of the day. I have eat and drank, and converſed and ſat up all night with Fox in England; but it never has happened, perhaps it never can happen again, that I ſhould enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night. Poor Deyverdun, before his accident, wanted ſpirits to appear, and has regretted it ſince. Our converſation never flagged a moment; and he ſeemed thoroughly pleaſed with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, ſuch a character of Pitt, as one great man ſhould give of another his rival: much of books, from my own, on which he flattered me very pleaſantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights: much about the country, my garden (which he underſtands far better than I do), and, upon the whole, I think he envies me, and would do ſo were he miniſter. The next morning I gave him a guide to walk him about the town and country, and invited ſome company to meet him at dinner. The following day he continued his journey to Bern and Zurich, and I have heard of him by various means. The people gaze on him as a prodigy, but he ſhews little inclination to converſe with them, &c. &c. &c. Our friend *Douglas* has been curious, attentive, agreeable; and in every place where he has reſided ſome days, he has left acquaintance who eſteem and regret him: I never knew ſo clear and general an impreſſion.

After this long letter I have yet many things to ſay, though none of any preſſing conſequence. I hope you are not idle in the deliverance of Beriton, though the late events and edicts in France begin to reconcile me to the poſſeſſion of dirty acres. What think you of Necker and the States Generales? Are not the public expectations

too

too ſanguine? Adieu. I will write ſoon to my lady ſeparately, though I have not any particular ſubject for her ear. Ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Nov. 29, 1788.

As I have no correſpondents but yourſelf, I ſhould have been reduced to the ſtale and ſtupid communications of the newſpapers, if you had not diſpatched me an excellent ſketch of the extraordinary ſtate of things. In ſo new a caſe the *ſalus populi* muſt be the firſt law; and any extraordinary acts of the two remaining branches of the legiſlature muſt be excuſed by neceſſity, and ratified by general conſent. *. Till things are ſettled, I expect a regular journal.

From kingdoms I deſcend to farms. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 13, 1788.

* *. Of public affairs I can only hear with curioſity and wonder: careleſs as you may think me, I feel myſelf deeply intereſted. You muſt now write often; make Miſs Firth copy any curious fragments; and ſtir up any of my well-informed acquaintance, Batt, Douglas, Adam, perhaps Lord Loughborough, to correſpond with me; I *will* anſwer them.

We are now cold and gay at Lauſanne. The Severys came to town yeſterday. I ſaw a good deal of Lords Malmſbury and Beauchamp, and their ladies; Ellis, of the Rolliad, was with them; I like him much: I gave them a dinner.

Adieu for the preſent. Deyverdun is not worſe.

LAUSANNE, April 25, 1789.

BEFORE your letter, which I received yeſterday, I was in the anxious ſituation of a king, who hourly expects a courier from his general, with the news of a deciſive engagement. I had abſtained from writing, for fear of dropping a word, or betraying a feeling, which might render you too cautious or too bold. On the famous 8th of April, between twelve and two, I reflected that the buſineſs was determined; and each ſucceeding day I computed the ſpeedy approach of your meſſenger, with favourable or melancholy tidings. When I broke the ſeal, I expected to read, "What a damned un-" lucky fellow you are! Nothing tolerable was offered, and I in-" dignantly withdrew the eſtate." I *did* remember the fate of poor Lenborough, and I was afraid of your magnanimity, &c. It is whimſical enough, but it is human nature, that I now begin to think of the deep-rooted foundations of land, and the airy fabric of the funds. I not only conſent, but even wiſh, to have eight or ten thouſand pounds on a good mortgage. The pipe of wine you ſent to me was ſeized, and would have been confiſcated, if the government of Berne had not treated me with the moſt flattering and diſtinguiſhed civility: they not only releaſed the wine, but they paid out of their own pocket the ſhares to which the bailiff and the informer were entitled by law. I ſhould not forget that the bailiff refuſed to accept of his part. Poor Deyverdun's conſtitution is quite broken; he has had two or three attacks, not ſo violent as the firſt: every time the door is haſtily opened, I expect to hear of ſome fatal accident: the beſt or worſt hopes of the phyſicians are only that he may linger ſome time longer; but, if he lives till the ſummer, they propoſe ſending him to ſome mineral waters at Aix, in Savoy. You will be glad to hear that I am now aſſured of poſſeſſing, during my life, this delightful houſe and garden. The act has been lately executed in the beſt form, and the handſomeſt manner. I know not what to ſay of your miracles

miracles at home: we rejoice in the king's recovery, and its miniſterial conſequences; and I cannot be inſenſible to the hope, at leaſt the chance, of ſeeing in this country a firſt lord of trade, or ſecretary at war. In your anſwer, which I ſhall impatiently expect, you will give me a full and true account of your deſigns, which by this time muſt have dropt, or be determined at leaſt, for the preſent year. If you come, it is high time that we ſhould look out for a houſe—a taſk much leſs eaſy than you may poſſibly imagine. Among new books, I recommend to you the Count de Mirabeau's great work, "Sur la Monarchie Pruſſienne;" it is in your own way, and gives a very juſt and complete idea of that wonderful machine. His "Cor-"reſpondence Secrette" is diabolically good. Adieu. Ever yours.

LAUSANNE, June 13, 1789.

YOU are in truth a wiſe, active, indefatigable, and ineſtimable friend; and as our virtues are often connected with our faults, if you were more tame and placid, you would be perhaps of leſs uſe and value. A very important and difficult tranſaction ſeems to be nearly terminated with ſucceſs and mutual ſatisfaction: we ſeem to run before the wind with a proſperous gale; and, unleſs we ſhould ſtrike on ſome ſecret rocks which I do not foreſee, ſhall, on or before the 31ſt July, enter the harbour of Content; though I cannot purſue the metaphor by adding we ſhall *land*, ſince our operation is of a very oppoſite tendency. I could not eaſily forgive myſelf for ſhutting you up in a dark room with parchments and attornies, did I not reflect that this probably is the laſt material trouble that you will ever have on my account; and that after the labours and delays of twenty years, I ſhall at laſt attain what I have always ſighed for, a clear and competent income, above my wants, and equal to my wiſhes. In this contemplation you will be ſufficiently rewarded. I hope ***** will be content with our title-deeds, for I cannot furniſh

another ſhred of parchment. Mrs. Gibbon's jointure is ſecured on the Beriton eſtate, and her legal conſent is requiſite for the ſale. Again and again I muſt repeat my hope that ſhe is perfectly ſatiſfied, and that the cloſe of her life may not be embittered by ſuſpicion, or fear, or diſcontent. What new ſecurity does ſhe prefer,—the funds, the mortgage, or your land? At all events ſhe muſt be made eaſy. I wrote to her again ſome time ago, and begged that if ſhe were too weak to write, ſhe would deſire Mrs. Gould or Mrs. Holroyd to give me a line concerning her ſtate of health. To this no anſwer; I am afraid ſhe is diſpleaſed.

Now for the diſpoſal of the money: I approve of the 8000l. mortgage on Beriton; and honour your prudence in not ſhewing, by the compariſon of the rent and intereſt, how fooliſh it is to purchaſe land. * * *

himſelf moſt apprehended: but his reaſon was clear and calm to the laſt; he beheld his approaching diſſolution with the firmneſs of a philoſopher. I fancied that time and reflection had prepared me for the event; but the habits of three-and-thirty years friendſhip are not ſo eaſily broken. The firſt days, and more eſpecially the firſt nights, were indeed painful. Laſt Wedneſday and Saturday it would not have been in my power to write. I muſt now recollect myſelf, ſince it is neceſſary for me not only to impart the news, but to aſk your opinion in a very ſerious and doubtful queſtion, which muſt be decided without loſs of time. I ſhall ſtate the facts, but as I am on the ſpot, and as new lights may occur, I do not promiſe implicit obedience.

Had my poor friend died without a will, a female *firſt* couſin ſettled ſomewhere in the north of Germany, and whom I believe he had never ſeen, would have been his heir at law. In the next degree he had ſeveral couſins; and one of theſe, an old companion, by name Mr. de Montagny, he has choſen for his heir. As this houſe and garden was the beſt and cleareſt part of poor Deyverdun's fortune; as there is a heavy duty or fine (what they call *lods*) on every change of property out of the legal deſcent; as Montagny has a ſmall eſtate and a large family, it was neceſſary to make ſome proviſion in his favour. The will therefore leaves me the option of enjoying this place during my life, on paying the ſum of 250 l. (I reckon in Engliſh money) at preſent, and an annual rent of 30 l.; or elſe, of purchaſing the houſe and garden for a ſum which, including the duty, will amount to 2500 l. If I value the rent of 30 l. at twelve years purchaſe, I may acquire my enjoyment for life at about the rate of 600 l.; and the remaining 1900 l. will be the difference between that tenure and abſolute perpétual property. As you have never accuſed me of too much zeal for the intereſt of poſterity, you will eaſily gueſs which ſcale at firſt preponderated. I deeply felt the advantage of acquiring, for the ſmaller ſum, every poſſible enjoyment,

ment, as long as I myſelf ſhould be capable of enjoying: I rejected, with ſcorn, the idea of giving 1900 l. for ideal poſthumous property; and I deemed it of little moment whoſe name, after my death, ſhould be inſcribed on my houſe and garden at Lauſanne. How often did I repeat to myſelf the philoſophical lines of Pope, which ſeem to determine the queſtion:

Pray Heaven, cries Swift, it laſt as you go on;
I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own.
Pity to build without or ſon or wife:
Why, you'll enjoy it *only* all your life.
Well, if the uſe be mine, does it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

In this ſtate of ſelf-ſatisfaction I was not much diſturbed by all my real or nominal friends, who exhort me to prefer the right of purchaſe: among ſuch friends, ſome are careleſs and ſome are ignorant; and the judgment of thoſe, who are able and willing to form an opinion, is often biaſſed by ſome ſelfiſh or ſocial affection, by ſome viſible or inviſible intereſt. But my own reflections have gradually and forcibly driven me from my firſt propenſity; and theſe reflections I will now proceed to enumerate:

1. I can make this purchaſe with eaſe and prudence. As I have had the pleaſure of *not* hearing from you very lately, I flatter myſelf that you advance on a carpet road, and that almoſt by the receipt of this letter (July 31ſt) the acres of Beriton will be tranſmuted into ſixteen thouſand pounds: if the payment be not abſolutely completed by that day, ***** will not ſcruple, I ſuppoſe, depoſiting the 2600 l. at Goſling's, to meet my draught. Should he heſitate, I can deſire Darrel to ſell *quantum ſufficit* of my ſhort annuities. As ſoon as the new ſettlement of my affairs is made, I ſhall be able, after deducting this ſum, to ſquare my expence to my income, &c.

2. On mature conſideration, I am perhaps leſs ſelfiſh and leſs philoſophical than I appear at firſt ſight: indeed, were I not ſo, it would

would now be in my power to turn my fortune into life-annuities, and let the Devil take the hindmoſt. I feel, (perhaps it is fooliſh,) but I feel that this little paradiſe will pleaſe me ſtill more when it is abſolutely my own; and that I ſhall be encouraged in every improvement of uſe or beauty, by the proſpect that, after my departure, it will be enjoyed by ſome perſon of my own choice. I ſometimes reflect with pleaſure that my writings will ſurvive me; and that idea is at leaſt as vain and chimerical.

3. The heir, Mr. de Montagny, is an old acquaintance. My ſituation of a life-holder is rather new and ſingular in this country: the laws have not provided for many nice caſes which may ariſe between the landlord and tenant: ſome I can foreſee, others have been ſuggeſted, many more I might feel when it would be too late. His right of property might plague and confine me; he might forbid my lending to a friend, inſpect my conduct, check my improvements, call for ſecurities, repairs, &c. But if I purchaſe, I walk on my own terrace fierce and erect, the free maſter of one of the moſt delicious ſpots on the globe.

Should I ever migrate homewards, (you ſtare, but ſuch an event is leſs improbable than I could have thought it two years ago,) this place would be diſputed by ſtrangers and natives.

Weigh theſe reaſons, and ſend me without delay a rational explicit opinion, to which I ſhall pay ſuch regard as the nature of circumſtances will allow. But, alas! when all is determined, I ſhall poſſeſs this houſe, by whatſoever tenure, without friendſhip or domeſtic ſociety. I did not imagine, ſix years ago, that a plan of life ſo congenial to my wiſhes, would ſo ſpeedily vaniſh. I cannot write upon any other ſubject. Adieu, your's ever.

LAUSANNE, Auguſt 1789.

AFTER receiving and diſpatching the power of attorney, laſt Wedneſday, I opened, with ſome palpitation, the unexpected miſſive

which arrived this morning. The perusal of the contents spoiled my breakfast. They are disagreeable in themselves, alarming in their consequences, and peculiarly unpleasant at the present moment, when I hoped to have formed and secured the arrangements of my future life. I do not perfectly understand what are these deeds which are so inflexibly required; the wills and marriage-settlements I have sufficiently answered. But your arguments do not convince ****, and I have very little hope from the Lenborough search. What will be the event? If his objections are only the result of legal scrupulosity, surely they might be removed, and every chink might be filled, by a general bond of indemnity, in which I boldly ask you to join, as it will be a substantial important act of friendship, without any possible risk to yourself or your successors. Should he still remain obdurate, I must believe what I already suspect, that **** repents of his purchase, and wishes to elude the conclusion. Our case would be then hopeless, *ibi omnis effusus labor*, and the estate would be returned on our hands with the taint of a bad title. The refusal of mortgage does not please me; but surely our offer shews some confidence in the goodness of my title. If he will not take eight thousand pounds at *four per cent.* we must look out elsewhere; new doubts and delays will arise, and I am persuaded that you will not place an implicit confidence in any attorney. I know not as yet your opinion about my Lausanne purchase. If you are against it, the present position of affairs gives you great advantage, &c. &c. The Severys are all well; an uncommon circumstance for the four persons of the family at once. They are now at Mex, a country-house six miles from hence, which I visit to-morrow for two or three days. They often come to town, and we shall contrive to pass a part of the autumn together at Roile. I want to change the scene; and beautiful as the garden and prospect must appear to every eye, I feel that the state of my own mind casts a gloom over them; every spot, every walk, every bench, recals the memory of

thoſe hours, of thoſe converſations, which will return no more. But I tear myſelf from the ſubject. I could not help writing to-day, though I do not find I have ſaid any thing very material. As you muſt be conſcious that you have agitated me, you will not poſtpone any agreeable, or even *deciſive* intelligence. I almoſt heſitate, whether I ſhall run over to England, to conſult with you on the ſpot, and to fly from poor Deyverdun's ſhade, which meets me at every turn. I did not expect to have felt his loſs ſo ſharply. But ſix hundred miles! Why are we ſo far off?

Once more, What is the difficulty of the title? Will men of ſenſe, in a ſenſible country, never get rid of the tyranny of lawyers? more oppreſſive and ridiculous than even the old yoke of the clergy. Is not a term of ſeventy or eighty years, nearly twenty in my own perſon, ſufficient to prove our legal poſſeſſion? Will not the records of fines and recoveries atteſt that *I* am free from any bar of entails and ſettlements? Conſult ſome ſage of the law, whether their preſent demand be neceſſary and legal. If your ground be firm, force them to execute the agreement or forfeit the depoſit. But if, as I much fear, they have a right, and a wiſh, to elude the conſummation, would it not be better to releaſe them at once, than to be hung up for five years, as in the caſe of Lovegrove, which coſt me in the end four or five thouſand pounds? You are bold, you are wiſe; conſult, reſolve, act. In my penultimate letter I dropped a ſtrange hint, that a migration homeward was not impoſſible. I know not what to ſay; my mind is all afloat; yet you will not reproach me with caprice or inconſtancy. How many years did you damn my ſcheme of retiring to Lauſanne! I executed that plan; I found as much happineſs as is compatible with human nature, and during four years (1783—1787) I never breathed a ſigh of repentance. On my return from England the ſcene was changed: I found only a faint ſemblance of Deyverdun, and that ſemblance was each day fading from my ſight. I have paſſed an anxious year, but my

anxiety is now at an end, and the proſpect before me is a melancholy ſolitude. I am ſtill deeply rooted in this country; the poſſeſſion of this paradiſe, the friendſhip of the Severys, a mode of ſociety ſuited to my taſte, and the enormous trouble and *expence* of a migration. Yet in England (when the preſent clouds are diſpelled) I could form a very comfortable eſtabliſhment in London, or rather at Bath; and I have a very noble country-ſeat at about ten miles from Eaſt Grinſtead in Suſſex *. That ſpot is dearer to me than the reſt of the three kingdoms; and I have ſometimes wondered how two men, ſo oppoſite in their tempers and purſuits, ſhould have imbibed ſo long and lively a propenſity for each other. Sir Stanier Porten is juſt dead. He has left his widow with a moderate penſion, and two children, my neareſt relations: the eldeſt, Charlotte, is about Louiſa's age, and alſo a moſt amiable ſenſible young creature. I have conceived a romantic idea of educating and adopting her; as we deſcend into the vale of years our infirmities require ſome domeſtic female ſociety: Charlotte would be the comfort of my age, and I could reward her care and tenderneſs with a decent fortune. A thouſand difficulties oppoſe the execution of the plan, which I have never opened but to you; yet it would be leſs impracticable in England than in Switzerland. Adieu. I am wounded; pour ſome oil into my wounds: yet I am leſs unhappy ſince I have thrown my mind upon paper.

Are you not amazed at the French revolution? They have the power, will they have the moderation, to eſtabliſh a good conſtitution? Adieu, ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Sept. 9, 1789.

WITHIN an hour after the reception of your laſt, I drew my pen for the purpoſe of a reply, and my exordium ran in the following words: "I find by experience, that it is much more rational, as well

* Alluding to Sheffield-Place.

"as

" as eaſy, to anſwer a letter of real buſineſs by the return of the " poſt." This important truth is again verified by my own example. After writing three pages I was called away by a very rational motive, and the poſt departed before I could return to the concluſion. A ſecond delay was coloured by ſome decent pretence. Three weeks have ſlipped away, and I now force myſelf on a taſk, which I ſhould have diſpatched without an effort on the firſt ſummons. My only excuſe is, that I had little to write about Engliſh buſineſs, and that I could write nothing definitive about my Swiſs affairs. And firſt, as Ariſtotle ſays of the firſt,

1. I was indeed in low ſpirits when I ſent what you ſo juſtly ſtile my diſmal letter; but I do aſſure you, that my own feelings contributed much more to ſink me, than any events or terrors relative to the ſale of Beriton. But I again hope and truſt, from your conſolatory epiſtle, that, &c. &c.

2. My Swiſs tranſaction has ſuffered a great alteration. I ſhall not become the proprietor of my houſe and garden at Lauſanne, and I relinquiſh the phantom with more regret than you could eaſily imagine. But I have been determined by a difficulty, which at firſt appeared of little moment, but which has gradually ſwelled to an alarming magnitude. There is a law in this country, as well as in ſome provinces of France, which is ſtyled *le droit de retrait*, *le retrait lignagere*, (Lord Loughborough muſt have heard of it,) by which the relations of the deceaſed are entitled to redeem a houſe or eſtate at the price for which it has been ſold; and as the ſum fixed by poor Deyverdun is much below its known value, a crowd of competitors are beginning to ſtart. The beſt opinions (for they are divided) are in my favour, that I am not ſubject to *le droit de retrait*, ſince I take not as a purchaſer, but as a legatee. But the words of the will are ſomewhat ambiguous, the event of law is always uncertain, the adminiſtration of juſtice at Bern (the laſt appeal) depends too much on favour and intrigue; and it is very doubtful whether I could revert to the life-holding, after having choſen and loſt the

property. Theſe conſiderations engaged me to open a negociation with Mr. de Montagny, through the medium of my friend the judge; and as he moſt ardently wiſhes to keep the houſe, he conſented, though with ſome reluctance, to my propoſals. Yeſterday he ſigned a covenant in the moſt regular and binding form, by which he allows my power of transferring my intereſt, interprets in the moſt ample ſenſe my right of making alterations, and expreſsly renounces all claim, as landlord, of viſiting or inſpecting the premiſes. I have promiſed to lend him twelve thouſand livres, (between ſeven and eight hundred pounds,) ſecured on the houſe and land. The mortgage is four times its value; the intereſt of four pounds *per cent.* will be annually diſcharged by the rent of thirty guineas. So that I am now tranquil on that ſcore for the remainder of my days. I hope that time will gradually reconcile me to the place which I have inhabited with my poor friend; for in ſpite of the *cream* of London, I am ſtill perſuaded that no other place is ſo well adapted to my taſte and habits of ſtudious and ſocial life.

Far from delighting in the whirl of a metropolis, my only complaint againſt Lauſanne is the great number of ſtrangers, always of Engliſh, and now of French, by whom we are infeſted in ſummer. Yet we have eſcaped the *damned* great ones, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, &c. who ſlip by us to Turin. What a ſcene is France! While the aſſembly is voting abſtract propoſitions, Paris is an independent republic; the provinces have neither authority nor freedom, and poor Necker declares that credit is no more, and that the people refuſe to pay taxes. Yet I think you muſt be ſeduced by the abolition of tithes. If Eden goes to Paris you may have ſome curious information. Give me ſome account of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Do they live with Lord North? I hope they do. When will parliament be diſſolved? Are you ſtill Coventry-mad? I embrace my Lady, the ſprightly Maria, and the ſmiling Louiſa. Alas! alas! you will never come to Switzerland. Adieu, ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Sept. 25th, 1789.

Alas! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron.

ALAS! what delays and difficulties do attend the man who meddles with legal and landed buſineſs! Yet if it be only to diſappoint your expectation, I am not ſo very nervous at this new provoking obſtacle. I had totally forgotten the deed in queſtion, which was contrived in the laſt year of my father's life, to tie his hands and regulate the diſorder of his affairs; and which might have been ſo eaſily cancelled by Sir Stanier, who had not the ſmalleſt intereſt in it, either for himſelf or his family. The amicable ſuit, which is now become neceſſary, muſt, I think, be ſhort and unambiguous, yet I cannot help dreading the crotchets, that lurk under the chancellor's great wig; and, at all events, I foreſee ſome additional delay and expence. The golden pill of the two thouſand eight hundred pounds has ſoothed my diſcontent; and if it be ſafely lodged with the Goſlings, I agree with you, in conſidering it as an unequivocal pledge of a fair and willing purchaſer. It is indeed chiefly in that light I now rejoice in ſo large a depoſit, which is no longer neceſſary in its full extent. You are appriſed by my laſt letter that I have reduced myſelf to the life-enjoyment of the houſe and garden. And, in ſpite of my feelings, I am every day more convinced that I have choſen the ſafer ſide. I believe my cauſe to have been good, but it was doubtful. Law in this country is not ſo expenſive as in England, but it is more troubleſome; I muſt have gone to Bern, have ſolicited my judges in perſon; a vile cuſtom! the event was uncertain; and during at leaſt two years, I ſhould have been in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe and anxiety; till the concluſion of which it would have been madneſs to have attempted any alteration or improvement. According to my preſent arrangement I ſhall want no more than eleven hundred pounds of the two thouſand, and I ſuppoſe you will

direct

direct Gosling to lay out the remainder in India bonds, that it may not lie quite dead, while I am accountable to * * * * for the interest. The elderly lady in a male habit, who informed me that Yorkshire is a register county, is a certain judge, one Sir William Blackstone, whose name you may possibly have heard. After stating the danger of purchasers and creditors, with regard to the title of estates on which they lay out or lend their money, he thus continues: "In Scotland every act and event regarding the transmission "of property is regularly entered on record; and some of our own "provincial divisions, particularly the extended county of York "and the populous county of Middlesex, have prevailed with the "legislature to erect such registers in their respective districts." (Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. ii. p. 343, edition of 1774, in quarto.) If I am mistaken, it is in pretty good company; but I suspect that we are all right, and that the register is confined to one or two ridings. As we have, alas! two or three months before us, I should hope that your prudent sagacity will discover some sound land, in case you should not have time to arrange another mortgage. I now write in a hurry, as I am just setting out for Rolle, where I shall be settled with cook and servants in a pleasant apartment, till the middle of November. The Severys have a house there, where they pass the autumn. I am not sorry to vary the scene for a few weeks, and I wish to be absent while some alterations are making in my house at Lausanne. I wish the change of air may be of service to Severy the father, but we do not at all like his present state of health. How completely, alas, how completely! could I now lodge you: but your firm resolve of making me a visit seems to have vanished like a dream. Next summer you will not find five hundred pounds for a rational friendly expedition; and should parliament be dissolved, you will perhaps find five thousand for ———. I cannot think of it with patience. Pray take serious strenuous measures for sending me a pipe of excellent Madeira in cask, with some dozens

of

of Malmſey Madeira. It ſhould be conſigned to Meſſrs. Romberg Voituriers at Oſtend, and I muſt have timely notice of its march. We have ſo much to ſay about France, that I ſuppoſe we ſhall never ſay any thing. That country is now in a ſtate of diſſolution. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, December 15th, 1789.

YOU have often reaſon to accuſe my ſtrange ſilence and neglect in the moſt important of *my own* affairs; for I will preſume to aſſert, that in a buſineſs of yours of equal conſequence, you ſhould not find me cold or careleſs. But on the preſent occaſion my ſilence is, perhaps, the higheſt compliment I ever paid you. You remember the anſwer of Philip of Macedon: "Philip may ſleep, while he "knows that Parmenio is awake." I expected, and, to ſay the truth, I wiſhed that my Parmenio would have decided and acted, without expecting my dilatory anſwer, and in his deciſion I ſhould have acquieſced with implicit confidence. But ſince you will have my opinion, let us conſider the preſent ſtate of my affairs. In the courſe of my life I have often known, and ſometimes felt, the difficulty of getting money, but I now find myſelf involved in a more ſingular diſtreſs, the difficulty of placing it, and if it continues much longer, I ſhall almoſt wiſh for my land again.

I perfectly agree with you, that it is bad management to purchaſe in the funds when they do not yield four pounds *per cent.* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. Some of this money I can place ſafely, by means of my banker here; and I ſhall poſſeſs, what I have always deſired, a command of caſh, which I cannot abuſe to my prejudice, ſince I have it in my power to ſupply with my pen any extraordinary or fanciful indulgence of expence. And ſo much, much indeed, for pecuniary matters. What would you have me ſay of the affairs of France? We are too near, and too remote, to form an accurate judgment of that wonderful ſcene. The abuſes of the court and government

called aloud for reformation; and it has happened, as it will always happen, that an innocent well-diſpoſed Prince has paid the forfeit of the ſins of his predeceſſors; of the ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth, of the profuſion of Lewis the Fifteenth. The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abuſed, and may loſe their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal tranſlation of our ſyſtem, if they had reſpected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raiſed a ſolid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural ariſtocracy of a great country. How different is the proſpect! Their King brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been ſtained with the blood of his guards; the nobles in exile; the clergy plundered in a way which ſtrikes at the root of all property; the capital an independent republic; the union of the provinces diſſolved; the flames of diſcord kindled by the worſt of men; (in that light I conſider Mirabeau;) and the honeſteſt of the aſſembly, a ſet of wild viſionaries, (like our Dr. Price,) who gravely debate, and dream about the eſtabliſhment of a pure and perfect democracy of five-and-twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reaſoning, to an equal partition of lands and money. How many years muſt elapſe before France can recover any vigour, or reſume her ſtation among the Powers of Europe! As yet, there is no ſymptom of a great man, a Richlieu or a Cromwell, ariſing, either to reſtore the monarchy, or to lead the commonwealth. The weight of Paris, more deeply engaged in the funds than *all* the reſt of the kingdom, will long delay a bankruptcy; and if it ſhould happen, it will be, both in the cauſe and the effect, a meaſure of weakneſs, rather than of ſtrength. You ſend me to Chamberry, to ſee a Prince and an Archbiſhop. Alas! we have exiles enough here, with the Marſhal de Caſtries and the Duke de Guignes at their head; and this inundation of ſtrangers, which uſed to be confined to the ſummer, will now ſtagnate all the

winter. The only ones whom I have ſeen with pleaſure are Mr. Mounier, the late preſident of the national aſſembly, and the Count de Lally; they have both dined with me. Mounier, who is a ſerious dry politician, is returned to Dauphine. Lally is an amiable man of the world, and a poet: he paſſes the winter here. You know how much I prefer a quiet ſelect ſociety to a crowd of names and titles, and that I always ſeek converſation with a view to amuſement, rather than information. What happy countries are England and Switzerland, if they know and preſerve their happineſs.

I have a thouſand things to ſay to my Lady, Maria, and Louiſa, but I can add only a ſhort poſtſcript about the Madeira. Good Madeira is now become eſſential to my health and reputation. May your hogſhead prove as good as the laſt; may it not be intercepted by the rebels or the Auſtrians. What a ſcene again in that country! Happy England! Happy Switzerland! I again repeat, adieu.

LAUSANNE, January 27th, 1790.

YOUR two laſt epiſtles, of the 7th and 11th inſtant, were ſomewhat delayed on the road; they arrived within two days of each other, the laſt this morning (the 27th); ſo that I anſwer by the firſt, or, at leaſt by the ſecond poſt. Upon the whole, your French method, though ſometimes more rapid, appears to me leſs ſure and ſteady than the old German highway, &c. &c. * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
But enough of this. A new and brighter proſpect ſeems to be breaking upon us, and few events of *that kind* have ever given me more pleaſure than your ſucceſsful negociation and * * * *'s ſatisfactory anſwer. The agreement is, indeed, equally convenient for both parties: no time or expence will be waſted in ſcrutinizing the title of the eſtate; the intereſt will be ſecured by the clauſe of five *per cent.* and I lament with you, that no larger ſum than eight thouſand

pounds can be placed on Beriton, without aſking (what might be ſomewhat impudent) a collateral ſecurity, &c. &c. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. But I wiſh you to chooſe and execute one or the other of theſe arrangements with ſage diſcretion and abſolute power. I ſhorten my letter, that I may diſpatch it by this poſt. I ſee the time, and I ſhall rejoice to ſee it at the end of twenty years, when my cares will be at an end, and our friendly pages will be no longer ſullied with the repetition of dirty land and vile money; when we may expatiate on the politics of the world and our perſonal ſentiments. Without expecting your anſwer of buſineſs, I mean to write ſoon in a purer ſtyle, and I wiſh to lay open to my friend the ſtate of my mind, which (excluſive of all worldly concerns) is not perfectly at eaſe. In the mean while, I muſt add two or three ſhort articles. 1. I am aſtoniſhed at Elmſley's ſilence, and the immobility of your picture, Mine ſhould have departed long ſince, could I have found a ſure opportunity, &c. &c. Adieu, yours.

LAUSANNE, May 15th, 1790.

SINCE the firſt origin *(ab ovo)* of our connection and correſpondence, ſo long an interval of ſilence has not intervened, as far as I remember, between us, &c. &c.

From my ſilence you conclude that the moral complaint, which I had inſinuated in my laſt, is either inſignificant or fanciful. The concluſion is raſh. But the complaint in queſtion is of the nature of a ſlow lingering diſeaſe, which is not attended with any immediate danger. As I have not leiſure to expatiate, take the idea in three words: "Since "the loſs of poor Deyverdun, I am *alone;* and even in Paradiſe, ſo- "litude is painful to a ſocial mind. When I was a dozen years "younger, I *ſcarcely* felt the weight of a ſingle exiſtence amidſt the "crowds of London, of parliament, of clubs; but it will preſs more

" heavily upon me in this tranquil land, in the decline of life, and " with the increaſe of infirmities. Some expedient, even the moſt " deſperate, muſt be embraced, to ſecure the domeſtic ſociety of a " male or female companion. But I am not in a hurry; there is " time for reflection and advice." During this winter ſuch finer feelings have been ſuſpended by the groſſer evil of bodily pain. On the ninth of February I was ſeized by ſuch a fit of the gout as I had never known, though I muſt be thankful that its dire effects have been confined to the feet and knees, without aſcending to the more noble parts. With ſome viciſſitudes of better and worſe, I have groaned between two and three months; the debility has ſurvived the pain, and though now eaſy, I am carried about in my chair, without any power, and with a very diſtant chance, of ſupporting myſelf, from the extreme weakneſs and contraction of the joints of my knees. Yet I am happy in a ſkilful phyſician, and kind aſſiduous friends: every evening, during more than three months, has been enlivened (excepting when I have been forced to refuſe them) by ſome cheerful viſits, and very often by a choſen party of both ſexes. How different is ſuch ſociety from the ſolitary evenings which I have paſſed in the tumult of London! It is not worth while fighting about a ſhadow, but ſhould I ever return to England, Bath, not the metropolis, would be my laſt retreat.

Your portrait is at laſt arrived in perfect condition, and now occupies a conſpicuous place over the chimney-glaſs in my library. It is the object of general admiration; good judges (the few) applaud the work; the name of Reynolds opens the eyes and mouths of the many; and were not I afraid of making you vain, I would inform you that the original is not allowed to be more than five-and-thirty. In ſpite of private reluctance and public diſcontent, I have honourably diſmiſſed *myſelf**. I ſhall arrive at Sir Joſhua's before the end of the month; he will give me a look, and perhaps a touch; and

* His portrait.

you will be indebted to the preſident one guinea for the carriage. Do not be nervous, I am not rolled up; had I been ſo, you might have gazed on my charms four months ago. I want ſome account of yourſelf, of my Lady, (ſhall we never directly correſpond?) of Louiſa, and of Maria. How has the latter ſince her launch ſupported a quiet winter in Suſſex? I ſo much rejoice in your divorce from that b—— Kitty Coventry, that I care not what marriage you contract. A great city would ſuit your dignity, and the duties which would kill me in the firſt ſeſſion, would ſupply your activity with a conſtant fund of amuſement. But tread ſoftly and ſurely; the ice is deceitful, the water is deep, and you may be ſouſed over head and ears before you are aware. Why did not you or Elmſley ſend me the African pamphlet * by the poſt? it would not have coſt much. You have ſuch a knack of turning a nation, that I am afraid you will triumph (perhaps by the force of argument) over juſtice and humanity. But do you not expect to work at Belzebub's ſugar plantations in the infernal regions, under the tender government of a negro-driver? I ſhould ſuppoſe both my Lady and Miſs Firth very angry with you.

As to the bill for prints, which has been too long neglected, why will you not exerciſe the power, which I have never revoked, over all my caſh at the Goſlings? The Severy family has paſſed a very favourable winter; the young man is impatient to hear from a family which he places above all others: yet he will generouſly write next week, and ſend you a drawing of the alterations in the houſe. Do not raiſe your ideas; you know *I* am ſatisfied with convenience in architecture, and ſome elegance in furniture. I admire the coolneſs with which you aſk me to epiſtolize Reynell and Elmſley, as if a letter were ſo eaſy and pleaſant a taſk; it appears leſs ſo to me every day.

* Obſervations on the Project for aboliſhing the Slave Trade, by Lord Sheffield.

1790.

YOUR indignation will melt into pity, when you hear that for ſeveral weeks paſt I have been again confined to my chamber and my chair. Yet I muſt haſten, generouſly haſten, to exculpate the gout, my old enemy, from the curſes which you already pour on his head. He is not the cauſe of this diſorder, although the conſequences have been ſomewhat ſimilar. I am ſatisfied that this effort of nature has ſaved me from a very dangerous, perhaps a fatal, criſis; and I liſten to the flattering hope that it may tend to keep the gout at a more reſpectful diſtance, &c. &c. &c.

The whole ſheet has been filled with dry ſelfiſh buſineſs; but I muſt and will reſerve ſome lines of the cover for a little friendly converſation. I paſſed four days at the caſtle of Copet with Necker; and could have wiſhed to have ſhewn him, as a warning to any aſpiring youth poſſeſſed with the dæmon of ambition. With all the means of private happineſs in his power, he is the moſt miſerable of human beings: the paſt, the preſent, and the future are equally odious to him. When I ſuggeſted ſome domeſtic amuſements of books, building, &c. he anſwered, with a deep tone of deſpair, "Dans l'êtat ou "je ſuis, je ne puis ſentir que le coup de vent qui m'a abbatû." How different from the careleſs cheerfulneſs with which our poor friend Lord North ſupported his fall! Madame Necker maintains more external compoſure, *mais le Diable n'y perd rien.* It is true that Necker wiſhed to be carried into the cloſet, like old Pitt, on the ſhoulders of the people; and that he has been ruined by the democracy which he had raiſed. I believe him to be an able financier, and know him to be an honeſt man; too honeſt, perhaps, for a miniſter. His rival Calonne has paſſed through Lauſanne, in his way from Turin; and was ſoon followed by the Prince of Condé, with his ſon and grandſon; but I was too much indiſpoſed to ſee them. They have, or have had, ſome wild projects of a counter-revolution: horſes have been bought, men levied: ſuch fooliſh attempts muſt

end

end in the ruin of the party. Burke's book is a moſt admirable medicine againſt the French diſeaſe, which has made too much progreſs even in this happy country. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can forgive even his ſuperſtition. The primitive church, which I have treated with ſome freedom, was itſelf at that time an innovation, and I was attached to the old Pagan eſtabliſhment. The French ſpread ſo many lies about the ſentiments of the Engliſh nation, that I wiſh the moſt conſiderable men of all parties and deſcriptions would join in ſome public act, declaring themſelves ſatisfied and reſolved to ſupport our preſent conſtitution. Such a declaration would have a wonderful effect in Europe; and, were I thought worthy, I myſelf would be proud to ſubſcribe it. I have a great mind to ſend you ſomething of a ſketch, ſuch as all thinking men might adopt.

I have intelligence of the approach of my Madeira. I accept with equal pleaſure the ſecond pipe, now in the Torrid Zone. Send me ſome pleaſant details of your domeſtic ſtate, of Maria, &c. If my Lady thinks that my ſilence is a mark of indifference, my Lady is a gooſe. I *muſt* have you all at Lauſanne next ſummer.

LAUSANNE, Auguſt 7, 1790.

I ANSWER at once your two letters; and I ſhould probably have taken earlier notice of the firſt, had I not been in daily expectation of the ſecond. I muſt begin on the ſubject of what really intereſts me the moſt, your glorious election for Briſtol. Moſt ſincerely do I congratulate your exchange of a curſed expenſive jilt, who deſerted you for a rich Jew, for an honourable connection with a chaſte and virtuous matron, who will probably be as conſtant as ſhe is diſintereſted. In the whole range of election from Caithneſs to St. Ives, I much doubt whether there be a ſingle choice ſo truly honourable to the member and the conſtituents. The ſecond commercial city invites, from a diſtant province, an independent gentleman, known only

only by his active ſpirit, and his writings on the ſubject of trade; and names him, without intrigue or expence, for her repreſentative: even the voice of party is ſilenced, while factions ſtrive which ſhall applaud the moſt.

You are now ſure, for ſeven years to come, of never wanting food; I mean buſineſs: what a crowd of ſuitors or complainants will beſiege your door! what a load of letters and memorials will be heaped on your table! I much queſtion whether even you will not ſometimes exclaim, *Oh! jam ſatis eſt!* but that is your affair. Of the excurſion to Coventry I cannot decide, but I hear it is pretty generally blamed: but, however, I love gratitude to an old friend; and ſhall not be very angry if you damned them with a farewel to all eternity. But I cannot repreſs my indignation at the uſe of thoſe fooliſh, obſolete, odious words, Whig and Tory. In the American war they might have ſome meaning; and then your Lordſhip was a Tory, although you ſuppoſed yourſelf a Whig: ſince the coalition, all general principles have been confounded; and if there ever was an oppoſition to men, not meaſures, it is the preſent. Luckily both the leaders are great men; and, whatever happens, the country muſt fall upon its legs. What a ſtrange miſt of peace and war ſeems to hang over the ocean! We can perceive nothing but ſecrecy and vigor; but thoſe are excellent qualities to perceive in a miniſter. From yourſelf and politics I now return to my private concerns, which I ſhall methodically conſider under the three great articles of mind, body, and eſtate.

1. I am not abſolutely diſpleaſed at your firing ſo haſtily at the hint, a tremendous hint, in my laſt letter. But the danger is not ſo ſerious or imminent as you ſeem to ſuſpect; and I give you my word, that, before I take the ſlighteſt ſtep which can bind me either in law, conſcience, or honour, I will faithfully communicate, and we will freely diſcuſs, the whole ſtate of the buſineſs. But at preſent there is not any thing to communicate or diſcuſs; I do aſſure you

that

that I have not any particular object in view: I am not in love with any of the hyænas of Lauſanne, though there are ſome who keep their claws tolerably well pared. Sometimes, in a ſolitary mood, I have fancied myſelf married to one or another of thoſe whoſe ſociety and converſation are the moſt pleaſing to me; but when I have painted in my fancy all the probable conſequences of ſuch an union, I have ſtarted from my dream, rejoiced in my eſcape, and ejaculated a thankſgiving that I was ſtill in poſſeſſion of my natural freedom. Yet I feel, and ſhall continue to feel, that domeſtic ſolitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by ſtudy, and even by friendſhip, is a comfortleſs ſtate, which will grow more painful as I deſcend in the vale of years. At preſent my ſituation is very tolerable; and if at dinner-time, or at my return home in the evening, I ſometimes ſigh for a companion, there are many hours, and many occaſions, in which I enjoy the ſuperior bleſſing of being ſole maſter of my own houſe. But your plan, though leſs dangerous, is ſtill more abſurd than mine: ſuch a couple as you deſcribe could not be found; and, if found, would not anſwer my purpoſe; their rank and poſition would be awkward and ambiguous to myſelf and my acquaintance; and the agreement of three perſons of three characters would be ſtill more impracticable. My plan of Charlotte Porten is undoubtedly the moſt deſirable; and ſhe might either remain a ſpinſter (the caſe is not without example), or marry ſome Swiſs of my choice, who would increaſe and enliven our ſociety; and both would have the ſtrongeſt motives for kind and dutiful behaviour. But the mother has been indirectly ſounded, and will not hear of ſuch a propoſal for ſome years. On my ſide, I would not take her, but as a piece of ſoft wax which I could model to the language and manners of the country: I muſt therefore be patient.

Young Severy's letter, which may be now in your hands, and which, for theſe three or four laſt poſts, has furniſhed my indolence with a new pretence for delay, has already informed you of the

means and circumſtances of my reſurrection. Tedious indeed was my confinement, ſince I was not able to move from my houſe or chair, from the ninth of February to the firſt of July, very nearly five months. The firſt weeks were accompanied with more pain than I have ever known in the gout, with anxious days and ſleepleſs nights; and when that pain ſubſided, it left a weakneſs in my knees which ſeemed to have no end. My confinement was however ſoftened by books, by the poſſeſſion of every comfort and convenience, by a ſucceſſion each evening of agreeable company, and by a flow of equal ſpirits and general good health. During the laſt weeks I deſcended to the ground floor, poor Deyverdun's apartment, and conſtructed a chair like Merlin's, in which I could wheel myſelf in the houſe and on the terrace. My patience has been univerſally admired; yet how many thouſands have paſſed thoſe five months leſs eaſily than myſelf. I remember making a remark perfectly ſimple, and perfectly true: "At preſent, (I ſaid to Madame de Severy,) I am not poſi-" tively miſerable, and I may reaſonably hope a daily or weekly im-" provement, till ſooner or later in the ſummer I ſhall recover new " limbs, and new pleaſures, which I do not now poſſeſs: have any " of you ſuch a proſpect?" The prediction has been accompliſhed, and I have arrived to my preſent condition of ſtrength, or rather of feebleneſs: I now can walk with tolerable eaſe in my garden and ſmooth places; but on the rough pavement of the town I uſe, and perhaps ſhall uſe, a ſedan chair. The Pyrmont waters have performed wonders; and my phyſician (not Tiſſot, but a very ſenſible man) allows me to hope, that the term of the interval will be in proportion to that of the fit.

Have you read in the Engliſh papers, that the government of Berne is overturned, and that we are divided into three democratical leagues? true as what I have read in the French papers, that the Engliſh have cut off Pitt's head, and aboliſhed the Houſe of Lords. The people of this country are happy; and in ſpite of ſome miſ-

creants, and more foreign emiſſaries, they are ſenſible of their happineſs.

Finally—Inform my Lady, that I am indignant at a falſe and heretical aſſertion in her laſt letter to Severy, " that friends at a diſtance " cannot love each other, if they do not write." I love her better than any woman in the world; indeed I do; and yet I do not write. And ſhe herſelf—but I am calm. We have now nearly one hundred French exiles, ſome of them worth being acquainted with; particularly a Count de Schomberg, who is become almoſt my friend; he is a man of the world, of letters, and of ſufficient age, ſince in 1753 he ſucceeded to Marſhal Saxe's regiment of dragoons. As to the reſt, I entertain them, and they flatter me: but I wiſh we were reduced to our Lauſanne ſociety. Poor France! the ſtate is diſſolved, the nation is mad! Adieu.

LAUSANNE, April 9, 1791.

FIRST, of my health: it is now tolerably reſtored, my legs are ſtill weak, but the animal in general is in a ſound and lively condition; and we have great hopes from the fine weather and the Pyrmont waters. I moſt ſincerely wiſhed for the preſence of Maria, to embelliſh a ball which I gave the 29th of laſt month to all the beſt company, natives and foreigners, of Lauſanne, with the aid of the Severys, eſpecially of the mother and ſon, who directed the œconomy, and performed the honours of the *fête*. It opened about ſeven in the evening; the aſſembly of men and women was pleaſed and pleaſing, the muſic good, the illumination ſplendid, the refreſhments profuſe: at twelve, one hundred and thirty perſons ſat down to a very good ſupper: at two, I ſtole away to bed, in a ſnug corner; and I was informed at breakfaſt, that the remains of the veteran and young troops, with Severy and his ſiſter at their head, had concluded the laſt dance about a quarter before ſeven. This magnificent entertainment has gained me great credit; and the expence was more reaſonable than you can eaſily imagine.

This

This was an extraordinary event, but I give frequent dinners; and in the ſummer I have an aſſembly every Sunday evening. What a wicked wretch! ſays my Lady.

I cannot pity you for the accumulation of buſineſs, as you ought not to pity *me*, if I complained of the tranquillity of Lauſanne; we ſuffer or enjoy the effects of our own choice. Perhaps you will mutter ſomething, of our not being born for ourſelves, of public ſpirit (I have formerly read of ſuch a thing), of private friendſhip, for which I give you full and ample credit, &c. But your parliamentary operations, at leaſt, will probably expire in the month of June; and I ſhall refuſe to ſign the Newhaven conveyance, unleſs I am ſatisfied that you will execute the Lauſanne viſit this ſummer. On the 15th of June, ſuppoſe Lord, Lady, Maria, and maid, (poor Louiſa!) in a poſt coach, with Elienne on horſeback, ſet out from Downing-Street, or Sheffield-Place, croſs the channel from Brighton to Dieppe, viſit the National Aſſembly, buy caps at Paris, examine the ruins of Verſailles, and arrive at Lauſanne, without danger or fatigue, the ſecond week in July; you will be lodged pleaſantly and comfortably, and will not perhaps deſpiſe my ſituation. A couple of months will roll, alas! too haſtily away: you will all be amuſed by new ſcenes, new people; and whenever Maria and you, with Severy, mount on horſeback to viſit the country, the glaciers, &c. my Lady and myſelf ſhall form a very quiet tête-à-tête at home. In September, if you are tired, you may return by a direct or indirect way; but I only deſire that you will not make the plan impracticable, by graſping at too much. In return, I promiſe you a viſit of three or four months in the autumn of ninety-two: you and my bookſellers are now my principal attractions in England. You had ſome right to growl at hearing of my ſupplement in the papers: but Cadell's indiſcretion was founded on a hint which I had thrown out in a letter, and which in all probability will never be executed. Yet I am not totally idle. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, May 18, 1791.

I WRITE a ſhort letter, on ſmall paper, to inform you, that the various deeds, which arrived ſafe and in good condition, have this morning been ſealed, ſigned, and delivered, in the preſence of reſpectable and well-known Engliſh witneſſes. To have read the aforeſaid acts, would have been difficult; to have underſtood them, impracticable. I therefore ſigned them with my eyes ſhut, and in that implicit confidence, which we freemen and Britons are humbly content to yield to our lawyers and miniſters. I hope however, moſt ſeriouſly hope, that every thing has been carefully examined, and that I am not totally ruined. It is not without much impatience that I expect an account of the payment and inveſtment of the purchaſe-money. It was my intention to have added a new edition of my will; but I have an unexpected call to go to Geneva tomorrow with the Severys, and muſt defer that buſineſs a few days till after my return. On my return I may poſſibly find a letter from you, and will write more fully in anſwer: my poſthumous work, contained in a ſingle ſheet, will not ruin you in poſtage. In the mean while let me deſire you either never to talk of Lauſanne, or to execute the journey this ſummer; after the diſpatch of public and *private* buſineſs, there can be no real obſtacle but in yourſelf. Pray do not go to war with Ruſſia; it is very fooliſh. I am quite angry with Pitt. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, May 31, 1791.

AT length I ſee a ray of ſunſhine breaking from a dark cloud. Your epiſtle of the 13th arrived this morning, the 25th inſtant, the day after my return from Geneva; it has been communicated to Severy. We now believe that you intend a viſit to Lauſanne this ſummer, and we hope that you will execute that intention. If you are a man of honour, you ſhall find me one; and, on the day of your

your arrival at Lauſanne, I will ratify my engagement of viſiting the Britiſh iſle before the end of the year 1792, excepting only the fair and foul exception of the gout. You rejoice me, by propoſing the addition of dear Louiſa; it was not without a bitter pang that I threw her overboard, to lighten the veſſel and ſecure the voyage: I was fearful of the governeſs, a ſecond carriage, and a long train of difficulty and expence, which might have ended in blowing up the whole ſcheme. But if you can bodkin the ſweet creature into the coach, ſhe will find an eaſy welcome at Lauſanne. The firſt arrangements which I muſt make before your arrival, may be altered by your own taſte, on a ſurvey of the premiſes, and you will all be commodiouſly and pleaſantly lodged. You have heard a great deal of the beauty of my houſe, garden, and ſituation; but ſuch are their intrinſic value, that, unleſs I am much deceived, they will bear the teſt even of exaggerated praiſe. From my knowledge of your Lordſhip, I have always entertained ſome doubt how you would get through the ſociety of a Lauſanne winter: but I am ſatisfied that, excluſive of friendſhip, your ſummer viſits to the banks of the Leman Lake will long be remembered as one of the moſt agreeable periods of your life; and that you will ſcarcely regret the amuſement of a Suſſex Committee of Navigation in the dog days. You aſk for details: what details? a map of France and a poſt-book are eaſy and infallible guides. If the ladies are not afraid of the ocean, you are not ignorant of the paſſage from Brighton to Dieppe: Paris will then be in your direct road; and even allowing you to look at the Pandæmonium, the ruins of Verſailles, &c. a fortnight diligently employed will clear you from Sheffield Place to Gibbon Caſtle. What can I ſay more?

As little have I to ſay on the ſubject of my worldly matters, which ſeem now, Jupiter be praiſed, to be drawing towards a final concluſion; ſince when people part with their money, they are indeed ſerious. I do not perfectly underſtand the ratio of the preciſe ſum

which you have poured into Goſling's reſervoir, but ſuppoſe it will be explained in a general account.

You have been very dutiful in ſending me, what I have always deſired, a cut Woodfall on a remarkable debate; a debate, indeed, moſt remarkable! Poor ***** is the moſt eloquent and rational madman that I ever knew. I love ***'s feelings, but I deteſt the political principles of the man, and of the party. Formerly, you deteſted them more ſtrongly during the American war, than myſelf. I am half afraid that you are corrupted by your unfortunate connections. Should you admire the National Aſſembly, we ſhall have many an altercation, for I am as high an ariſtocrat as Burke himſelf; and he has truly obſerved, that it is impoſſible to debate with temper on the ſubject of that curſed revolution. In my laſt excurſion to Geneva I frequently ſaw the Neckers, who by this time are returned to their ſummer reſidence at Copet. He is much reſtored in health and ſpirits, eſpecially ſince the publication of his laſt book, which has probably reached England. Both parties, who agree in abuſing him, agree likewiſe that he is a man of virtue and genius; but I much fear that the pureſt intentions have been productive of the moſt baneful conſequences. Our military men, I mean the French, are leaving us every day for the camp of the Princes at Worms, and ſupport what is called repreſentation. Their hopes are ſanguine; I will not anſwer for their being well grounded: it is *certain*, however, that the emperor had an interview the 19th inſtant with the Count of Artois at Mantua; and the ariſtocrats talk in myſterious language of Spain, Sardinia, the Empire, four or five armies, &c. They will doubtleſs ſtrike a blow this ſummer: may it not recoil on their own heads! Adieu. Embrace our female travellers. A ſhort delay!

I

LAUSANNE, June 12, 1791.

I NOW begin to ſee you all in real motion, ſwimming from Brighton to Dieppe, according to my ſcheme, and afterwards treading the direct road, which you cannot well avoid, to the turbulent capital of the late kingdom of France. I know not what more to ſay, or what further inſtructions to ſend; they would indeed be uſeleſs, as you are travelling through a country which has been ſometimes viſited by Engliſhmen: only this let me ſay, that in the midſt of anarchy the roads were never more ſecure than at preſent. As you will wiſh to aſſiſt at the national aſſembly, you will act prudently in obtaining from the French in London a good recommendation to ſome leading member; Cazales, for inſtance, or the Abbé Maury. I ſoon expect from Elmſley a cargo of books; but you may bring me any new pamphlet of exquiſite flavour, particularly the laſt works of John Lord Sheffield, which the dog has always neglected to ſend. You will have time to write once more, and you muſt endeavour, as nearly as poſſible, to mark the day of your arrival. You may come either by Lyons and Geneva, by Dijon and les Rouſſes, or by Dole and Pontarliere. The poſt will fail you on the edge of Switzerland, and muſt be ſupplied by hired horſes. I wiſh you to make your laſt day's journey eaſy, ſo as to dine upon the road, and arrive by tea-time. The pulſe of the counter-revolution beats high, but I cannot ſend you any certain facts. Adieu. I want to *hear* my Lady abuſing me for never writing. *All* the Severys are very impatient.

Notwithſtanding the high premium, I do not abſolutely wiſh you drowned. Beſides all other cares, I muſt marry and propagate, which would give me a great deal of trouble.

LAUSANNE, July 1ſt, 1791.

IN obedience to your orders I direct a flying ſhot to Paris, though I have not any thing particular to add, excepting that our impatience is increaſed in the *inverſe ratio* of time and ſpace. Yet I almoſt doubt whether you have paſſed the ſea. The news of the King of France's eſcape muſt have reached you before the 28th, the day of your departure, and the proſpect of ſtrange unknown diſorder may well have ſuſpended your firmeſt reſolves. The royal animal is again caught, and all may probably be quiet. I was juſt going to exhort you to paſs through Bruſſels and the confines of Germany; a fair Iriſhiſm, ſince if you read this, you are already at Paris. The only reaſonable advice which now remains, is to obtain, by means of Lord Gower, a ſufficiency, or even ſuperfluity, of forcible paſſports, ſuch as leave no room for cavil on a jealous frontier. The frequent intercourſe with Paris has proved that the beſt and ſhorteſt road, inſtead of Beſançon, is by Dijon, Dole, Les Rouſſes, and Nyon. Adieu. I warmly embrace the Ladies. It would be idle now to talk of buſineſs.

IT has appeared from the foregoing Letters, that a viſit from myſelf and my family, to Mr. Gibbon at Lauſanne, had been for ſome time in agitation. This long-promiſed excurſion took place in the month of June 1791, and occaſioned a conſiderable ceſſation of our correſpondence. I landed at Dieppe immediately after the flight from, and return to, Paris of the unfortunate Lewis XVI. During my ſtay in that capital, I had an opportunity of ſeeing the extraordinary ferment of men's minds, both in the national aſſembly, in private ſocieties, and in my paſſage through France to Lauſanne, where I recalled to my memory the intereſting ſcenes I had witneſſed, by frequent converſations with my deceaſed friend. I might have wiſhed to record his opinions on the ſubject of the French revolution, if he had not expreſſed them ſo well in the annexed Letters. He ſeemed to ſuppoſe, as ſome of his Letters hint, that I had a tendency to the new French opinions. Never indeed, I can with truth aver, was ſuſpicion more unfounded; nor could it have been admitted into Mr. Gibbon's mind, but that his extreme friendſhip for me, and his utter abhorrence of theſe notions, made him anxious and jealous, even to an exceſs, that I ſhould not entertain them. He was, however, ſoon undeceived; he found that I was full as averſe to them as himſelf. I had from the firſt expreſſed an opinion, that ſuch a change as was aimed at in France, muſt derange all the regular governments in Europe, hazard the internal quiet and deareſt intereſts of this country, and probably end in bringing on mankind a much greater portion of miſery, than the moſt ſanguine reformer

had ever promiſed to himſelf or others to produce of benefit, by the viſionary ſchemes of liberty and equality, with which the ignorant and vulgar were miſled and abuſed.

Mr. Gibbon at firſt, like many others, ſeemed pleaſed with the proſpect of the reform of inveterate abuſes; but he very ſoon diſcovered the miſchief which was intended, the imbecility with which conceſſions were made, and the ruin that muſt ariſe, from the want of reſolution or conduct, in the adminiſtration of France. He lived to reprobate, in the ſtrongeſt terms poſſible, the folly of the firſt reformers, and the ſomething worſe than extravagance and ferocity of their ſucceſſors. He ſaw the wild and miſchievous tendency of thoſe pretended reformers, which, while they profeſſed nothing but amendment, really meant deſtruction to all ſocial order; and ſo ſtrongly was his opinion fixed, as to the danger of haſty innovation, that he became a warm and zealous advocate for every ſort of old eſtabliſhment, which he marked in various ways, ſometimes rather ludicrouſly; and I recollect, in a circle where French affairs were the topic, and ſome Portugueſe preſent, he, ſeemingly with ſerioufneſs, argued in favour of the inquiſition at Liſbon, and ſaid he would not, at the preſent moment, give up even that old eſtabliſhment.

It may, perhaps, not be quite unintereſting to the readers of theſe Memoirs, to know, that I found Mr. Gibbon at Lauſanne in poſſeſſion of an excellent houſe; the view from which, and from the terrace, was ſo uncommonly beautiful, that even his own pen would with difficulty deſcribe the ſcene which it commanded. This proſpect comprehended every thing grand and magnificent, which could be furniſhed by the fineſt mountains among the Alps, the moſt extenſive view of the Lake of Geneva, with a beautifully varied and cultivated country, adorned by numerous villas, and picturesque buildings, intermixed with beautiful maſſes of ſtately trees. Here my friend received us with an hoſpitality and kindneſs which I can never

forget. The beſt apartments of the houſe were appropriated to our uſe; the choiceſt ſociety of the place was ſought for, to enliven our viſit, and render every day of it cheerful and agreeable. It was impoſſible for any man to be more eſteemed and admired than Mr. Gibbon was at Lauſanne. The preference he had given to that place, in adopting it for a reſidence, rather than his own country, was felt and acknowledged by all the inhabitants; and he may have been ſaid almoſt to have given the law to a ſet of as willing ſubjects as any man ever preſided over. In return for the deference ſhewn to him, he mixed, without any affectation, in all the ſociety, I mean all the beſt ſociety, that Lauſanne afforded; he could indeed command it, and was, perhaps, for that reaſon the more partial to it; for he often declared that he liked ſociety more as a relaxation from ſtudy, than as expecting to derive from it amuſement or inſtruction; that to books he looked for improvement, not to living perſons. But this I conſidered partly as an anſwer to my expreſſions of wonder, that a man who might chooſe the moſt various and moſt generally improved ſociety in the world, namely, in England, that he ſhould prefer the very limited circle of Lauſanne, which he never deſerted, but for an occaſional viſit to M. and Madame Necker. It muſt not, however, be underſtood, that in chuſing Lauſanne for his home, he was inſenſible to the merits of a reſidence in England: he was not in poſſeſſion of an income which correſponded with his notions of eaſe and comfort in his own country. In Switzerland, his fortune was ample. To this conſideration of fortune may be added another, which alſo had its weight; from early youth Mr. Gibbon had contracted a partiality for foreign taſte and foreign habits of life, which made him leſs a ſtranger abroad than he was, in ſome reſpects, in his native country. This aroſe, perhaps, from having been out of England from his ſixteenth to his twenty-firſt year; yet, when I came to Lauſanne, I found him apparently without reliſh for French ſociety. During the

ſtay I made with him he renewed his intercourſe with the principal French who were at Lauſanne; of whom there happened to be a conſiderable number, diſtinguiſhed for rank or talents; many indeed reſpectable for both *. During my ſtay in Switzerland I was not abſent from my friend's houſe, except during a ſhort excurſion that we made together to Mr. Necker's at Copet, and a tour to Geneva, Chamouny, over the Col de Balme, to Martigny, St. Maurice, and round the Lake by Vevay to Lauſanne. In the ſocial and ſingularly pleaſant months that I paſſed with Mr. Gibbon, he enjoyed his uſual cheerfulneſs, with good health. Since he left England, in 1788, he had had a ſevere attack, mentioned in one of the foregoing letters, of an Eryſipelas, which at laſt ſettled in one of his legs, and left ſomething of a dropſical tendency; for at this time I firſt perceived a conſiderable degree of ſwelling about the ancle.

In the beginning of October I left this delightful reſidence; and ſome time after my return to England, our correſpondence recommenced.

* Marſhal de Caſtries and ſeveral branches of his family, Duc de Guignes and daughters, Duc and Ducheſſe de Guiche, Madame de Grammont, Princeſſe d'Henin, Princeſſe de Bouillon, Ducheſſe de Biron, Prince de Salms, Comte de Schomberg, M. Lally Tolendal, M. de Mounier, Madame d'Agueſſeau and family, M. de Malherbes, &c. &c.

LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON Eſq.

TO

LORD *SHEFFIELD*, and Others.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to the Hon. Miſs* HOLROYD.

LAUSANNE, 9th Nov. 1791.

GULLIVER is made to ſay, in preſenting his interpreter, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend." Allow me to ſay, with proper expreſſions and excuſes, "My pen is in the hand of "my friend;" and the aforeſaid friend begs leave thus to continue *.

I remember to have read ſomewhere in Rouſſeau, of a lover quitting very often his miſtreſs, to have the pleaſure of correſponding with her. Though not abſolutely your lover, I am very much your admirer, and ſhould be extremely tempted to follow the ſame example. The ſpirit and reaſon which prevail in your converſation, appear to great advantage in your letters. The three which I have

* The remainder of the letter was dictated by Mr. Gibbon, and written by M. Wilh. de Severy. S.

received from Berne, Coblentz, and Bruſſels have given me much real pleaſure; firſt, as a proof that you are often thinking of me; ſecondly, as an evidence that you are capable of keeping a reſolution; and thirdly, from their own intrinſic merit and entertainment. The ſtyle, without any allowance for haſte or hurry, is perfectly correct; the manner is neither too light, nor too grave; the dimenſions neither too long, nor too ſhort: they are ſuch, in a word, as I ſhould like to receive from the daughter of my beſt friend. I attend your lively journal, through bad roads, and worſe inns. Your deſcription of men and manners conveys very ſatisfactory information; and I am particularly delighted with your remark concerning the irregular behaviour of the Rhine. But the Rhine, alas! after ſome temporary wanderings, will be content to flow in his old channel, while man—man is the greateſt fool of the whole creation.

I direct this letter to Sheffield-Place, where I ſuppoſe you arrived in health and ſafety. I congratulate my Lady on her quiet eſtabliſhment by her fireſide; and hope you will be able, after all your excurſions, to ſupport the climate and manners of Old England. Before this epiſtle reaches you, I hope to have received the two promiſed letters from Dover and Sheffield-Place. If they ſhould not meet with a proper return, you will pity and forgive me. I have not yet heard from Lord Sheffield, who ſeems to have devolved on his daughter, the taſk which ſhe has ſo glorioufly executed. I ſhall probably not write to him, till I have received his firſt letter of buſineſs from England; but with regard to my Lady, I have moſt excellent intentions.

I never could underſtand how two perſons of ſuch ſuperior merit, as Miſs Holroyd and Miſs Laufanne, could have ſo little reliſh for one another, as they appeared to have in the beginning; and it was with great pleaſure that I obſerved the degrees of their growing intimacy, and the mutual regret of their ſeparation. Whatever you may imagine, your friends at Laufanne have been thinking as frequently

quently of yourſelf and company, as you could poſſibly think of them; and you will be very ungrateful, if you do not ſeriouſly reſolve to make them a ſecond viſit, under ſuch name and title as you may judge moſt agreeable. None of the Severy family, except perhaps my ſecretary, are inclined to forget you; and I am continually aſked for ſome account of your health, motions, and amuſements. Since your departure, no great events have occurred. I have made a ſhort excurſion to Geneva and Copet, and found Mr. Necker in much better ſpirits than when you ſaw him. They preſſed me to paſs ſome weeks this winter in their houſe at Geneva; and I may poſſibly comply, at leaſt, in part, with their invitation. The aſpect of Lauſanne is peaceful and placid; and you have no hopes of a revolution driving me out of this country. We hear nothing of the proceedings of the commiſſion *, except by playing at cards every evening with Monſieur Fiſcher, who often ſpeaks of Lord Sheffield with eſteem and reſpect. There is no appearance of Roſſet and La Motte being brought to a ſpeedy trial, and they ſtill remain in the caſtle of Chillon, which (according to the geography of the National Aſſembly) is waſhed by the ſea. Our winter begins with great ſeverity; and we ſhall not probably have many balls, which, as you may imagine, I lament much. Angletine does not conſider two French words as a letter. Montrond ſighs and bluſhes whenever Louiſa's name is mentioned: Philippine wiſhes to converſe with her on men

* A commiſſion, at the head of which was Monſieur Fiſcher, one of the principal members of the government of Berne, a very active and intelligent man, who would have diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the adminiſtration of any country. This commiſſion, which was accompanied by two or three thouſand of the beſt of the German militia of the Canton of Berne, was ſent for the purpoſe of examining into ſome attempts to introduce the French revolutionary principles into the Pays de Vaud. Several perſons were ſeized; the greater part were releaſed; the examination was ſecret, but Roſſet and La Motte were confined in the caſtle of Chillon; and being afterwards condemned, for correſpondence with the French, to a long impriſonment, were tranſferred to the caſtle of Arbourg. S.

and

and manners. The French ladies are ſettled in town for the winter, and they form, with Mrs. Trevor, a very agreeable addition to our ſociety. It is now enlivened by a viſit of the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the moſt accompliſhed men in the *ci devant* kingdom of France.

As Mrs. Wood *, who has miſcarried, is about to leave us, I muſt either cure or die; and, upon the whole, I believe the former will be moſt expedient. You will ſee her in London, with dear Corea, next winter. My rival magnificently preſents me with an hogſhead of Madeira; ſo that in honour I could not ſupplant him: yet I do aſſure you, from my heart, that another departure is much more painful to me. The apartment below † is ſhut up, and I know not when I ſhall again viſit it with pleaſure. Adieu. Believe me, one and all, moſt affectionately yours.

Edward Gibbon *Eſq. to the Right Hon. Lord* Sheffield.

Lausanne, December 28, 1791.

Alas! alas! the dæmon of procraſtination has again poſſeſſed me. Three months have nearly rolled away ſince your departure; and ſeven letters, five from the moſt valuable Maria, and two from yourſelf, have extorted from me only a ſingle epiſtle, which perhaps would never have been written, had I not uſed the permiſſion of employing my own tongue and the hand of a ſecretary. Shall I tell you, that, for theſe laſt ſix weeks, the eve of every day has witneſſed a *firm* reſolution, and the day itſelf has furniſhed ſome ingenious delay? This morning, for inſtance, I determined to invade you as ſoon as the breakfaſt things ſhould be removed: they were removed; but I had ſomething to read, to write, to meditate, and there was time

* Madame de Silva.

† The apartment principally inhabited during the reſidence of my family at Lauſanne. S.

enough

enough before me. Hour after hour has ſtolen away, and I finally begin my letter at two o'clock, evidently too late for the poſt, as I muſt dreſs, dine, go abroad, &c. A foundation, however, *ſhall be* laid, which will ſtare me in the face; and next Saturday I ſhall probably be rouſed by the awful reflection that it is the laſt day in the year.

After realizing this ſummer an event which I had long conſidered as a dream of fancy, I know not whether I ſhould rejoice or grieve at your viſit to Lauſanne. While I poſſeſſed the family, the ſentiment of pleaſure highly predominated; when, juſt as we had ſubſided in a regular, eaſy, comfortable plan of life, the laſt trump ſounded, and, without ſpeaking of the pang of ſeparation, you left me to one of the moſt gloomy, ſolitary months of October which I have ever paſſed. For yourſelf and daughters, however, you have contrived to ſnatch ſome of the moſt intereſting ſcenes of this world. Paris, at ſuch a moment, Switzerland, and the Rhine, Straſburg, Coblentz, have ſuggeſted a train of lively images and uſeful ideas, which will not be ſpeedily eraſed. The mind of the young damſel, more eſpecially, will be enlarged and enlightened in every ſenſe. In four months ſhe has lived many years; and ſhe will much deceive and diſpleaſe me, if ſhe does not review and methodize her journal, in ſuch a manner as ſhe is capable of performing, for the amuſement of her particular friends. Another benefit which will redound from your recent view is, that every place, perſon, and object, about Lauſanne, are now become familiar and intereſting to you. In our future correſpondence (do I dare pronounce the word correſpondence?) I can talk to you as freely of every circumſtance as if it were actually before your eyes. And firſt, of my own improvements.—All thoſe venerable piles of ancient verdure which you *admired* have been eradicated in one fatal day. Your faithful ſubſtitutes, William de Severy and Levade, have never ceaſed to perſecute me, till I ſigned their death warrant. Their place is now ſupplied

by a number of picturesque naked poles, the foster-fathers of as many twigs of Platanusses, which may afford a grateful but distant shade to the founder, or to his seris Nepotibus. In the mean while I must confess that the terrace appears broader, and that I discover a much larger quantity of snow than I should otherwise do. The workmen admire your ingenious plan for cutting out a new bed-chamber and book-room; but, on mature consideration, we all unanimously prefer the old scheme of adding a third room on the terrace beyond the library, with two spacious windows, and a fire-place between. It will be larger (28 feet by 21), and pleasanter, and warmer: the difference of expence will be much less considerable than I imagined: the door of communication with the library will be artfully buried in the wainscot; and, unless it be opened by my own choice, may always remain a profound secret. Such is the design; but, as it will not be executed before next summer, you have time and liberty to state your objections. I am much colder about the staircase, but it may be finished, according to your idea, for thirty pounds; and I feel they will persuade me. Am I not a very rich man? When these alterations are completed, few authors of six volumes in quarto will be more agreeably lodged than myself. Lausanne is now full and lively; all our native families are returned from the country; and, praised be the Lord! we are infested with few foreigners, either French or English. Even our democrats are more reasonable or more discreet; it is agreed, to wave the subject of politics, and all seem happy and cordial. I have a grand dinner this week, a supper of thirty or forty people on Twelfth-day, &c.; some concerts have taken place, some balls are talked of; and even Maria would allow (yet it is ungenerous to say even Maria) that the winter scene at Lausanne is tolerably gay and active. I say nothing of the Severys, as Angletine has epistolized Maria last post. She has probably hinted that her brother meditates a

short

ſhort excurſion to Turin: that worthy fellow Trevor has given him a preſſing invitation to his own houſe. In the beginning of February I propoſe going to Geneva for three or four weeks. I ſhall lodge and eat with the Neckers; my mornings will be my own, and I ſhall ſpend my evenings in the ſociety of the place, where I have many acquaintance. This ſhort abſence will agitate my ſtagnant life, and reſtore me with freſh appetite to my houſe, my library, and my friends. Before that time (the end of February) what events may happen, or be ready to happen! The National Aſſembly (compared to which the former was a ſenate of heroes and demi-gods) ſeem reſolved to attack Germany *avec quatre millions de bayonettes libres;* the army of the princes muſt ſoon either fight, or ſtarve, or conquer. Will Sweden draw his ſword? will Ruſſia draw her purſe? an empty purſe! All is darkneſs and anarchy: neither party is ſtrong enough to oppoſe a ſettlement; and I cannot ſee a poſſibility of an amicable arrangement, where there are no heads (in any ſenſe of the word) who can anſwer for the multitude. Send me your ideas, and thoſe of Lord Guildford, Lord Loughborough, Fox, &c.

Before I conclude, a word of my vexatious affairs.—Shall I never fail on the ſmooth ſtream of good ſecurity and half-yearly intereſt? will every body refuſe my money? I had already written to Darrel and Goſling to obey your commands, and was in hopes that you had already made large and ſalutary evacuations. During your abſence I never expected much effect from the cold indifference of agents; but you are now in England—you will be ſpeedily in London: ſet all your ſetting-dogs to beat the field, hunt, enquire, why ſhould you not advertiſe? Yet I am almoſt aſhamed to complain of ſome ſtagnation of intereſt, when I am witneſs to the natural and acquired philoſophy of ſo many French, who are reduced from riches, not to indigence, but to abſolute want and beggary. A Count Argout has juſt left us, who poſſeſſed ten thouſand a-year in

the iſland of St. Domingo; he is utterly burnt and ruined; and a brother, whom he tenderly loved, has been murdered by the negroes. Theſe are real misfortunes. I have much revolved the plan of the Memoirs I once mentioned; and, as you do not think it ridiculous, I believe I ſhall make an attempt: if I can pleaſe myſelf, I am confident of not diſpleaſing; but let this be a profound ſecret between us: people muſt not be prepared to laugh; they muſt be taken by ſurpriſe. Have you looked over your, or rather my, letters? Surely, in the courſe of the year, you may find a ſafe and cheap occaſion of ſending me a parcel; they may aſſiſt me. Adieu. I embrace my Lady: ſend me a favourable account of her health. I kiſs the Marmaille. By an amazing puſh of remorſe and diligence I have finiſhed my letter (three pages and a half) this ſame day ſince dinner; but I have not time to read it. Ever yours.

Half paſt Six.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, December 31, 1791.

To-morrow a new year, *multos et felices!*

I NOW moſt ſincerely repent of my late repentance, and do almoſt ſwear never to renounce the amiable and uſeful practice of procraſtination. Had I delayed, as I was ſtrongly tempted, another poſt, your miſſive of the 13th, which did not reach me till this morning (three mails were due), would have arrived in time, and I might have avoided this ſecond Herculean labour. It will be, however, no more than an infant Hercules. The topics of converſation have been fully diſcuſſed, and I ſhall now confine myſelf to the needful of the new buſineſs. *Felix fauſtumque ſit!* may no untoward accident diſarrange your Yorkſhire mortgage; the concluſion of which will place me in a clear and eaſy ſtate, ſuch as I have never known ſince the firſt hour of property. * * * *

The

The three per cents are ſo high, and the country is in ſuch a damned ſtate of proſperity under that fellow Pitt, that it goes againſt me to purchaſe at ſuch low intereſt. In my viſit to England next autumn, or in the ſpring following, (alas! you *muſt* acquieſce in the alternative,) I hope to be armed with ſufficient materials to draw a ſum, which may be employed as taſte or fancy ſhall dictate, in the improvement of my library, a ſervice of plate, &c. I am not very ſanguine, but ſurely this is no uncomfortable proſpect. This pecuniary detail, which has not indeed been ſo unpleaſant as it uſed formerly to be, has carried me farther than I expected. Let us now drink and be merry. I flatter myſelf that your Madeira, improved by its travels, will ſet forwards for Meſſrs. Romberg, at Oſtend, early in the ſpring; and I ſhould be very well pleaſed if you could add a hogſhead of excellent Claret, for which we ſhould be entitled to the drawback: they muſt halt at Baſle, and ſend notice to me for a ſafe-conduct. Have you had any intelligence from Lord Auckland about the wine which he was to order from Bourdeaux, by Marſeilles and the Rhone? The one need not impede the other; I wiſh to have a large ſtock. Corea has promiſed me a hogſhead of his native Madeira, for which I am to give him an order on Cadell for a copy of the Decline and Fall: he vaniſhed without notice, and is now at Paris. Could you not fiſh out his direction by Mrs. Wood, who by this time is in England? I rejoice in Lally's proſperity. Have you reconſidered my propoſal of a declaration of conſtitutional principles from the heads of the party? I think a fooliſh addreſs from a body of Whigs to the National Aſſembly renders it ſtill more incumbent on you. Atchieve my worldly concerns, *et eris mihi magnus Apollo.* Adieu, ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, April 4th, 1792.

FOR fear you ſhould abuſe me, as uſual, I will begin the attack, and ſcold at you, for not having yet ſent me the long-expected intelligence of the completion of my mortgage. You had poſitively aſſured me that the ſecond of February would terminate my worldly cares, by a conſummation ſo devoutly to be wiſhed. The news, therefore, might reach me about the eighteenth; and I argued with the gentle logic of lazineſs, that it was perfectly idle to anſwer your letter, till I could chaunt a thankſgiving ſong of gratitude and praiſe. As every poſt diſappointed my hopes, the ſame argument was repeated for the next; and twenty empty-handed poſtilions have blown their inſignificant horns, till I am provoked at laſt to write by ſheer impatience and vexation. *Facit indignatio verſum. Coſpetto di Baccho;* for I muſt eaſe myſelf by ſwearing a little. What is the cauſe, the meaning, the pretence, of this delay? Are the Yorkſhire mortgagers inconſtant in their wiſhes? Are the London lawyers conſtant in their procraſtination? Is a letter on the road, to inform me that all is concluded, or to tell me that all is broken to pieces? Had the money been placed in the three per cents laſt May; beſides the annual intereſt, it would have gained by the riſe of ſtock nearly twenty *per cent.* Your Lordſhip is a wiſe man, a ſucceſsful writer, and an uſeful ſenator; you underſtand America and Ireland, corn and ſlaves, but your prejudice againſt the funds *, in which I am often tempted to join, makes you a little blind to their increaſing value in the hands of our virtuous and excellent miniſter. But our regret is vain; one pull more and we reach the ſhore; and our future correſpondence will be no longer tainted with buſineſs. Shall I then be more diligent and regular? I hope and believe ſo; for now that I have got over this article of worldly intereſt, my letter

* It would be more correct if he had ſaid, my preference of land. S.

ſeems

ſeems to be almoſt finiſhed. *A propos* of letters, am I not a ſad dog to forget my Lady and Maria? Alas! the dual number has been prejudicial to both. How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away. I am like the aſs of famous memory; I cannot tell which way to turn firſt, and there I ſtand mute and immoveable. The Baronial and maternal dignity of my Lady, ſupported by twenty years friendſhip, may claim the preference. But the five incomparable letters of Maria!—Next week, however.—Am I not aſhamed to talk of next week?

I have moſt ſucceſsfully, and moſt agreeably, executed my plan of ſpending the month of March at Geneva, in the Necker-houſe, and every circumſtance that I had arranged turned out beyond my expectation; the freedom of the morning, the ſociety of the table and drawing-room, from half an hour paſt two till ſix or ſeven; an evening aſſembly and card-party, in a round of the beſt company, and, excepting one day in the week, a private ſupper of free and friendly converſation. You would like Geneva better than Lauſanne; there is much more information to be got among the men; but though I found ſome agreeable women, their manners and ſtile of life are, upon the whole, leſs eaſy and pleaſant than our own. I was much pleaſed with Necker's brother Mr. De Germain, a good-humoured, polite, ſenſible man, without the genius and fame of the ſtateſman, but much more adapted for private and ordinary happineſs. Madame de Stael is expected in a few weeks at Copet, where they receive her, and where, "to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey," ſhe will have leiſure to regret "the pleaſing anxious being," which ſhe enjoyed amidſt the ſtorms of Paris. But what can the poor creature do? her huſband is in Sweden, her lover is no longer ſecretary at war, and her father's houſe is the only place where ſhe can reſide with the leaſt degree of prudence and decency. Of that father I have really a much higher idea than I ever had before; in our domeſtic intimacy he caſt away his gloom and reſerve; I ſaw a great deal of his mind,

and all that I ſaw is fair and worthy. He was overwhelmed by the hurricane, he miſtook his way in the fog, but in ſuch a perilous ſituation, I much doubt whether any mortal could have ſeen or ſtood. In the meanwhile, he is abuſed by all parties, and none of the French in Geneva will ſet their foot in his houſe. He remembers Lord Sheffield with eſteem; his health is good, and he would be tranquil in his private life, were not his ſpirits continually wounded by the arrival of every letter and every newſpaper. His ſympathy is deeply intereſted by the fatal conſequences of a revolution, in which he had acted ſo leading a part; and he feels as a friend for the danger of M. de Leſſart, who may be guilty in the eyes of the Jacobins, or even of his judges, by thoſe very actions and diſpatches which would be moſt approved by all the lovers of his country. What a momentous event is the Emperor's death! In the forms of a new reign, and of the Imperial election, the democrats have at leaſt gained time, if they knew how to uſe it. But the new monarch, though of a weak complexion, is of a martial temper; he loves the ſoldiers, and is beloved by them; and the ſlow fluctuating politics of his uncle may be ſucceeded by a direct line of march to the gates of Straſbourg and Paris. It is the opinion of the maſter movers in France, (I know it moſt certainly,) that their troops will not fight, that the people have loſt all ſenſe of patriotiſm, and that on the firſt diſcharge of an Auſtrian cannon the game is up. But what occaſion for Auſtrians or Spaniards? the French are themſelves their greateſt enemies; four thouſand Marſeillois are marched againſt Arles and Avignon, the *troupes de ligne* are divided between the two parties, and the flame of civil war will ſoon extend over the ſouthern provinces. You have heard of the unworthy treatment of the Swiſs regiment of Ernſt. The canton of Berne has bravely recalled them, with a ſtout letter to the King of France, which muſt be inſerted in all the papers. I now come to the moſt unpleaſant article, our home politics. Boſſet and La Motte are condemned to

fine and twenty years impriſonment in the fortreſs of Arbourg. We have not yet received their official ſentence, nor is it believed that the proofs and proceedings againſt them will be publiſhed; an awkward circumſtance, which it does not ſeem eaſy to juſtify. Some (though none of note) are taken up, ſeveral are fled, many more are ſuſpected and ſuſpicious. All are ſilent, but it is the ſilence of fear and diſcontent; and the ſecret hatred which rankled againſt government begins to point againſt the few who are known to be well-affected. I never knew any place ſo much changed as Lauſanne, even ſince laſt year; and though you will not be much obliged to me for the motive, I begin very ſeriouſly to think of viſiting Sheffield-Place by the month of September next. Yet here again I am frightened, by the dangers of a French, and the difficulties of a German, route. You muſt ſend me an account of the paſſage from Dieppe to Brighton, with an itinerary of the Rhine, diſtances, expences, &c. As uſual, I juſt ſave the poſt, nor have I time to read my letter, which, after waſting the morning in deliberation, has been ſtruck off in a heat ſince dinner. No news of the Madeira. Your views of S. P. are juſt received; they are admired, and ſhall be framed. Severy has ſpent the carnival at Turin. Trevor is only the beſt man in the world.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, May 30th, 1792.

AFTER the receipt of your *penultimate*, eight days ago, I expected, with much impatience, the arrival of your next-promiſed epiſtle. It arrived this morning, but has not completely anſwered my expectations. I wanted, and I hoped for a full and fair picture of the preſent and probable aſpect of your political world, with which, at this diſtance, I ſeem every day leſs ſatisfied. In the ſlave queſtion you triumphed laſt ſeſſion, in this you have been defeated. What

is the cauſe of this alteration? If it proceeded only from an impulſe of humanity, I cannot be diſpleaſed, even with an error; ſince it is very likely that my own vote (had I poſſeſſed one) would have been added to the majority. But in this rage againſt ſlavery, in the numerous petitions againſt the ſlave trade, was there no leaven of new democratical principles? no wild ideas of the rights and natural equality of man? It is theſe, I fear. Some articles in newſpapers, ſome pamphlets of the year, the Jockey Club, have fallen into my hands. I do not infer much from ſuch publications; yet I have never known them of ſo black and malignant a caſt. I ſhuddered at Grey's motion; diſliked the half-ſupport of Fox, admired the firmneſs of Pitt's declaration, and excuſed the uſual intemperance of Burke. Surely ſuch men as ****, ********, *******, have talents for miſchief. I ſee a club of reform which contains ſome reſpectable names. Inform me of the profeſſions, the principles, the plans, the reſources, of theſe reformers. Will they heat the minds of the people? Does the French democracy gain no ground? Will the bulk of your party ſtand firm to their own intereſt, and that of their country? Will you not take ſome active meaſures to declare your ſound opinions, and ſeparate yourſelves from your rotten members? If you allow them to perplex government, if you trifle with this ſolemn buſineſs, if you do not reſiſt the ſpirit of innovation in the firſt attempt, if you admit the ſmalleſt and moſt ſpecious change in our parliamentary ſyſtem, you are loſt. You will be driven from one ſtep to another; from principles juſt in theory, to conſequences moſt pernicious in practice; and your firſt conceſſions will be productive of every ſubſequent miſchief, for which you will be anſwerable to your country and to poſterity. Do not ſuffer yourſelves to be lulled into a falſe ſecurity; remember the proud fabric of the French monarchy. Not four years ago it ſtood founded, as it might ſeem, on the rock of time, force, and opinion, ſupported by the triple ariſtocracy of the church, the nobility, and the parliaments. They are crumbled into

duſt;

duſt; they are vaniſhed from the earth. If this tremendous warning has no effect on the men of property in England; if it does not open every eye, and raiſe every arm, you will deſerve your fate. If I am too precipitate, enlighten; if I am too deſponding, encourage me.

My pen has run into this argument; for, as much a foreigner as you think me, on this momentous ſubject, I feel myſelf an Engliſhman.

The pleaſure of reſiding at Sheffield-Place is, after all, the firſt and the ultimate object of my viſit to my native country. But when or how will that viſit be effected? Clouds and whirlwinds, Auſtrian Croats and Gallic cannibals, ſeem one very ſide to impede my paſſage. You ſeem to apprehend the perils or difficulties of the German road, and French peace is more ſanguinary than civilized war. I muſt paſs through, perhaps, a thouſand republics or municipalities, which neither obey nor are obeyed. The ſtrictneſs of paſſports, and the popular ferment, are much increaſed ſince laſt ſummer: ariſtocrate is in every mouth, lanterns hang in every ſtreet, and an haſty word, or a caſual reſemblance, may be fatal. Yet, on the other hand, it is probable that many Engliſh, men, women, and children, will traverſe the country without any accident before next September; and I am ſenſible that many things appear more formidable at a diſtance than on a nearer approach. Without any abſolute determination, we muſt ſee what the events of the next three or four months will produce. In the mean while, I ſhall expect with impatience your next letter: let it be ſpeedy; my anſwer ſhall be prompt.

You will be glad, or ſorry, to learn that my gloomy apprehenſions are much abated, and that my departure, whenever it takes place, will be an act of choice, rather than of neceſſity. I do not pretend to affirm, that ſecret diſcontent, dark ſuſpicion, private animoſity, are very materially aſſuaged; but we have not experienced, nor do we now apprehend, any dangerous acts of violence, which may

compel me to ſeek a refuge among the friendly Bears *, and to abandon my library to the mercy of the democrats. The firmneſs and vigour of government have cruſhed, at leaſt for a time, the ſpirit of innovation; and I do not believe that the body of the people, eſpecially the peaſants, are diſpoſed for a revolution. From France, praiſed be the demon of anarchy! the inſurgents of the Pays de Vaud could not at preſent have much to hope; and ſhould the *gardes nationales*, of which there is little appearance, attempt an incurſion, the country is armed and prepared, and they would be reſiſted with equal numbers and ſuperior diſcipline. The Gallic wolves that prowled round Geneva are drawn away, ſome to the ſouth and ſome to the north, and the late events in Flanders ſeem to have diffuſed a general contempt, as well as abhorrence, for the lawleſs ſavages, who fly before the enemy, hang their priſoners, and murder their officers. The brave and patient regiment of Erneſt is expected home every day, and as Berne will take them into preſent pay, that veteran and regular corps will add to the ſecurity of our frontier.

I rejoice that we have ſo little to ſay on the ſubject of worldly affairs. * * * * This ſummer we are threatened with an inundation, beſides many nameleſs Engliſh and Iriſh; but I am anxious for the Ducheſs of Devonſhire and the Lady Elizabeth Foſter, who are on their march. Lord Malmſbury, the *audacieux* Harris, will inform you that he has ſeen me: *him* I would have conſented to keep.

One word more before we part; call upon Mr. John Nicholls, bookſeller and printer, at Cicero's Head, Red-Lion-Paſſage, Fleet-Street, and aſk him whether he did not, about the beginning of March, receive a very polite letter from Mr. Gibbon of Lauſanne? To which, either as a man of buſineſs or a civil gentleman, he ſhould have returned an anſwer. My application related to a domeſtic article in the Gentleman's Magazine of Auguſt 1788,

* Berne.

(p. 698,) which had lately fallen into my hands, and concerning which I requeſted ſome farther lights. Mrs. Moſs delivered the letters * into my hands, but I doubt whether they will be of much ſervice to me; the work appears far more difficult in the execution than in the idea, and as I am now taking my leave for ſome time of the library, I ſhall not make much progreſs in the memoirs of P. P. till I am on Engliſh ground. But is it indeed true, that I ſhall eat any Suſſex pheaſants this autumn? The event is in the book of Fate, and I cannot unroll the leaves of September and October. Should I reach Sheffield-Place, I hope to find the whole family in a perfect ſtate of exiſtence, except a certain Maria Holroyd, my fair and *generous* correſpondent, whoſe annihilation on proper terms I moſt fervently deſire. I muſt receive a copious anſwer before the end of next month, June, and again call upon you for a map of your political world. The chancellor roars; does he break his chain? *Vale.*

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, Auguſt 23d, 1792.

WHEN I inform you, that the deſign of my Engliſh expedition is at laſt poſtponed till another year, you will not be much ſurpriſed. The public obſtacles, the danger of one road, and the difficulties of another, would alone be ſufficient to arreſt ſo unwieldy and inactive a being; and theſe obſtacles, on the ſide of France, are growing every day more inſuperable. On the other hand, the terrors which might have driven me from hence have, in a great meaſure, ſubſided; our ſtate-priſoners are forgotten: the country begins to recover its old good humour and unſuſpecting confidence, and the laſt revolution

* His letters to me for a certain period, which he deſired me to ſend, to aſſiſt him in writing his Memoirs. S.

of

of Paris appears to have convinced almoſt every body of the fatal conſequences of democratical principles, which lead by a path of flowers into the abyſs of hell. I may therefore wait with patience and tranquillity till the Duke of Brunſwick ſhall have opened the French road. But if I am not driven from Lauſanne, you will aſk, I hope with ſome indignation, whether I am not drawn to England, and more eſpecially to Sheffield-Place? The deſire of embracing you and yours is now the ſtrongeſt, and muſt gradually become the ſole, inducement that can force me from my library and garden, over ſeas and mountains. The Engliſh world will forget and be forgotten, and every year will deprive me of ſome acquaintance, who by courteſy are ſtyled friends: Lord Guildford and Sir Joſhua Reynolds! two of the men, and two of the houſes in London, on whom I the moſt relied for the comforts of ſociety.

September 12th, 1792.

THUS far had I written in the full confidence of finiſhing and ſending my letter the next poſt; but ſix poſt-days have unaccountably ſlipped away, and were you not accuſtomed to my ſilence, you would almoſt begin to think me on the road. How dreadfully, ſince my laſt date, has the French road been polluted with blood! and what horrid ſcenes may be acting at this moment, and may ſtill be aggravated, till the Duke of Brunſwick is maſter of Paris! On every rational principle of calculation he muſt ſucceed; yet ſometimes, when my ſpirits are low, I dread the blind efforts of mad and deſperate multitudes fighting on their own ground. A few days or weeks muſt decide the military operations of this year, and perhaps for ever; but on the faireſt ſuppoſition, I cannot look forwards to any firm ſettlement, either of a legal or an abſolute government. I cannot pretend to give you any Paris news. Should I inform you, as we believe, that *Lally is ſtill among the cannibals*, you would poſ-

ſibly

ſibly anſwer, that he is now ſitting in the library at Sheffield. Madame de Stael, after miraculouſly eſcaping through pikes and poignards, has reached the caſtle of Copet, where I ſhall ſee her before the end of the week. If any thing can provoke the King of Sardinia and the Swiſs, it muſt be the foul deſtruction of *his* couſin Madame de Lamballe, and of *their* regiment of guards. An extraordinary council is ſummoned at Berne, *but reſentment may be checked by prudence.* In ſpite of Maria's laughter, I applaud your moderation, and ſigh for a hearty union of all the ſenſe and property of the country. The times require it; but your laſt political letter was a cordial to my ſpirits. The Ducheſs of D. rather diſlikes a coalition: amiable creature! The Eliza (we call her Beſs) is furious againſt you for not writing. We ſhall loſe them in a few days; but the motions of Beſs and the Ducheſs for Italy or England, are doubtful. Ladies Spencer and Duncannon certainly paſs the Alps. I live with them. Adieu. Since I do not appear in perſon, I feel the abſolute propriety of writing to my Lady and Maria; but there is far from the knowledge to the performance of a duty. Ever your's.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, October 5th, 1792.

As our Engliſh newſpapers muſt have informed you of the invaſion of Savoy by the French, and as it is poſſible that you may have ſome trifling apprehenſions of my *being killed and eaten by thoſe cannibals*, it has appeared to me that a ſhort extraordinary diſpatch might not be unacceptable on this occaſion. It is indeed true, that about ten days ago the French army of the South, under the command of M. de Monteſquieu, (if any French army can be ſaid to be under any command,) has entered Savoy, and poſſeſſed themſelves of Chamberry, Montmelian, and ſeveral other places. It has always been the practice of the King of Sardinia to abandon his tranſalpine

dominions; but on this occaſion the court of Turin appears to have been ſurpriſed by the ſtrange excentric motions of a democracy, which always acts from the paſſion of the moment; and their inferior troops have retreated, with ſome loſs and diſgrace, into the paſſes of the Alps. Mount Cenis is now impervious, and our Engliſh travellers who are bound for Italy, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Ancaſter, &c. will be forced to explore a long circuitous road through the Tirol. But the Chablais is yet intact, nor can our teleſcopes diſcover the tricolor banners on the other ſide of the lake. Our accounts of the French numbers ſeem to vary from fifteen to thirty thouſand men; the regulars are few, but they are followed by a rabble rout, which muſt ſoon, however, melt away, as they will find no plunder, and ſcanty ſubſiſtence, in the poverty and barrenneſs of Savoy. *N. B.* I have juſt ſeen a letter from Mr. de Monteſquieu, who boaſts that at his firſt entrance into Savoy he had only twelve battalions. Our intelligence is far from correct.

The magiſtrates of Geneva were alarmed by this dangerous neighbourhood, and more eſpecially by the well-known animoſity of an exiled citizen, Claviere, who is one of the ſix miniſters of the French republic. It was carried by a ſmall majority in the General Council, to call in the ſuccour of three thouſand Swiſs, which is ſtipulated by antient treaty. The ſtrongeſt reaſon or pretence of the minority, was founded on the danger of provoking the French, and they ſeem to have been juſtified by the event; ſince the complaint of the French reſident amounts to a declaration of war. The fortifications of Geneva are not contemptible, eſpecially on the ſide of Savoy; and it is much doubted whether Mr. de Monteſquieu is prepared for a regular ſiege; but the malecontents are numerous within the walls, and I queſtion whether the ſpirit of the citizens will hold out againſt a bombardment. In the mean while the diet has declared that the firſt cannon fired againſt Geneva will be conſidered as an act of hoſtility againſt the whole Helvetic body. Berne, as the neareſt and moſt powerful canton, has taken the lead with great vigour and

vigilance; the road is filled with the perpetual ſucceſſion of troops and artillery; and, if ſome diſaffection lurks in the towns, the peaſants, eſpecially the Germans, are inflamed with a ſtrong deſire of encountering the murderers of their countrymen. Mr. de Watteville, with whom you dined at my houſe laſt year, refuſed to accept the command of the Swiſs ſuccour of Geneva, till it was made his firſt inſtruction that he ſhould never, in any caſe, ſurrender himſelf priſoner of war.

In this ſituation, you may ſuppoſe that we have ſome fears. I have great dependence, however, on the many chances in our favour, the valour of the Swiſs, the return of the Piedmonteſe with their Auſtrian allies, eight or ten thouſand men from the Milaneſe, a diverſion from Spain, the great events (how ſlowly they proceed) on the ſide of Paris, the inconſtancy and want of diſcipline of the French, and the near approach of the winter ſeaſon. I am not nervous, but I will not be raſh. It will be painful to abandon my houſe and library; but, if the danger ſhould approach, I will retreat before it, firſt to Berne, and gradually to the North. Should I even be forced to take refuge in England (a violent meaſure ſo late in the year), you would perhaps receive me as kindly as you do the French prieſts—a noble act of hoſpitality! Could I have foreſeen this ſtorm, I would have been there ſix weeks ago; but who can foreſee the wild meaſures of the ſavages of Gaul? We thought ourſelves perfectly out of the hurricane latitudes. Adieu. I am going to bed, and muſt riſe early to viſit the Neckers at Rolle, whither they have retired, from the frontier ſituation of Copet. Severy is on horſeback, with his dragoons: his poor father is dangerouſly ill. It will be ſhocking if it ſhould be found neceſſary to remove him. While we are in this very awkward criſis, I will write at leaſt every week. Ever yours. Write inſtantly, and remember all my commiſſions.

To the Same.

I WILL keep my promiſe of ſending you a weekly journal of our troubles, that, when the piping times of peace are reſtored, I may ſleep in long and irreproachable ſilence: but I ſhall uſe a ſmaller paper, as our military exploits will ſeldom be ſufficient to fill the ample ſize of our Engliſh quarto.

October 13, 1792.

Since my laſt of the 6th, our attack is not more eminent, and our defence is moſt aſſuredly ſtronger, two very important circumſtances, at a time when every day is leading us, though not ſo faſt as our impatience could wiſh, towards the unwarlike month of November; and we obſerve with pleaſure that the troops of Mr. de Monteſquieu, which are chiefly from the Southern Provinces, will not cheerfully entertain the rigor of an Alpine winter. The 7th inſtant, Mr. de Chateauneuf, the French reſident, took his leave with an haughty mandate, commanding the Genevois, as they valued their ſafety and the friendſhip of the republic, to diſmiſs their Swiſs allies, and to puniſh the magiſtrates, who had traiterouſly propoſed the calling in theſe foreign troops. It is preciſely the fable of the wolves, who offered to make peace with the ſheep, provided they would ſend away their dogs. You know what became of the ſheep. This demand appears to have kindled a juſt and general indignation, ſince it announced an edict of proſcription; and muſt lead to a democratical revolution, which would probably renew the horrid ſcenes of Paris and Avignon. A general aſſembly of the citizens was convened, the meſſage was read, ſpeeches were made, oaths were taken, and it was reſolved (with only three diſſentient voices) to live and die in the defence of their country. The Genevois muſter above three thouſand well-armed citizens; and the Swiſs, who may eaſily be increaſed (in a few hours) to an equal number, add ſpirit to the timo-

rous, and confidence to the well-affected: their arſenals are filled with arms, their magazines with ammunition, and their granaries with corn. But their fortifications are extenſive and imperfect, they are commanded from two adjacent hills; a French faction lurks in the city, the character of the Genevois is rather commercial than military, and their behaviour, lofty promiſe, and baſe ſurrender, in the year 1782, is freſh in our memories. In the mean while, 4000 French at the moſt are arrived in the neighbouring camp, nor is there yet any appearance of mortars or heavy artillery. Perhaps an haughty menace may be repelled by a firm countenance. If it were worth while talking of juſtice, what a ſhameful attack of a feeble, unoffending ſtate! On the news of their danger, all Switzerland, from Schaffouſe to the Pays de Vaud, has riſen in arms; and a French reſident, who has paſſed through the country, in his way from Ratiſbon, declares his intention of informing and admoniſhing the National Convention. About eleven thouſand Bernois are already poſted in the neighbourhood of Copet and Nyon; and new reinforcements of men, artillery, &c. arrive every day. Another army is drawn together to oppoſe Mr. de Ferrieres, on the ſide of Bienne and the biſhopric of Baſle; and the Auſtrians in Swabia would be eaſily perſuaded to croſs the Rhine in our defence. But we are yet ignorant whether our ſovereigns mean to wage an offenſive or defenſive war. If the latter, which is more likely, will the French begin the attack? Should Genoa yield to fear or force, this country is open to an invaſion; and though our men are brave, we want generals; and I deſpiſe the French much leſs than I did two months ago. It ſhould ſeem that our hopes from the King of Sardinia and the Auſtrians of Milan are faint and diſtant; Spain ſleeps; and the Duke of Brunſwick (amazement!) ſeems to have failed in his great project. For my part, till Geneva falls, I do not think of a retreat; but, at all events, I am provided with two ſtrong horſes, and an hundred Louis in gold. Zurich would be probably my winter quar-

ters, and the ſociety of the Neckers would make any place agreeable. Their ſituation is worſe than mine: I have no daughter ready to lie in; nor do I fear the French ariſtocrats on the road. Adieu. Keep my letters; excuſe contradictions and repetitions. The Ducheſs of Devonſhire leaves us next week. Lady Elizabeth abhors you. Ever yours.

To the Same.

October 20, 1792.

SINCE my laſt, our affairs take a more pacific turn; but I will not venture to affirm that our peace will be either ſafe or honourable. Mr. de Monteſquieu and three commiſſioners of the Convention, who are at Carrouge, have had frequent conferences with the magiſtrates of Geneva; ſeveral expreſſes have been diſpatched to and from Paris, and every ſtep of the negotiation is communicated to the deputies of Berne and Zurich. The French troops obſerve a very tolerable degree of order and diſcipline; and no act of hoſtility has yet been committed on the territory of Geneva.

October 27.

My uſual temper very readily admitted the excuſe, that it would be better to wait another week, till the final ſettlement of our affairs. The treaty is ſigned between France and Geneva; and the ratification of the Convention is looked upon as aſſured, if any thing can be aſſured in that wild democracy. On condition that the Swiſs garriſon, with the approbation of Berne and Zurich, be recalled before the firſt of December, it is ſtipulated that the independence of Geneva ſhall be preſerved inviolate; that Mr. de Monteſquieu ſhall immediately ſend away his heavy artillery; and that no French troops ſhall approach within ten leagues of the city. As the Swiſs have acted only as auxiliaries, they have no occaſion for a direct treaty; but they cannot prudently diſarm, till they are ſatisfied of the pacific intentions

intentions of France; and no ſuch ſatisfaction can be given till they have acknowledged the new republic, which they will probably do in a few days, with a deep groan of indignation and ſorrow; it has been cemented with the blood of their countrymen! But when the Emperor, the King of Pruſſia, the firſt general, and the firſt army in Europe have failed, leſs powerful ſtates may acquieſce, without diſhonour, in the determination of fortune. Do you underſtand this moſt unexpected failure? I will allow an ample ſhare to the badneſs of the roads and the weather, to famine and diſeaſe, to the ſkill of Dumourier, a heaven-born general! and to the enthuſiaſtic ardour of the new Romans; but ſtill, ſtill there muſt be ſome ſecret and ſhameful cauſe at the bottom of this ſtrange retreat. We are now delivered from the impending terrors of ſiege and invaſion. The Geneva *emigrés*, particularly the Neckers, are haſtening to their homes; and I ſhall not be reduced to the hard neceſſity of ſeeking a winter aſylum at Zurich or Conſtance: but I am not pleaſed with our future proſpects. It is much to be feared that the preſent government of Geneva will be ſoon modelled after the French faſhion; the new republic of Savoy is forming on the oppoſite bank of the Lake; the Jacobin miſſionaries are powerful and zealous; and the malecontents of this country, who begin again to rear their heads, will be ſurrounded with temptations, and examples, and allies. I know not whether the Pays de Vaud will long adhere to the dominion of Berne; or whether I ſhall be permitted to end my days in this little paradiſe, which I have ſo happily ſuited to my taſte and circumſtances.

Laſt Monday only I received your letter, which had ſtrangely loitered on the road ſince its date of the 29th of September. There muſt ſurely be ſome diſorder in the poſts, ſince the Eliza departed indignant at never having heard from you.

The caſe of my wine I think peculiarly hard: to loſe my Madeira, and to be ſcolded for loſing it. I am much indebted to Mr. Nichols for

his genealogical communications, which I am impatient to receive; but I do not underſtand why ſo civil a gentleman could not favour me, in ſix months, with an anſwer by the poſt: ſince he entruſts me with theſe valuable papers, you have not, I preſume, informed him of my negligence and awkwardneſs in regard to manuſcripts. Your reproach rather ſurpriſes me, as I ſuppoſe I am much the ſame as I have been for theſe laſt twenty years. Should you hold your reſolution of writing only ſuch things as may be publiſhed at Charing-Croſs, our future correſpondence would not be very intereſting. But I expect and require, at this important criſis, a full and confidential account of your views concerning England, Ireland, and France. You have a ſtrong and clear eye; and your pen is, perhaps, the moſt uſeful quill that ever has been plucked from a gooſe. Your protection of the French refugees is highly applauded. Roſſet and La Motte have eſcaped from Arbourg, perhaps with connivance to avoid diſagreeable demands from the republic. Adieu. Ever yours.

To the Same.

November 10, 1792.

RECEIVED this day, November 9th, a moſt amiable diſpatch from the too humble ſecretary* of the family of Eſpee †, dated October 24th, which I anſwer the ſame day. It will be acknowledged, that I have fulfilled my engagements with as much accuracy as our uncertain ſtate and the fragility of human nature would allow. I reſume my narrative. At the time when we imagined that all was ſettled, by an equal treaty between two ſuch unequal powers, as the Geneva Flea and the Leviathan France, we were thunderſtruck with the intelligence that the miniſters of the republic refuſed to ratify the conditions; and they were indignant, with ſome colour of reaſon, at

* Miſs Holroyd. † Meaning Sheffield-Place.

the

the hard obligation of withdrawing their troops to the diſtance of ten leagues, and of conſequently leaving the Pays de Gez naked, and expoſed to the Swiſs, who had aſſembled 15,000 men on the frontier, and with whom they had not made any agreement. The meſſenger who was ſent laſt Sunday from Geneva is not yet returned; and many perſons are afraid of ſome deſign and danger in this delay. Monteſquieu has acted with politeneſs, moderation, and apparent ſincerity; but he may reſign, he may be ſuperſeded, his place may be occupied by an *enragé*, by Servan, or Prince Charles of Heſſe, who would aſpire to imitate the predatory fame of Cuſtine in Germany. In the mean while, the General holds a wolf by the ears; an officer who has ſeen his troops, about 18,000 men (with a tremendous train of artillery), repreſents them as a black, daring, deſperate crew of buccaneers, rather ſhocking than contemptible; the officers (ſcarcely a gentleman among them), without ſervants, or horſes, or baggage, lying *higgledy piggledy* on the ground with the common men, yet maintaining a rough kind of diſcipline over them. They already begin to accuſe and even to ſuſpect their general, and call aloud for blood and plunder: could they have an opportunity of ſqueezing ſome of the rich citizens, Geneva would cut up as fat as moſt towns in Europe. During this ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities they are permitted to viſit the city without arms, ſometimes three or four hundred at a time; and the magiſtrates, as well as the Swiſs commander, are by no means pleaſed with this dangerous intercourſe, which they dare not prohibit. Such are our fears: yet it ſhould ſeem on the other ſide, that the French affect a kind of magnanimous juſtice towards their little neighbour, and that they are not ambitious of an unprofitable conteſt with the poor and hardy Swiſs. The Swiſs are not equal to a long and expenſive war; and as moſt of our militia have families and trades, the country already ſighs for their return. Whatever can be yielded, without abſolute danger or diſgrace, will doubtleſs

doubtleſs be granted; and the buſineſs will probably end in our owning the ſovereignty, and truſting to the good faith of the republic of France: how that word would have ſounded four years ago! The meaſure is humiliating; but after the retreat of the Duke of Brunſwick, and the failure of the Auſtrians, the ſmaller powers may acquieſce without diſhonour. Every dog has his day; and theſe Gallic dogs have their day, at leaſt, of moſt inſolent proſperity. After forcing or tempting the Pruſſians to evacuate their country, they conquer Savoy, pillage Germany, threaten Spain: the Low Countries are ere now invaded; Rome and Italy tremble; they ſcour the Mediterranean, and talk of ſending a ſquadron into the South Sea. The whole horizon is ſo black, that I begin to feel ſome anxiety for England, the laſt refuge of liberty and law; and the more ſo, as I perceive from Lord Sheffield's laſt epiſtle that his firm nerves are a little ſhaken: but of this more in my next, for I want to unburthen my conſcience. If England, with the experience of our happineſs and French calamities, ſhould now be ſeduced to eat the apple of falſe freedom, we ſhould indeed deſerve to be driven from the paradiſe which we enjoy. I turn aſide from the horrid and improbable (yet not impoſſible) ſuppoſition, that, in three or four years' time, myſelf and my beſt friends may be reduced to the deplorable ſtate of the French emigrants: they thought it as impoſſible three or four years ago. Never did a revolution affect, to ſuch a degree, the private exiſtence of ſuch numbers of the firſt people of a great country: your examples of miſery I could eaſily match with ſimilar examples in this country and the neighbourhood; and our ſympathy is the deeper, as we do not poſſeſs, like you, the means of alleviating, in ſome degree, the misfortunes of the fugitives. But I muſt have, from the very excellent pen of the Maria, the tragedy of the Archbiſhop of Arles; and the longer the better. Madame de Biron has probably been tempted by ſome faint and (I fear) fallacious promiſes of clemency

mency to the women, and which have likewiſe engaged Madame d'Agueſſeau and her two daughters to reviſit France. Madame de Bouillon ſtands her ground, and her ſituation as a foreign princeſs is leſs expoſed. As Lord S. has aſſumed the glorious character of protector of the diſtreſſed, his name is pronounced with gratitude and reſpect. The D. of Richmond is praiſed, on Madame de Biron's account. To the Princeſs d'Henin, and Lally, I wiſh to be remembered. The Neckers cannot venture into Geneva, and Madame de Stael will probably lie in at Rolle. He is printing a defence of the King, &c. againſt their republican Judges; but the name of Necker is unpopular to all parties, and I much fear that the guillotine will be more ſpeedy than the preſs. It will, however, be an eloquent performance; and, if I find an opportunity, I am to ſend you one, to you Lord S. by his particular deſire: he wiſhes likewiſe to convey ſome copies with ſpeed to our principal people, Pitt, Fox, Lord Stormont, &c. But ſuch is the rapid ſucceſſion of events, that it will appear like the *Pouvoir Executif*, his beſt work, after the whole ſcene has been totally changed. Ever yours.

P.S. The revolution of France, and my triple diſpatch by the ſame poſt to Sheffield-Place, are, in my opinion, the two moſt ſingular events in the eighteenth century. I found the taſk ſo eaſy and pleaſant, that I had ſome thoughts of adding a letter to the gentle Louiſa. I am this moment informed, that our troops on the frontier are beginning to move, on their return home; yet we hear nothing of the treaty's being concluded.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Hon. Miss* HOLROYD.

LAUSANNE, Nov. 10, 1792.

IN dispatching the weekly political journal to Lord S. my conscience (for I have some remains of conscience) most powerfully urges me to salute, with some lines of friendship and gratitude, the amiable secretary, who might save herself the trouble of a modest apology. I have not yet forgotten our different behaviour after the much lamented *separation* of October the 4th, 1791, your meritorious punctuality, and my unworthy silence. I have still before me that entertaining narrative, which would have interested me, not only in the progress of the *carissima familia*, but in the motions of a Tartar camp, or the march of a caravan of Arabs; the mixture of just observation and lively imagery, the strong sense of a man, expressed with the easy elegance of a female. I still recollect with pleasure the happy comparison of the Rhine, who had heard so much of liberty on both his banks, that he wandered with mischievous licentiousness over all the adjacent meadows *. The inundation, alas! has now spread much wider; and it is sadly to be feared that the Elbe, the Po, and the Danube, may imitate the vile example of the Rhine: I shall be content, however, if our own Thames still preserves his fair character, of

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

These agreeable epistles of Maria produced only some dumb intentions, and some barren remorse; nor have I designed, except by a brief missive from my chancellor, to express how much I loved the author, and how much I was pleased with the composition. That amiable author I have known and loved from the first dawning of her life and *coquetry*, to the present maturity of her talents; and as

* Mr. Gibbon alludes to letters written to him by Miss Holroyd, when she was returning from Switzerland, along the Rhine, to England. S.

long

long as I remain on this planet, I ſhall purſue, with the ſame tender and even anxious concern, the future ſteps of her eſtabliſhment and life. That eſtabliſhment muſt be ſplendid; that life muſt be happy. She is endowed with every gift of nature and fortune; but the advantage which ſhe will derive from them, depends almoſt entirely on herſelf. You muſt not, you ſhall not, think yourſelf unworthy to write to any man: there is none whom your correſpondence would not amuſe and ſatisfy. I will not undertake a taſk, which my taſte would adopt, and my indolence would too ſoon relinquiſh; but I am really curious, from the beſt motives, to have a particular account of your own ſtudies and daily occupation. What books do you read? and how do you employ your time and your pen? Except ſome profeſſed ſcholars, I have often obſerved that women in general read much more than men; but, for want of a plan, a method, a fixed object, their reading is of little benefit to themſelves, or others. If you will inform me of the ſpecies of reading to which you have the moſt propenſity, I ſhall be happy to contribute my ſhare of advice or aſſiſtance. I lament that you have not left me ſome monument of your pencil. Lady Elizabeth Foſter has executed a very pretty drawing, taken from the door of the green-houſe where we dined laſt ſummer, and including the poor Acacia (now recovered from the cruel ſheers of the gardener), the end of the terrace, the front of the Pavilion, and a diſtant view of the country, lake, and mountains. I am almoſt reconciled to d'Apples' houſe, which is nearly finiſhed. Inſtead of the monſters which Lord Hercules Sheffield extirpated, the terrace is already ſhaded with the new acacias and plantanes; and although the uncertainty of poſſeſſion reſtrains me from building, I myſelf have planted a boſquet at the bottom of the garden, with ſuch admirable ſkill that it affords ſhade without intercepting proſpect. The ſociety of the aforeſaid Eliza, commonly called Beſs, of the Ducheſs of D. &c. has been very intereſting; but they are now flown beyond the Alps, and paſs the winter at Piſa. The Legards, who

have long ſince left this place, ſhould be at preſent in Italy; but I believe Mrs. Grimſtone and her daughter returned to England. The Levades are highly flattered by your remembrance. Since you ſtill retain ſome attachment to this delightful country, and it is indeed delightful, why ſhould you deſpair of ſeeing it once more? The happy peer or commoner, whoſe name you may aſſume, is ſtill concealed in the book of fate; but, whoſoever he may be, he will cheerfully obey your commands, of leading you from ———— Caſtle to Lauſanne, and from Lauſanne to Rome and Naples. Before that this event takes place, I may poſſibly ſee you in Suſſex; and, whether as a viſitor or a fugitive, I hope to be welcomed with a friendly embrace. The delay of this year was truly painful, but it was inevitable; and individuals muſt ſubmit to thoſe ſtorms which have overturned the thrones of the earth. The tragic ſtory of the Archbiſhop of Arles I have now ſomewhat a better right to require at your hands. I wiſh to have it in all its horrid details *; and as you are

* The Anſwer to Mr. Gibbon's Letter is annexed, as giving the beſt account I have ſeen of the barbarous tranſaction alluded to. S.

SHEFFIELD-PLACE, November 1791.

"YOUR three letters received yeſterday cauſed the moſt ſincere pleaſure to each "individual of this family; to none more than myſelf. Praiſe, (I fear, beyond my "deſerts,) from one whoſe opinion I ſo highly value, and whoſe eſteem I ſo much "wiſh to preſerve, is more pleaſing than I can deſcribe. I had not neglected to "make the collection of facts which you recommend, and which the great variety of "unfortunate perſons whom we ſee, or with whom we correſpond, enables me to make.

"As to that part of your letter which reſpects *my ſtudies*, I can only ſay, the ſlighteſt "hint on that ſubject is always received with the greateſt gratitude, and attended to "with the utmoſt punctuality; but I muſt decline that topic for the preſent, to obey "your commands, which require from me the horrid account of the *maſſacre aux "Carmes*.—Eight reſpectable eccleſiaſtics landed, about the beginning of October, "from an open boat at Seaford, wet as the waves. The natives of the coaſt were "endeavouring to get from them what they had not, (viz.) money, when a gentle-"man of the neighbourhood came to their protection; and, finding they had nothing, "ſhewed his good ſenſe, by diſpatching them to Milord Sheffield: they had been

"pillaged,

are now ſo much mingled with the French exiles, I am of opinion, that were you to keep a journal of all the authentic facts which they relate,

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" pillaged, and with great difficulty had eſcaped from Paris. The reception they met " with at this houſe, ſeemed to make the greateſt impreſſion on them; they were " in extacy on finding M. de Lally living: they gradually became cheerful, and en- " joyed their dinner: they were greatly affected as they recollected themſelves, and " found us attending on them. Having dined, and drank a glaſs of wine, they began " to diſcover the beauties of the dining-room, and of the chateau: as they walked " about, they were overheard to expreſs their admiration at the treatment they met, " and *from Proteſtants*. We then aſſembled in the library, formed half a circle round " the fire, M. de Lally and Milord occupying the hearth *à l'Angloiſe*, and queſtioning " the prieſts concerning their eſcape. Thus we diſcovered, that two of theſe unfor- " tunate men were in the Carmelite Convent at the time of the maſſacre of the one " hundred and twenty prieſts, and had moſt miraculouſly eſcaped, by climbing trees " in the garden, and from thence over the tops of the buildings. One of them, a " man of ſuperior appearance, deſcribed, in the moſt pathetic manner, the death of " the Archbiſhop of Arles, (and with ſuch ſimplicity and feeling, as to leave no doubt " of the truth of all that he ſaid,) to the following purport.—On the ſecond of Sep- " tember, about five o'clock in the evening, at the time they were permitted to walk " in the garden, expecting every hour to be releaſed, they expreſſed their ſurpriſe at " ſeeing ſeveral large pits, which had been digging for two days paſt: they ſaid, the " day is almoſt ſpent; and yet Manuel told a perſon who interceded for us laſt Thurſ- " day, that on the Sunday following not one ſhould remain in captivity: we are ſtill " priſoners: ſoon after, they heard ſhouts, and ſome muſquet-ſhots. An enſign of " the national guard, ſome commiſſaries of the ſections, and ſome Marſeillois ruſhed " in: the miſerable victims, who were diſperſed in the garden, aſſembled under the " walls of the church, not daring to go in, leſt it ſhould be polluted with blood. " One man, who was behind the reſt, was ſhot. ' *Point de coup de fuſils*,' cried one of " the chiefs of the aſſaſſins, thinking that kind of death too eaſy. Theſe well-trained " fuſileers went to the rear; les piques, les haches, les poignards came forward. " They demanded the Archbiſhop of Arles; he was immediately ſurrounded by all " the prieſts. The worthy prelate ſaid to his friends, ' Let me paſs; if my blood " will appeaſe them, what ſignifies it, if I die? Is it not my duty to preſerve your " lives at the expence of my own?' He aſked the eldeſt of the prieſts to give him " abſolution: he knelt to receive it; and when he aroſe, forced himſelf from them, " advanced ſlowly, and with his arms croſſed upon his breaſt, and his eyes raiſed to " heaven, ſaid to the aſſaſſins, ' *Je ſuis celui que vous cherchez*.' His appearance was ſo " dignified and noble, that, during ten minutes, not one of theſe wretches had cou-

" rage

relate, it would be an agreeable exercise at present, and a future source of entertainment and instruction.

I should be obliged to you, if you would make, or find, some excuse for my not answering a letter from your aunt, which was presented to me by Mr. Fowler. I shewed him some civilities, but he is now a poor invalid, confined to his room. By her channel and yours I should be glad to have some information of the health, spirits, and situation of Mrs. Gibbon of Bath, whose alarms (if she has any) you may dispel. She is in my debt. Adieu; most truly yours.

" rage to lift his hand against him: they upbraided each other with cowardice, and " advanced; one look from this venerable man struck them with awe, and they re- " tired. At last, one of the miscreants struck off the cap of the Archbishop with a " pike; respect once violated, their fury returned, and another from behind cut him " through the skull with a sabre. He raised his right hand to his eyes; with another " stroke they cut off his hand. The Archbishop said, *O! mon Dieu!* and raised the " other: a third stroke across the face left him sitting; the fourth extended him life- " less on the ground; and then all pressed forward, and buried their pikes and " poignards in the body. The priests all agreed, that he had been one of the most " amiable men in France; and that his only *crime* was, having, since the revolution, " expended his private fortune, to support the necessitous clergy of his diocese. " The second victim was the General des Benedictins. Then the national guards " obliged the priests to go into the church, telling them, they should appear, one after " another, before the Commissaires du section. They had hardly entered, before the " people impatiently called for them; upon which, all kneeling before the altar, the " Bishop of Beauvais gave them absolution: they were then obliged to go out, two " by two; they passed before a commissaire, who did not question, but only counted, " his victims; they had in their sight the heaps of dead, to which they were going to " add. Among the one hundred and twenty priests thus sacrificed, were the Bishops " of Saintes and Beauvais (both of the Rochefoucauld family). I should not omit to " remark, that one of the priests observed they were assassinated, because they would " not swear to a constitution which their murderers had destroyed. We had (to " comfort us for this melancholy story) the most grateful expressions of gratitude to- " wards the English nation, from whom they did not do us the justice to expect such " a reception.

" There can be no doubt that the whole business of the massacres was concerted at " a meeting at the Duke of Orleans's house. I shall make you as dismal as myself by " this narration. I must change the style." * * * * * * * * * *

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, November 10th, 1792.

I COULD never forgive myſelf, were I capable of writing by the ſame poſt, a political epiſtle to the father, and a friendly letter to the daughter, without ſending any token of remembrance to the reſpectable matron, my deareſt my Lady,whom I have now loved as a ſiſter for ſomething better or worſe than twenty years. No, indeed, the hiſtorian may be careleſs, he may be indolent, he may always intend and never execute, but he is neither a monſter nor a ſtatue; he has a memory, a conſcience, a heart, and that heart is ſincerely devoted to Lady S——. He muſt even acknowledge the fallacy of a ſophiſm which he has ſometimes uſed, and ſhe has always and moſt truly denied; that, where the perſons of a family are ſtrictly united, the writing to one is in fact writing to all; and that conſequently all his numerous letters to the huſband, may be conſidered as equally addreſſed to his wife. He feels, on the contrary, that ſeparate minds have their diſtinct ideas and ſentiments, and that each character, either in ſpeaking or writing, has its peculiar tone of converſation. He agrees with the maxim of Rouſſeau, that three friends who wiſh to diſcloſe a common ſecret, will impart it only *deux à deux*; and he is ſatisfied that, on the preſent memorable occaſion, each of the perſons of the Sheffield family will claim a peculiar ſhare in this triple miſſive, which will communicate, however, a triple ſatisfaction. The experience of what may be effected by vigorous reſolution, encourages the hiſtorian to hope that he ſhall caſt the ſkin of the old ſerpent, and hereafter ſhew himſelf as a new creature.

I lament, on all our accounts, that the laſt year's expedition to Lauſanne did not take place in a golden period, of health and ſpirits. But we muſt reflect, that human felicity is ſeldom without alloy; and if we cannot indulge the hope of your making a ſecond viſit to Lauſanne, we muſt look forwards to my reſidence next ſummer at Sheffield-Place, where I muſt find you in the full bloom of health, ſpirits, and beauty. I can perceive, by all public and private intelligence, that your houſe has been the open hoſpitable aſylum of French fugitives; and it is a ſufficient proof of the firmneſs of your nerves, that you have not been overwhelmed or agitated by ſuch a concourſe of ſtrangers. Curioſity and compaſſion may, in ſome degree, have ſupported you. Every day has preſented to your view ſome new ſcene of that ſtrange tragical romance, which occupies all Europe ſo infinitely beyond any event that has happened in our time, and you have the ſatisfaction of not being a mere ſpectator of the diſtreſs of ſo many victims of falſe liberty. The benevolent fame of Lord S. is widely diffuſed.

From Angletine's laſt letter to Maria, you have already ſome idea of the melancholy ſtate of her poor father. As long as Mr. de Severy allowed our hopes and fears to fluctuate with the changes of his diſorder, I was unwilling to ſay any thing on ſo painful a ſubject; and it is with the deepeſt concern that I now confeſs our abſolute deſpair of his recovery. All his particular complaints are now loſt in a general diſſolution of the whole frame; every principle of life is exhauſted, and as often as I am admitted to his bed-ſide, though he ſtill looks and ſmiles with the patience of an angel, I have the heart-felt grief of ſeeing him each day drawing nearer to the term of his exiſtence. A few weeks, poſſibly a few days, will deprive me of a moſt excellent friend, and break for ever the moſt perfect ſyſtem of domeſtic happineſs, in which I had ſo large and intimate a ſhare. Wilhelm (who has obtained leave of ab-

ſence from his military duty) and his ſiſter behave and feel like tender and dutiful children; but they have a long gay proſpect of life, and new connections, new families will make them forget, in due time, the common lot of mortality. - But it is Madame de Severy whom I truly pity; I dread the effects of the firſt ſhock, and I dread ſtill more the deep perpetual conſuming affliction for a loſs which can never be retrieved. You will not wonder that ſuch reflections ſadden my own mind, nor can I forget how much my ſituation is altered ſince I retired, nine years ago, to the banks of the Leman Lake. The death of poor Deyverdun firſt deprived me of a domeſtic companion, who can never be ſupplied; and your viſit has only ſerved to remind me that man, however amuſed and occupied in his cloſet, was not made to live alone. Severy will ſoon be no more; his widow for a long time, perhaps for ever, will be loſt to herſelf and her friends, the ſon will travel, and I ſhall be left a ſtranger in the inſipid circle of mere common acquaintance. The revolution of France, which firſt embittered and divided the ſociety of Lauſanne, has oppoſed a barrier to my Suſſex viſit, and may finally expel me from the paradiſe which I inhabit. Even that paradiſe, the expenſive and delightful eſtabliſhment of my houſe, library, and garden, almoſt becomes an incumbrance, by rendering it more difficult for me to relinquiſh my hold, or to form a new ſyſtem of life in my native country, for which my income, though improved and improving, would be probably inſufficient. But every complaint ſhould be ſilenced by the contemplation of the French; compared with whoſe cruel fate, all miſery is relative happineſs. I perfectly concur in your partiality for Lally; though Nature might forget ſome meaner ingredients, of prudence, œconomy, &c. ſhe never formed a purer heart, or a brighter imagination. If he be with you, I beg my kindeſt ſalutations to him. I am every day more cloſely united with the Neckers. Should France break, and this country

be over-run, they would be reduced, in very humble circumſtances, to ſeek a refuge; and where but in England? Adieu, dear Madam, there is, indeed, much pleaſure in diſcharging one's heart to a real friend. Ever yours.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to the Right Hon. Lord* SHEFFIELD.

[Send me a Liſt of theſe Letters, with their reſpective dates.]

LAUSANNE, Nov. 25th, 1792.

AFTER the triple labour of my laſt diſpatch, your experience of the creature might tempt you to ſuſpect that it would again relapſe into a long ſlumber. But, partly from the ſpirit of contradiction, (though I am not a lady,) and partly from the eaſe and pleaſure which I now find in the taſk, you ſee me again alive, awake, and almoſt faithful to my hebdomadal promiſe. The laſt week has not, however, afforded any events deſerving the notice of an hiſtorian. Our affairs are ſtill floating on the waves of the convention, and the ratification of a corrected treaty, which had been fixed for the twentieth, is not yet arrived; but the report of the diplomatic committee has been favourable, and it is generally underſtood that the leaders of the French republic do not wiſh to quarrel with the Swiſs. We are gradually withdrawing and diſbanding our militia. Geneva will be left to ſink or ſwim, according to the humour of the people; and our laſt hope appears to be, that by ſubmiſſion and good behaviour we ſhall avert for ſome time the impending ſtorm. A few days ago an odd accident happened in the French army; the deſertion of the general. As the Neckers were ſitting, about eight o'clock in the evening, in their drawing-room at Rolle *, the door flew open, and they

* A conſiderable town between Lauſanne and Geneva.

were

were aſtounded by their ſervant's announcing *Monſieur le General de Monteſquieu?* On the receipt of ſome ſecret intelligence of a *decret d'accuſation*, and an order to arreſt him, he had only time to get on horſeback, to gallop through Geneva, to take boat for Copet, and to eſcape from his purſuers, who were ordered to ſeize him alive or dead. He left the Neckers after ſupper, paſſed through Lauſanne in the night, and proceeded to Berne and Baſle, whence he intended to wind his way through Germany, amidſt enemies of every deſcription, and to ſeek a refuge in England, America, or the moon. He told Necker, that the ſole remnant of his fortune conſiſted in a wretched ſum of twenty thouſand livres; but the public report, or ſuſpicion, beſpeaks him in much better circumſtances. Beſides the reproach of acting with too much tameneſs and delay, he is accuſed of making very foul and exorbitant contracts; and it is certain that new Sparta is infected with this vice, beyond the example of the moſt corrupt monarchy. Kellerman is arrived, to take the command; and it is apprehended that on the firſt of December, after the departure of the Swiſs, the French may *requeſt* the permiſſion of uſing Geneva, a friendly city, for their winter quarters. In that caſe, the democratical revolution, which we all foreſee, will be very ſpeedily effected.

I would aſk you, whether you apprehend there was any treaſon in the Duke of Brunſwick's retreat, and whether you have totally withdrawn your confidence and eſteem from that once-famed general? Will it be poſſible for England to preſerve her neutrality with any honour or ſafety? We are bound, as I underſtand, by treaty, to guarantee the dominions of the King of Sardinia and the Auſtrian provinces of the Netherlands. Theſe countries are now invaded and over-run by the French. Can we refuſe to fulfil our engagements, without expoſing ourſelves to all Europe as a perfidious or puſillanimous nation? Yet, on the other hand, can we aſſiſt thoſe allies, without plunging headlong into an abyſs, whoſe

bottom no man can diſcover? But my chief anxiety is for our domeſtic tranquillity; for I muſt find a retreat in England, ſhould I be driven from Lauſanne. The idea of firm and honourable union of parties pleaſes me much; but you muſt frankly unfold what are the great difficulties that may impede ſo ſalutary a meaſure: you write to a man diſcreet in ſpeech, and now careful of papers. Yet what can ſuch a coalition avail? Where is the champion of the conſtitution? Alas, Lord Guildford! I am much pleaſed with the Mancheſter Aſs. The aſſes or wolves who ſacrificed him have caſt off the maſk too ſoon; and ſuch a nonſenſical act muſt open the eyes of many ſimple patriots, who might have been led aſtray by the ſpecious name of reform. It ſhould be made as notorious as poſſible. Next winter may be the criſis of our fate, and if you begin to improve the conſtitution, you may be driven ſtep by ſtep from the disfranchiſement of old Sarum to the King in Newgate, the Lords voted uſeleſs, the Biſhops aboliſhed, and a Houſe of Commons without articles *(ſans culottes)*. Necker has ordered you a copy of his royal defence, which has met with, and deſerved, univerſal ſucceſs. The pathetic and argumentative parts are, in my opinion, equally good, and his mild eloquence may perſuade without irritating. I have applied to this gentler tone ſome verſes of Ovid, (Metamorph. l. iii. 302, &c. *) which you may read. Madame de Stael has produced a ſecond ſon. She talks wildly enough of viſiting England this winter. She is a pleaſant little woman. Poor Severy's condition is hopeleſs. Should he drag through the winter, Madame de S. would ſcarcely ſurvive

* Quà tamen uſque poteſt, vires ſibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimiùm feritatis in illo.
Eſt aliud levius fulmen; cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ, flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ:
Tela ſecunda vocant Superi.

him.

him. She kills herſelf with grief and fatigue. What a difference in Lauſanne! I hope triple anſwers are on the road. I muſt write ſoon; the *times* will not allow me to read or think. Ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 14th, 1792.

OUR little ſtorm has now completely ſubſided, and we are again ſpectators, though anxious ſpectators, of the general tempeſt that invades or threatens almoſt every country of Europe. Our troops are every day diſbanding and returning home, and the greateſt part of the French have evacuated the neighbourhood of Geneva. Monſieur Barthelemy, whom you have ſeen ſecretary in London, is moſt courteouſly entertained, as ambaſſador, by the Helvetic body. He is now at Berne, where a diet will ſpeedily be convened; the language on both ſides is now pacific, and even friendly, and ſome hopes are given of a proviſion for the officers of the Swiſs guards who have ſurvived the maſſacres of Paris.

January 1ſt, 1793.

WITH the return of peace I have relapſed into my former indolence; but now awakening, after a fortnight's ſlumber, I have little or nothing to add, with regard to the internal ſtate of this country, only the revolution of Geneva has already taken place, as I announced, but ſooner than I expected. The Swiſs troops had no ſooner evacuated the place, than the *Egaliſeurs*, as they are called, aſſembled in arms; and as no reſiſtance was made, no blood was ſhed on the occaſion. They ſeized the gates, diſarmed the garriſon, impriſoned the magiſtrates, imparted the rights of citizens to all the rabble of the town and country, and proclaimed a *National* Conven-

tion, which has not yet met. They are all for a pure and abſolute democracy; but ſome wiſh to remain a ſmall independent ſtate, whilſt others aſpire to become a part of the republic of France; and as the latter, though leſs numerous, are more violent and abſurd than their adverſaries, it is highly probable that they will ſucceed. The citizens of the beſt families and fortunes have retired from Geneva into the Pays de Vaud; but the French methods of recalling or proſcribing emigrants, will ſoon be adopted. You muſt have obſerved, that Savoy is now become *le department du Mont Blanc.* I cannot ſatisfy myſelf, whether the maſs of the people is pleaſed or diſpleaſed with the change; but my noble ſcenery is clouded by the democratical aſpect of twelve leagues of the oppoſite coaſt, which every morning obtrude themſelves on my view. I here conclude the firſt part of the hiſtory of our Alpine troubles, and now conſider myſelf as diſengaged from all promiſes of periodical writing. Upon the whole, I kept it beyond our expectation; nor do I think that you have been ſufficiently aſtoniſhed by the wonderful effort of the triple diſpatch.

You muſt now ſucceed to my taſk, and I ſhall expect, during the winter, a regular political journal of the events of your greater world. You are on the theatre, and may often be behind the ſcenes. You can always ſee, and may ſometimes foreſee. My own choice has indeed tranſported me into a foreign land; but I am truly attached, from intereſt and inclination, to my native country; and even as a citizen of the world, I wiſh the ſtability of England, the ſole great refuge of mankind, againſt the oppoſite miſchiefs of deſpotiſm and democracy. I was indeed alarmed, and the more ſo, as I ſaw that you were not without apprehenſion; but I now glory in the triumph of reaſon and genuine patriotiſm, which ſeems to pervade the country; nor do I diſlike ſome mixture of popular enthuſiaſm, which may be requiſite to encounter our mad or wicked enemies with equal

arms. The behaviour of Fox does not ſurpriſe me. You may remember what I told you laſt year at Lauſanne, when you attempted his defence, that * * *

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, January 6th, 1793.

THERE was formerly a time when our correſpondence was a painful diſcuſſion of my private affairs; a vexatious repetition of loſſes, of diſappointments, of ſales, &c. Theſe affairs are decently arranged: but public cares have now ſucceeded to private anxiety, and our whole attention is lately turned from Lenborough and Beriton, to the political ſtate of France and of Europe. From theſe politics, however, one letter ſhall be free, while I talk of myſelf and of my own plans; a ſubject moſt intereſting to a friend, and only to a friend.

I know not whether I am ſorry or glad that my expedition has been poſtponed to the preſent year. It is true, that I now wiſh myſelf in England, and almoſt repent that I did not graſp the opportunity when the obſtacles were comparatively ſmaller than they are now likely to prove. Yet had I reached you laſt ſummer before the month of Auguſt, a conſiderable portion of my time would be now elapſed, and I ſhould already begin to think of my departure. If the gout ſhould ſpare me this winter, (and as yet I have not felt any ſymptom,) and if the ſpring ſhould make a ſoft and early appearance, it is my intention to be with you in Downing-ſtreet before the end of April, and thus to enjoy ſix weeks or two months of the moſt agreeable ſeaſon of London and the neighbourhood, after the hurry of parliament is ſubſided, and before the great rural diſperſion. As the banks of the Rhine and the Belgic provinces are completely overſpread with anarchy and war, I have made up my mind to paſs through the territories of the French republic. From the beſt and moſt recent information, I am ſatisfied that there is little or no real danger in the journey; and I muſt arm myſelf with patience to ſupport

port the vexatious inſolence of democratical tyranny. I have even a ſort of curioſity to ſpend ſome days at Paris, to aſſiſt at the debates of the Pandæmonium, to ſeek an introduction to the principal devils, and to contemplate a new form of public and private life, which never exiſted before, and which I devoutly hope will not long continue to exiſt. Should the obſtacles of health or weather confine me at Lauſanne till the month of May, I ſhall ſcarcely be able to reſiſt the temptation of paſſing ſome part at leaſt of the ſummer in my own little paradiſe. But all theſe ſchemes muſt ultimately depend on the great queſtion of peace and war, which will indeed be ſpeedily determined. Should France become impervious to an Engliſh traveller, what muſt I do? I ſhall not eaſily reſolve to explore my way through the unknown language and abominable roads of the interior parts of Germany, to embark in Holland, or perhaps at Hamburgh, and to be finally intercepted by a French privateer. My ſtay in England appears not leſs doubtful than the means of tranſporting myſelf. Should I arrive in the ſpring, it is poſſible, and barely poſſible, that I ſhould return here in the autumn: it is much more probable that I ſhall paſs the winter, and there may be even a chance of my giving my own country a longer trial. In my letter to my Lady I fairly expoſed the decline of Lauſanne; but ſuch an eſtabliſhment as mine muſt not be lightly abandoned; nor can I diſcover what adequate mode of life my private circumſtances, eaſy as they now are, could afford me in England. London and Bath have doubtleſs their reſpective merits, and I could wiſh to reſide within a day's journey of Sheffield-Place. But a ſtate of perfect happineſs is not to be found here below; and in the poſſeſſion of my library, houſe, and garden, with the relicks of our ſociety, and a frequent intercourſe with the Neckers, I may ſtill be tolerably content. Among the diſaſtrous changes of Lauſanne, I muſt principally reckon the approaching diſſolution of poor Severy and his family. He is ſtill alive, but in ſuch a hopeleſs and painful decay, that we

no longer conceal our wiſhes for his ſpeedy releaſe. I never loved nor eſteemed him ſo much as in this laſt mortal diſeaſe, which he ſupports with a degree of energy, patience, and even cheerfulneſs, beyond all belief. His wife, whoſe whole time and ſoul are devoted to him, is almoſt ſinking under her long anxiety. The children are moſt amiably aſſiduous to both their parents, and, at all events, his filial duties and worldly cares muſt detain the ſon ſome time at home.

And now approach, and let me drop into your moſt private ear a literary ſecret. Of the Memoirs little has been done, and with that little I am not ſatisfied. They muſt be poſtponed till a mature ſeaſon; and I much doubt whether the book and the Author can ever ſee the light at the ſame time. But I have long revolved in my mind another ſcheme of biographical writing: the Lives, or rather the Characters, of the moſt eminent Perſons in Arts and Arms, in Church and State, who have flouriſhed in Britain from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the preſent age. This work, extenſive as it may be, would be an amuſement, rather than a toil: the materials are acceſſible in our own language, and, for the moſt part, ready to my hands: but the ſubject, which would afford a rich diſplay of human nature and domeſtic hiſtory, would powerfully addreſs itſelf to the feelings of every Engliſhman. The taſte or faſhion of the times ſeems to delight in pictureſque decorations; and this ſeries of Britiſh portraits might aptly be accompanied by the reſpective heads, taken from originals, and engraved by the beſt maſters. Alderman Boydell, and his ſon-in-law, Mr. George Nicol, bookſeller in Pall-mall, are the great undertakers in this line. On my arrival in England I ſhall be free to conſider, whether it may ſuit me to proceed in a mere literary work without any other decorations than thoſe which it may derive from the pen of the Author. It is a ſerious truth, that I am no longer ambitious of fame or money; that my habits

habits of induſtry are much impaired, and that I have reduced my ſtudies, to be the looſe amuſement of my morning hours, the repetition of which will inſenſibly lead me to the laſt term of exiſtence. And for this very reaſon I ſhall not be ſorry to bind myſelf by a liberal engagement, from which I may not with honour recede.

Before I conclude, we muſt ſay a word or two of parliamentary and pecuniary concerns. 1. We all admire the generous ſpirit with which you damned the aſſaſſins * *. I hope that * * * * * The opinion of parliament in favour of Louis was declared in a manner worthy of the repreſentatives of a great and a wiſe nation. It will certainly have a powerful effect; and if the poor King be not already murdered, I am ſatisfied that his life is in ſafety: but is ſuch a life worth his care? Our debates will now become every day more intereſting; and as I expect from you only opinions and anecdotes, I moſt earneſtly conjure you to ſend me Woodfall's Regiſter as often (and that muſt be very often) as the occaſion deſerves it. I now ſpare no expence for news.

I want ſome account of Mrs. G.'s health. Will my Lady never write? How can people be ſo indolent! I ſuppoſe this will find you at Sheffield-Place during the receſs, and that the heavy baggage will not move till after the birth-day. Shall I be with you by the firſt of May? The Gods only know. I almoſt wiſh that I had accompanied Madame de Stael. Ever yours.

To the Same.

Begun Feb. 9,—ended Feb. 18, 1793.

THE ſtruggle is at length over, and poor de Severy is no more! He expired about ten days ago, after every vital principle had been exhauſted by a complication of diſorders, which had laſted above five months: and a mortification in one of his legs, that gradually roſe to the more noble parts, was the immediate cauſe of his death. His patience and even cheerfulneſs ſupported him to the fatal moment; and he enjoyed every comfort that could alleviate his ſituation, the ſkill of his phyſicians, the aſſiduous tenderneſs of his family, and the kind ſympathy not only of his particular friends, but even of common acquaintance, and generally of the whole town. The ſtroke has been ſeverely felt: yet I have the ſatisfaction to perceive that Madame de Severy's health is not affected; and we may hope that in time ſhe will recover a tolerable ſhare of compoſure and happineſs. Her firmneſs has checked the violent ſallies of grief; her gentleneſs has preſerved her from the worſt of ſymptoms, a dry, ſilent deſpair. She loves to talk of her irreparable loſs, ſhe deſcants with pleaſure on his virtues; her words are interrupted with tears, but thoſe tears are her beſt relief; and her tender feelings will inſenſibly ſubſide into an affectionate remembrance. Wilhelm is much more deeply wounded than I could imagine, or than he expected himſelf: nor have I ever ſeen the affliction of a ſon more lively and ſincere. Severy was indeed a very valuable man: without any ſhining qualifications, he was endowed in a high degree with good ſenſe, honour, and benevolence; and few men have filled with more propriety their circle in private life. For myſelf, I have had the misfortune of knowing him too late, and of loſing him too ſoon.—But enough of this melancholy ſubject.

The

The affairs of this theatre, which muſt always be minute, are now grown ſo tame and tranquil, that they no longer deſerve the hiſtorian's pen. The new conſtitution of Geneva is ſlowly forming, without much noiſe or any bloodſhed; and the patriots, who have ſtaid in hopes of guiding and reſtraining the multitude, flatter themſelves that they ſhall be able at leaſt to prevent their mad countrymen from giving themſelves to the French, the only miſchief that would be abſolutely irretrievable. The revolution of Geneva is of leſs conſequence to us, however, than that of Savoy; but our fate will depend on the general event, rather than on theſe particular cauſes. In the mean while we hope to be quiet ſpectators of the ſtruggle of this year; and we ſeem to have aſſurances that both the Emperor and the French will compound for the neutrality of the Swiſs. The Helvetic body does not acknowledge the republic of France; but Barthelemy, their ambaſſador, reſides at Baden, and ſteals, like Chauvelin, into a kind of extra-official negotiation. All ſpirit of oppoſition is quelled in the Canton of Berne, and the perpetual baniſhment of the ****** family has ſcarcely excited a murmur. It will probably be followed by that of ****** *****: the crime alleged in their ſentence is the having aſſiſted at the federation-dinner at Rolle two years ago; and as they are abſent, I could almoſt wiſh that they had been ſummoned to appear, and heard in their own defence. To the general ſupineneſs of the inhabitants of Lauſanne I muſt aſcribe, that the death of Louis the Sixteenth has been received with leſs horror and indignation than I could have wiſhed. I was much tempted to go into mourning, and probably ſhould, had the Ducheſs been ſtill here; but, as the only Engliſhman of any mark, I was afraid of being ſingular; more eſpecially as our French emigrants, either from prudence or poverty, do not wear black, nor do even the Neckers. Have you read his diſcourſe for the King? It might indeed ſuperſede the neceſſity of mourning. I ſhould judge from your laſt letter, and from the Diary, that the French declaration of

war

war muſt have rather ſurpriſed you. I wiſh, although I know not how it could have been avoided, that we might ſtill have continued to enjoy our ſafe and proſperous neutrality. You will not doubt my beſt wiſhes for the deſtruction of the miſcreants; but I love England ſtill more than I hate France. All reaſonable chances are in favour of a confederacy, ſuch as was never oppoſed to the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth; but, after the experience of laſt year, I diſtruſt reaſon, and confeſs myſelf fearful for the event. The French are ſtrong in numbers, activity, enthuſiaſm; they are rich in rapine; and, although their ſtrength may be only that of a phrenzy fever, they may do infinite miſchief to their neighbours before they can be reduced to a ſtrait waiſtcoat. I dread the effects that may be produced on the minds of the people by the increaſe of debt and taxes, probable loſſes, and poſſible miſmanagement. Our trade muſt ſuffer; and though projects of invaſion have been always abortive, I cannot forget that the fleets and armies of Europe have failed before the towns in America, which have been taken and plundered by a handful of Buccaneers. I know nothing of Pitt as a war miniſter; but it affords me much ſatisfaction that the intrepid wiſdom of the new chancellor * is introduced into the cabinet. I wiſh, not merely on your own account, that you were placed in an active, uſeful ſtation in government. I ſhould not diſlike you ſecretary at war.

I have little more to ſay of myſelf, or of my journey to England: you know my intentions, and the great events of Europe muſt determine whether they can be carried into execution this ſummer. If ***** has warmly adopted *your* idea, I ſhall ſpeedily hear from him; but, in truth, I know not what will be my anſwer: I ſee difficulties which at firſt did not occur: I doubt my own perſeverance, and my fancy begins to wander into new paths. The amuſement of reading and thinking may perhaps ſatisfy a man who has paid his debt to the public; and there is more pleaſure in building caſtles in the air than

* Lord Loughborough.

on

on the ground. I ſhall contrive ſome ſmall aſſiſtance for your correſpondent, though I cannot learn any thing that diſtinguiſhes him from many of his countrymen; we have had our full ſhare of poor emigrants: but if you wiſh that any thing extraordinary ſhould be done for this man, you muſt ſend me a meaſure. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria, as alſo Louiſa, if with you. Perhaps I may ſoon write, without expecting an anſwer. Ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, April 27, 1793.

MY deareſt Friend, for ſuch you moſt truly are, nor does there exiſt a perſon who obtains, or ſhall ever obtain, a ſuperior place in my eſteem and affection.

After too long a ſilence I was ſitting down to write, when, only yeſterday morning (ſuch is now the irregular ſlowneſs of the Engliſh poſt), I was ſuddenly ſtruck, indeed ſtruck to the heart, by the fatal intelligence * from Sir Henry Clinton and Mr. de Lally. Alas! what is life, and what are our hopes and projects! When I embraced her at your deparure from Lauſanne, could I imagine that it was for the laſt time? when I poſtponed to another ſummer my journey to England, could I apprehend that I never, never ſhould ſee her again? I always hoped that ſhe would ſpin her feeble thread to a long duration, and that her delicate frame would ſurvive (as is often the caſe) many conſtitutions of a ſtouter appearance. In four days! in your abſence, in that of her children! But ſhe is now at reſt; and if there be a future life, her mild virtues have ſurely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity. It is for you that I feel, and I can judge of your ſentiments by comparing them with my own. I have loſt, it is true, an amiable and affectionate friend, whom I had known and loved above

* The death of Lady Sheffield.

three-and-twenty years, and whom I often ſtyled by the endearing name of ſiſter. But you are deprived of the companion of your life, the wife of your choice, and the mother of your children; poor children! the livelineſs of Maria, and the ſoftneſs of Louiſa, render them almoſt equally the objects of my tendereſt compaſſion. I do not wiſh to aggravate your grief; but, in the ſincerity of friendſhip, I cannot hold a different language. I know the impotence of reaſon, and I much fear that the ſtrength of your character will ſerve to make a ſharper and more laſting impreſſion.

The only conſolation in theſe melancholy trials to which human life is expoſed, the only one at leaſt in which I have any confidence, is the preſence of a real friend; and of that, as far as it depends on myſelf, you ſhall not be deſtitute. I regret the few days that muſt be loſt in ſome neceſſary preparations; but I truſt that to-morrow ſe'nnight (May the fifth) I ſhall be able to ſet forwards on my journey to England; and when this letter reaches you, I ſhall be conſiderably advanced on my way. As it is yet prudent to keep at a reſpectful diſtance from the banks of the French Rhine, I ſhall incline a little to the right, and proceed by Schaffouſe and Stutgard to Frankfort and Cologne: the Auſtrian Netherlands are now open and ſafe, and I am ſure of being able at leaſt to paſs from Oſtend to Dover; whence, without paſſing through London, I ſhall purſue the direct road to Sheffield-Place. Unleſs I ſhould meet with ſome unforeſeen accidents and delays, I hope, before the end of the month to ſhare your ſolitude, and ſympathize with your grief. All the difficulties of the journey, which my indolence had probably magnified, have now diſappeared before a ſtronger paſſion; and you will not be ſorry to hear, that, as far as Frankfort to Cologne, I ſhall enjoy the advantage of the ſociety, the converſation, the German language, and the active aſſiſtance of Severy. His attachment to me is the ſole motive which prompts him to undertake this troubleſome journey; and as ſoon as he has ſeen me over the rougheſt ground,

he will immediately return to Lauſanne. The poor young man loved Lady S. as a mother, and the whole family is deeply affected by an event which reminds them too painfully of their own misfortune. Adieu. I could write volumes, and ſhall therefore break off abruptly. I ſhall write on the road, and hope to find a few lines *à poſte reſtante* at Frankfort and Bruſſels. Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

My dear Friend, Lausanne, May 1793.

I must write a few lines before my departure, though indeed I ſcarcely know what to ſay. Nearly a fortnight has now elapſed ſince the firſt melancholy tidings, without my having received the ſlighteſt ſubſequent accounts of your health and ſituation. Your own ſilence announces too forcibly how much you are involved in your feelings; and I can but too eaſily conceive that a letter to me would be more painful than to an indifferent perſon. But that amiable man Count Lally might ſurely have written a ſecond time; but your ſiſter, who is probably with you; but Maria,—alas! poor Maria! I am left in a ſtate of darkneſs to the workings of my own fancy, which imagines every thing that is ſad and ſhocking. What can I think of for your relief and comfort? I will not expatiate on thoſe common-place topics, which have never dried a ſingle tear; but let me adviſe, let me urge you to force yourſelf into buſineſs, as I would try to force myſelf into ſtudy. The mind muſt not be idle; if it be not exerciſed on external objects, it will prey on its own vitals. A thouſand little arrangements, which muſt precede a long journey, have poſtponed my departure three or four days beyond the term which I had firſt appointed; but all is now in order, and I ſet off to-morrow, the ninth inſtant, with my *valet de chambre*, a courier on horſeback, and Severy, with his ſervant, as far as Frankfort. I

calculate my arrival at Sheffield-Place (how I dread and deſire to ſee that manſion!) for the firſt week in June, ſoon after this letter; but I will try to ſend you ſome later intelligence. I never found myſelf ſtronger, or in better health. The German road is now cleared, both of enemies and allies, and though I muſt expect fatigue, I have not any apprehenſions of danger. It is ſcarcely poſſible that you ſhould meet me at Frankfort, but I ſhall be much diſappointed at not finding a line at Bruſſels or Oſtend. Adieu. If there be any inviſible guardians, may they watch over you and yours! Adieu.

To the Same.

FRANKFORT, May 19th, 1793.

AND here I am in good health and ſpirits, after one of the eaſieſt, ſafeſt, and pleaſanteſt journies which I ever performed in my whole life; not the appearance of an enemy, and hardly the appearance of a war. Yet I hear, as I am writing, the cannon of the ſiege of Mayence, at the diſtance of twenty miles; and long, very long, will it be heard. It is confeſſed on all ſides, that the French fight with a courage worthy of a better cauſe. The town of Mayence is ſtrong, their artillery admirable; they are already reduced to horſe-fleſh, but they have ſtill the reſource of eating the inhabitants, and at laſt of eating one another; and, if that repaſt could be extended to Paris and the whole country, it might eſſentially contribute to the relief of mankind. Our operations are carried on with more than German ſlowneſs, and when the beſieged are quiet, the beſiegers are perfectly ſatisfied with their progreſs. A ſpirit of diviſion undoubtedly prevails; and the character of the Pruſſians for courage and diſcipline is ſunk lower than you can poſſibly imagine. Their glory has expired with Frederick. I am ſorry to have miſſed Lord Elgin, who is beyond the Rhine with the King

of Pruſſia. As I am impatient, I propoſe ſetting forwards to-morrow afternoon, and ſhall reach Oſtend in leſs than eight days. The paſſage muſt depend on winds and packets; and I hope to find at Bruſſels or Dover a letter which will direct me to Sheffield-Place or Downing-Street. Severy goes back from hence. Adieu: I embrace the dear girls. Ever yours.

From the Same.

BRUSSELS, May 27th, 1793.

THIS day, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I am arrived at this place in excellent preſervation. My expedition, which is now drawing to a cloſe, has been a journey of perſeverance rather than ſpeed, of ſome labour ſince Frankfort, but without the ſmalleſt degree of difficulty or danger. As I have every morning been ſeated in the chaiſe ſoon after ſun-riſe, I propoſe indulging to-morrow till eleven o'clock, and going that day no farther than Ghent. On Wedneſday the 29th inſtant I ſhall reach Oſtend in good time, juſt eight days, according to my former reckoning, from Frankfort. Beyond that I can ſay nothing poſitive; but ſhould the winds be propitious, it is poſſible that I may appear next Saturday, June firſt, in Downing-Street. After that earlieſt date, you will expect me day by day till I arrive. Adieu. I embrace the dear girls, and ſalute Mrs. Holroyd. I rejoice that you have anticipated my advice by plunging into buſineſs; but I ſhould now be ſorry if that buſineſs, however important, detained us long in town. I do not wiſh to make a public exhibition, and only ſigh to enjoy you and the precious remnant in the ſolitude of Sheffield-Place. Ever yours.

If I am ſucceſsful I may outſtrip or accompany this letter. Your's and Maria's waited for me here, and over-paid the journey.

THE preceding Letters intimate that, in return for my viſit to Lauſanne in 1791, Mr. Gibbon engaged to paſs a year with me in England; that the war having rendered travelling exceedingly inconvenient, eſpecially to a perſon who, from his bodily infirmities, required every accommodation, prevented his undertaking ſo formidable a journey at the time he propoſed.

The call of friendſhip, however, was ſufficient to make him overlook every perſonal conſideration, when he thought his preſence might prove a conſolation. I muſt ever regard it as the moſt endearing proof of his ſenſibility, and of his poſſeſſing the true ſpirit of friendſhip, that after having relinquiſhed the thought of his intended viſit, he haſtened to England, in ſpite of encreaſing impediments, to ſoothe me by the moſt generous ſympathy, and to alleviate my domeſtic affliction; neither his great corpulency, nor his extraordinary bodily infirmities, nor any other conſideration, could prevent him a moment from reſolving on an undertaking that might have deterred the moſt active young man. He, almoſt immediately, with alertneſs by no means natural to him, undertook a great circuitous journey, along the frontiers of an enemy, worſe than ſavage, within the ſound of their cannon, within the range of the light troops of the different armies, and through roads ruined by the enormous machinery of war.

The readineſs with which he engaged in this kind office of friendſhip, at a time when a ſelfiſh ſpirit might have pleaded a thouſand reaſons for declining ſo hazardous a journey, conſpired, with the pe-

culiar charms of his ſociety to render his arrival a cordial to my mind. I had the ſatisfaction of finding that his own delicate and precarious health had not ſuffered in the ſervice of his friend, a ſervice in which he diſregarded his own perſonal infirmities. He arrived in the beginning of June at my houſe in Downing-Street, ſafe and in good health; and after we had paſſed about a month together in London, we ſettled at Sheffield-Place for the ſummer; where his wit, learning, and cheerful politeneſs delighted a great variety of characters.

Although he was inclined to repreſent his health as better than it really was, his habitual diſlike to motion appeared to increaſe; his inaptneſs to exerciſe confined him to the library and dining-room, and there he joined my friend Mr. Frederick North, in pleaſant arguments againſt exerciſe in general. He ridiculed the unſettled and reſtleſs diſpoſition that ſummer, the moſt uncomfortable, as he ſaid, of all ſeaſons, generally gives to thoſe who have the free uſe of their limbs. Such arguments were little required to keep ſociety within doors, when his company was only there to be enjoyed; for neither the fineneſs of the ſeaſon, nor the moſt promiſing parties of pleaſure, could tempt the company of either ſex to deſert him.

Thoſe who have enjoyed the ſociety of Mr. Gibbon will agree with me, that his converſation was ſtill more captivating than his writings. Perhaps no man ever divided time more fairly between literary labour and ſocial enjoyment; and hence, probably, he derived his peculiar excellence of making his very extenſive knowledge contribute, in the higheſt degree, to the uſe or pleaſure of thoſe with whom he converſed. He united, in the happieſt manner imaginable, two characters which are not often found in the ſame perſon, the profound ſcholar and the faſcinating companion.

It would be ſuperfluous to attempt a very minute delineation of a character which is ſo diſtinctly marked in the Memoirs and Letters.

He

He has deſcribed himſelf without reſerve, and with perfect ſincerity. The Letters, and eſpecially the extracts from the Journal, which could not have been written with any purpoſe of being ſeen, will make the reader perfectly acquainted with the man.

Excepting a viſit to Lord Egremont and Mr. Hayley, whom he very particularly eſteemed, Mr. Gibbon was not abſent from Sheffield-Place till the beginning of October, when we were reluctantly obliged to part with him, that he might perform his engagement to Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, the widow of his father, who had early deſerved, and invariably retained, his affection. From Bath he proceeded to Lord Spenſer's at Althorp, a family which he always met with uncommon ſatisfaction. He continued in good health during the whole ſummer, and in excellent ſpirits (I never knew him enjoy better); and when he went from Sheffield-Place, little did I imagine it would be the laſt time I ſhould have the inexpreſſible pleaſure of ſeeing him there in full poſſeſſion of health.

The few following ſhort letters, though not important in themſelves, will fill up this part of the narrative better, and more agreeably, than any thing I can ſubſtitute in their place.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord* SHEFFIELD.

October 2d, 1793.

THE Cork-Street hotel has anſwered its recommendation; it is clean, convenient, and quiet. My firſt evening was paſſed at home in a very agreeable *tête-à-tête* with my friend Elmſley. Yeſterday I dined at Craufurd's with an excellent ſet, in which were Pelham and Lord Egremont. I dine to-day with my Portugueſe friend, Madame de Sylva, at Grenier's; moſt probably with Lady Webſter, whom I met laſt night at Devonſhire-Houſe; a conſtant, though late, reſort of ſociety. The Ducheſs is as good, and Lady Elizabeth as ſeducing, as ever. No news whatſoever. You will ſee in the papers Lord Harvey's memorial. I love vigour, but it is ſurely a ſtrong meaſure to tell a gentleman you have *reſolved* to paſs the winter in his houſe. London is not diſagreeable; yet I ſhall probably leave it Saturday. If any thing ſhould occur, I will write. Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

SUNDAY afternoon I left London and lay at Reading, and Monday in very good time I reached this place, after a very pleaſant airing; and am always ſo much delighted and improved, with this union of eaſe and motion, that, were not the expence enormous, I would travel every year ſome hundred miles, more eſpecially in England. I paſſed the day with Mrs. G. yeſterday. In mind and converſation

converſation ſhe is juſt the ſame as twenty years ago. She has ſpirits, appetite, legs, and eyes, and talks of living till ninety *. I can ſay from my heart, Amen. We dine at two, and remain together till nine; but, although we have much to ſay, I am not ſorry that ſhe talks of introducing a third or fourth actor. Lord Spenſer expects me about the 20th; but if I can do it without offence, I ſhall ſteal away two or three days ſooner, and you ſhall have advice of my motions. The troubles of Briſtol have been ſerious and bloody. I know not who was in fault; but I do not like appeaſing the mob by the extinction of the toll, and the removal of the Hereford militia, who had done their duty. Adieu. The girls muſt dance at Tunbridge. What would dear little aunt ſay if I was to anſwer her letter? Ever yours, &c.

York-House, Bath,
October 9th, 1793.

I ſtill follow the old ſtile, though the Convention has aboliſhed the Chriſtian æra, with months, weeks, days, &c.

To the Same.

York-House, Bath, October 13th, 1793.

I am as ignorant of Bath in general as if I were ſtill at Sheffield. My impatience to get away makes me think it better to devote my whole time to Mrs. G.; and dear little aunt, whom I tenderly ſalute, will excuſe me to her two friends, Mrs. Hartley and Preſton, if I make little or no uſe of her kind introduction. A *tête-à-tête* of eight or nine hours every day is rather difficult to ſupport; yet I do aſſure you, that our converſation flows with more eaſe and ſpirit when we are alone, than when any auxiliaries are ſummoned to our aid. She is indeed a wonderful woman, and I think all her faculties

* She was then in her eightieth year. S.

of

of the mind ſtronger, and more active, than I have ever known them. I have ſettled, that ten full days may be ſufficient for all the purpoſes of our interview. I ſhould therefore depart next Friday, the eighteenth inſtant, and am indeed expected at Althorpe on the twentieth; but I may poſſibly reckon without my hoſt, as I have not yet appriſed Mrs. G. of the term of my viſit; and will certainly not quarrel with her for a ſhort delay. Adieu. I muſt have ſome political ſpeculations. The campaign, at leaſt on our ſide, ſeems to be at an end. Ever yours.

To the Same.

ALTHORP LIBRARY, Tueſday, four o'clock.

WE have ſo completely exhauſted this morning among the firſt editions of Cicero, that I can mention only my departure hence to-morrow, the ſixth inſtant. I ſhall lie quietly at Woburn, and reach London in good time Thurſday. By the following poſt I will write ſomewhat more largely. My ſtay in London will depend, partly on my amuſement, and your being fixed at Sheffield-Place; unleſs you think I can be comfortably arranged for a week or two with you at Brighton. The military remarks ſeem good; but now to what purpoſe? Adieu. I embrace and much rejoice in Louiſa's improvement. Lord Oſſory was from home at Farning-Woods.

To the Same.

LONDON, Friday, Nov. 8th, four o'clock.

WALPOLE has juſt delivered yours, and I haſten the direction, that you may not be at a loſs. I will write to-morrow, but I am now fatigued, and rather unwell. Adieu. I have not ſeen a ſoul except Elmſley.

To the Same.

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, Nov. 9th, 1793.

As I dropt yeſterday the word *unwell*, I flatter myſelf that the family would have been a little alarmed by my ſilence to-day. I am ſtill aukward, though without any ſuſpicions of gout, and have ſome idea of having recourſe to medical advice. Yet I creep out to-day in a chair, to dine with Lord Lucan. But as it will be literally my firſt going down ſtairs, and as ſcarcely any one is apprized of my arrival, I know nothing, I have heard nothing, I have nothing to ſay. My preſent lodging, a houſe of Elmſley's, is cheerful, convenient, ſomewhat dear, but not ſo much as a hotel, a ſpecies of habitation for which I have not conceived any great affection. Had you been ſtationary at Sheffield, you would have ſeen me before the twentieth; for I am tired of rambling, and pant for my home; that is to ſay, for your houſe. But whether I ſhall have courage to brave * * * * and a bleak down, time only can diſcover. Adieu. I wiſh you back to Sheffield-Place. The health of dear Louiſa is doubtleſs the firſt object; but I did not expect Brighton after Tunbridge. Whenever dear little aunt is ſeparate from you, I ſhall certainly write to her; but at preſent how is it poſſible? Ever yours.

To the Same, at Brighthelmſtone.

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, Nov. 11th, 1793.

I MUST at length withdraw the veil before my ſtate of health, though the naked truth may alarm you more than a fit of the gout. Have you never obſerved, through my inexpreſſibles, a large prominency *circa genitalia*, which, as it was not at all painful, and very little troubleſome, I had ſtrangely neglected for many years? But ſince my departure from Sheffield-Place it has increaſed,

increaſed, (moſt ſtupendouſly,) is increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed. Yeſterday I ſent for Farquhar, who is allowed to be a very ſkilful ſurgeon. After viewing and palping, he very ſeriouſly deſired to call in aſſiſtance, and has examined it again to-day with Mr. Cline, a ſurgeon, as he ſays, of the firſt eminence. They both pronounce it a *hydrocele*, (a collection of water,) which muſt be let out by the operation of tapping; but, from its magnitude and long neglect, they think it a moſt extraordinary caſe, and wiſh to have another ſurgeon, Dr. Bayley, preſent. If the buſineſs ſhould go off ſmoothly, I ſhall be delivered from my burthen, (it is almoſt as big as a ſmall child,) and walk about in four or five days with a truſs. But the medical gentlemen, who never ſpeak quite plain, inſinuate to me the poſſibility of an inflammation, of fever, &c. I am not appalled at the thoughts of the operation, which is fixed for Wedneſday next, twelve o'clock; but it has occurred to me, that you might wiſh to be preſent, before and afterwards, till the criſis was paſt; and to give you that opportunity, I ſhall ſolicit a delay till Thurſday, or even Friday. In the mean while, I crawl about with ſome labour, and much indecency, to Devonſhire-Houſe (where I left all the fine Ladies making flannel waiſtcoats); Lady Lucan's, &c. Adieu. Varniſh the buſineſs for the Ladies; yet I am afraid it will be public; —the advantage of being notorious. Ever yours.

Immediately on receiving the laſt letter, I went the ſame day from Brighthelmſtone to London, and was agreeably ſurpriſed to find that Mr. Gibbon had dined at Lord Lucan's, and did not return to his lodgings, where I waited for him, till eleven o'clock at night. Thoſe who have ſeen him within the laſt eight or ten years, muſt be ſurpriſed to hear, that he could doubt, whether his diſorder was apparent. When he returned to England in 1787, I was greatly alarmed by a prodigious increaſe, which I always conceived to proceed from a rupture. I did not underſtand why he, who had talked with me on every other ſubject relative to himſelf and his affairs without reſerve, ſhould never in any ſhape hint at a malady ſo troubleſome; but on ſpeaking to his valet de chambre, he told me, Mr. Gibbon could not bear the leaſt alluſion to that ſubject, and never would ſuffer him to notice it. I conſulted ſome medical perſons, who with me ſuppoſing it to be a rupture, were of opinion that nothing could be done, and ſaid that he ſurely muſt have had advice, and of courſe had taken all neceſſary precautions. He now talked freely with me about his diſorder; which, he ſaid, began in the year 1761; that he then conſulted Mr. Hawkins the ſurgeon, who did not decide whether it was the beginning of a rupture, or an hydrocele; but he deſired to ſee Mr. Gibbon again when he came to town. Mr. Gibbon not feeling any pain, nor ſuffering any inconvenience, as he ſaid, never returned to Mr. Hawkins; and although the diſorder continued to increaſe gradually, and of late years very much indeed, he never mentioned it to any perſon, however incredible it may appear, from 1761 to November 1793. I told him, that I had always ſuppoſed there was no doubt of its being a rupture; his anſwer was, that he never thought ſo, and that he, and the ſurgeons who attended him,

were of opinion that it was an hydrocele. It is now certain that it was originally a rupture, and that an hydrocele had lately taken place in the ſame part; and it is remarkable, that his legs, which had been ſwelled about the ankle, particularly one of them, ſince he had the eriſipelas in 1790, recovered their former ſhape as ſoon as the water appeared in another part, which did not happen till between the time he left Sheffield-Place, in the beginning of October, and his arrival at Althorpe, towards the latter end of that month. On the Thurſday following the date of his laſt letter, Mr. Gibbon was tapped for the firſt time; four quarts of a tranſparent watery fluid were diſcharged by that operation. Neither inflammation nor fever enſued; the tumour was diminiſhed to nearly half its ſize; the remaining part was a ſoft irregular maſs. I had been with him two days before, and I continued with him above a week after the firſt tapping, during which time he enjoyed his uſual ſpirits; and the three medical gentlemen who attended him will recollect his pleaſantry, even during the operation. He was abroad again in a few days, but the water evidently collecting very faſt, it was agreed that a ſecond puncture ſhould be made a fortnight after the firſt. Knowing that I ſhould be wanted at a meeting in the country, he preſſed me to attend it, and promiſed that ſoon after the ſecond operation was performed he would follow me to Sheffield-Place; but before he arrived I received the two following Letters:

Mr. GIBBON *to Lord* SHEFFIELD, *at* Brighton.

ST. JAMES'S STREET, Nov. 25th, 1793.

THOUGH Farquhar has promiſed to write you a line, I conceive you may not be ſorry to hear directly from me. The operation of yeſterday was much longer, more ſearching, and more painful than the former; but it has eaſed and lightened me to a much

greater

greater degree *. No inflammation, no fever, a delicious night, leave to go abroad to-morrow, and to go out of town when I pleaſe, *en attendant* the future meaſures of a radical cure. If you hold your intention of returning next Saturday to Sheffield-Place, I ſhall probably join you about the Tueſday following, after having paſſed two nights at Beckenham †. The Devons are going to Bath, and the hoſpitable Craufurd follows them. I paſſed a delightful day with Burke; an odd one with Monſignore Erſkine, the Pope's Nuncio. Of public news, you and the papers know more than I do. We ſeem to have ſtrong ſea and land hopes; nor do I diſlike the Royaliſts having beaten the Sans Culottes, and taken Dol. How many minutes will it take to guillotine the ſeventy-three new members of the convention, who are now arreſted? Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

St. James's-Street, Nov. 30th, 1793.

It will not be in my power to reach Sheffield-Place quite ſo ſoon as I wiſhed and expected. Lord Auckland informs me, that he ſhall be at Lambeth next week, Tueſday, Wedneſday, and Thurſday. I have therefore agreed to dine at Beckenham on Friday. Saturday will be ſpent there, and unleſs ſome extraordinary temptation ſhould detain me another day, you will ſee me by four o'clock Sunday the ninth of December. I dine to-morrow with the Chancellor at Hampſtead, and, what I do not like at this time of the year, without a propoſal to ſtay all night. Yet I would not refuſe, more eſpecially as I had denied him on a former day. My health is good; but I ſhall have a final interview with Farquhar before I leave town. We are ſtill in darkneſs about Lord Howe and the French ſhips, but hope ſeems to preponderate. Adieu. Nothing that relates to Louiſa can be forgotten. Ever yours.

* Three quarts of the ſame fluid as before were diſcharged. † Eden-Farm.

Mr. Gibbon generally took the opportunity of paſſing a night or two with his friend Lord Auckland, at Eden-Farm, (ten miles from London,) on his paſſage to Sheffield-Place; and notwithſtanding his indiſpoſition, he had lately made an excurſion thither from London; when he was much pleaſed by meeting the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, of whom he expreſſed an high opinion. He returned to London, to dine with Lord Loughborough, to meet Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, and particularly Mr. Pitt, with whom he was not acquainted; and in his laſt journey to Suſſex, he reviſited Eden-Farm, and was much gratified by the opportunity of again ſeeing, during a whole day, Mr. Pitt, who paſſed the night there. From Lord Auckland's, Mr. Gibbon proceeded to Sheffield-Place; and his diſcourſe was never more brilliant, nor more entertaining, than on his arrival. The parallels he drew, and the compariſons he made, between the leading men of this country, were ſketched in his beſt manner, and were infinitely intereſting. However, this laſt viſit to Sheffield-Place became far different from any he had ever made before. That ready, cheerful, various, and illuminating converſation, which we had before admired in him, was not now always to be found in the library or the dining-room. He moved with difficulty, and retired from company ſooner than he had been uſed to do. On the twenty-third of December, his appetite began to fail him. He obſerved to me, that it was a very bad ſign *with him* when he could not eat his breakfaſt, which he had done at all times very heartily; and this ſeems to have been the ſtrongeſt expreſſion of apprehenſion that he was ever obſerved to utter. A conſiderable degree of fever now made its appearance. Inflammation aroſe, from the weight and the bulk of the tumour. Water again collected very faſt, and when the fever went off, he never entirely recovered his ap-

petite even for breakfaſt. I became very uneaſy indeed at his ſituation towards the end of the month, and thought it neceſſary to adviſe him to ſet out for London. He had before ſettled his plan to arrive there about the middle of January. I had company in the houſe, and we expected one of his particular friends; but he was obliged to ſacrifice all ſocial pleaſure to the immediate attention which his health required. He went to London on the ſeventh of January, and the next day I received the following billet; the laſt he ever wrote:

Edward Gibbon *Eſq. to Lord* Sheffield.

St. James's-Street, four o'clock, Tueſday.

"This date ſays every thing. I was almoſt killed between Shef-
" field-Place and Eaſt-Grinſted, by hard, frozen, long, and croſs
" ruts, that would diſgrace the approach of an Indian wig-wam.
" The reſt was ſomething leſs painful; and I reached this place half-
" dead, but not ſeriouſly feveriſh, or ill. I found a dinner invitation
" from Lord Lucan; but what are dinners to me? I wiſh they did
" not know of my departure. I catch the flying poſt. What
" an effort! Adieu, till Thurſday or Friday."

By his own deſire, I did not follow him till Thurſday the ninth. I then found him far from well. The tumour more diſtended than before, inflamed, and ulcerated in ſeveral places. Remedies were applied to abate the inflammation; but it was not thought proper to puncture the tumour for the third time, till Monday the 13th of January, when no leſs than ſix quarts of fluid were diſcharged. He ſeemed much relieved by the evacuation. His ſpirits continued good. He talked, as uſual, of paſſing his time at houſes which he had

had often frequented with great pleaſure, the Duke of Devonſhire's, Mr. Craufurd's, Lord Spenſer's, Lord Lucan's, Sir Ralph Payne's, and Mr. Batt's; and when I told him that I ſhould not return to the country, as I had intended, he preſſed me to go; knowing I had an engagement there on public buſineſs, he ſaid, "you "may be back on Saturday, and I intend to go on Thurſday to De-"vonſhire-Houſe." I had not any apprehenſion that his life was in danger, although I began to fear that he might not be reſtored to a comfortable ſtate, and that motion would be very troubleſome to him; but he talked of a radical cure. He ſaid, that it was fortunate the diſorder had ſhewn itſelf while he was in England, where he might procure the beſt aſſiſtance; and if a radical cure could not be obtained before his return to Lauſanne, there was an able ſurgeon at Geneva, who could come to tap him when it ſhould be neceſſary.

On Tueſday the fourteenth, when the riſk of inflammation and fever from the laſt operation was ſuppoſed to be over, as the medical gentlemen who attended him expreſſed no fears for his life, I went that afternoon part of the way to Suſſex, and the following day reached Sheffield-Place. The next morning, the ſixteenth, I received by the poſt a good account of Mr. Gibbon, which mentioned alſo that he hourly gained ſtrength. In the evening came a letter by expreſs, dated noon that day, which acquainted me that Mr. Gibbon had had a violent attack the preceding night, and that it was not probable he ſhould live till I could come to him. I reached his lodgings in St. James's-ſtreet about midnight, and learned that my friend had expired a quarter before one o'clock that day, the ſixteenth of January 1794.

After I left him on Tueſday afternoon the fourteenth, he ſaw ſome company, Lady Lucan and Lady Spenſer, and thought himſelf well enough at night to omit the opium draught, which he had been uſed to take for ſome time. He ſlept very indifferently; before nine the

next morning he roſe, but could not eat his breakfaſt. However, he appeared tolerably well, yet complained at times of a pain in his ſtomach. At one o'clock he received a viſit of an hour from Madame de Sylva, and at three, his friend, Mr. Craufurd, of Auchinames, (whom he always mentioned with particular regard,) called, and ſtayed with him till paſt five o'clock. They talked, as uſual, on various ſubjects; and twenty hours before his death, Mr. Gibbon happened to fall into a converſation, not uncommon with him, on the probable duration of his life. He ſaid, that he thought himſelf a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years. About ſix, he ate the wing of a chicken, and drank three glaſſes of Madeira. After dinner he became very uneaſy and impatient; complained a good deal, and appeared ſo weak, that his ſervant was alarmed. Mr. Gibbon had ſent to his friend and relation, Mr. Robert Darell, whoſe houſe was not far diſtant, deſiring to ſee him, and adding, that he had ſomething particular to ſay. But, unfortunately, this deſired interview never took place.

During the evening he complained much of his ſtomach, and of a diſpoſition to vomit. Soon after nine, he took his opium draught, and went to bed. About ten, he complained of much pain, and deſired that warm napkins might be applied to his ſtomach. He almoſt inceſſantly expreſſed a ſenſe of pain till about four o'clock in the morning, when he ſaid he found his ſtomach much eaſier. About ſeven, the ſervant aſked, whether he ſhould ſend for Mr. Farquhar? he anſwered, no; that he was as well as he had been the day before. At about half paſt eight, he got out of bed, and ſaid he was "*plus adroit*" than he had been for three months paſt, and got into bed again, without aſſiſtance, better than uſual. About nine, he ſaid that he would riſe. The ſervant, however, perſuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, ſhould come. Till about that hour he ſpoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar

came at the time appointed, and he was then viſibly dying. When the *valet de chambre* returned, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, Mr. Gibbon ſaid, "*Pourquoi eſt ce que vous me quittez?*" This was about half paſt eleven. At twelve, he drank ſome brandy and water from a tea-pot, and deſired his favourite ſervant to ſtay with him. Theſe were the laſt words he pronounced articulately. To the laſt he preſerved his ſenſes; and when he could no longer ſpeak, his ſervant having aſked a queſtion, he made a ſign, to ſhew that he underſtood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not ſtir; his eyes half-ſhut. About a quarter before one, he ceaſed to breathe *.

* The body was not opened till the fifth day after his death. It was then found, except that a degree of mortification, not very conſiderable, had taken place on a part of the *colon*; which, with the whole of the *omentum*, of a very enlarged ſize, had deſcended into the *ſcrotum*, forming a bag that hung down nearly as low as the knee. Since that part had been inflamed and ulcerated, Mr. Gibbon could not bear a truſs; and when the laſt ſix quarts of fluid were diſcharged, the *colon* and *omentum* deſcending lower, they, by their weight, drew the lower mouth of the ſtomach downwards to the *os pubis*, and this probably was the immediate cauſe of his death.

The following is the account of the appearance of the body, given by an eminent ſurgeon who opened it:

"Aperto tumore, qui ab inguine uſque ad genu ſe extenderat, obſervatum eſt "partem ejus inferiorem conſtare ex tunicâ vaginati teſtis continenti duas quaſi libras "liquoris ſeroſi tincti ſanguine. Ea autem fuit ſacci illius amplitudo ut portioni li- "quoris longè majori capiendæ ſufficeret. In poſteriori parte hujus ſacci teſtis ſitus "fuit. Hunc omninò ſanum invenimus.

"Partem tumoris ſuperiorem occupaverant integrum ferè omentum et major pars "inteſtini coli. Hæ partes, ſacco ſibi proprio incluſæ, ſibi invicem et ſacco ſuo adeò "arctè adhæſerunt ut coïviſſe viderentur in maſſam unam ſolidam et irregularem; "cujus a tergo chorda ſpermatica ſedem ſuam obtinuerat.

"In omento et in inteſtino colo haud dubia recentis inflammationis ſigna vidimus, "necnon maculas nonnullas lividi coloris hinc inde ſparſas.

"Aperto abdomine, ventriculum invenimus a naturali ſuo ſitu detractum uſque ad "annulum maſculi obliqui externi. Pylorum retrorſùm et quaſi furſùm a duodeno "retractum. In hepate ingentem numerum parvorum tuberculorum. Veſicam "felleam bile admodùm diſtentam. In cæteris viſceribus, examini anatomico ſub- "jectis, nulla morbi veſtigia extiterunt."

The *valet de chambre* obſerved, that Mr. Gibbon did not, at any time, ſhew the leaſt ſign of alarm, or apprehenſion of death; and it does not appear that he ever thought himſelf in danger, unleſs his deſire to ſpeak to Mr. Darell may be conſidered in that light.

Perhaps I dwell too long on theſe minute and melancholy circumſtances. Yet the cloſe of ſuch a life can hardly fail to intereſt every reader; and I know that the public has received a different and erroneous account of my friend's laſt hours.

I can never ceaſe to feel regret that I was not by his ſide at this awful period: a regret ſo ſtrong, that I can expreſs it only by borrowing (as the eloquent Mr. Maſon has done on a ſimilar occaſion) the forcible language of Tacitus: *Mihi præter acerbitatem* amici *erepti, auget mœſtitiam quod aſſidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, ſatiari vultu, complexu non contigit.* It is ſome conſolation to me, that I have not, like Tacitus, by a long abſence, anticipated the loſs of my friend ſeveral years before his deceaſe. Although I had not the mournful gratification of being near him on the day he expired, yet during his illneſs I had not failed to attend him with that aſſiduity which his genius, his virtues, and, above all, our long, uninterrupted, and happy friendſhip demanded.

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. Gibbon's Will is dated the 1ſt of October 1791, juſt before I left Lauſanne; he diſtinguiſhes me, as uſual, in the moſt flattering manner:

" I conſtitute and appoint the Right Honourable John Lord Shef-
" field, Edward Darell Eſquire, and John Thomas Batt Eſquire,
" to be the Executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament; and as
" the execution of this truſt will not be attended with much dif-
" ficulty or trouble, I ſhall indulge theſe gentlemen, in the pleaſure
" of this laſt diſintereſted ſervice, without wronging my feelings, or
" oppreſſing my heir, by too light or too weighty a teſtimony of
" my gratitude. My obligations to the long and active friendſhip
" of Lord Sheffield, I could never ſufficiently repay."

He then obſerves, that the Right Hon. Lady Eliot, of Port-Eliot, is his neareſt relation on the father's ſide; but that her three ſons are in ſuch proſperous circumſtances, that he may well be excuſed for making the two children of his late uncle, Sir Stanier Porten, his heirs; they being in a very different ſituation. He bequeaths annuities to two old ſervants, three thouſand pounds, and his furniture, plate, &c. at Lauſanne, to Mr. Wilhelme de Severy; one hundred guineas to the poor of Lauſanne, and fifty guineas each to the following perſons: Lady Sheffield and daughters, Maria and Louiſa, Madame and Madamoiſelle de Severy, the Count de Schomberg, Mademoiſelle la Chanoineſſe de Polier, and M. le Miniſtre Le Vade, for the purchaſe of ſome token which may remind them of a ſincere friend. The remains of Mr. Gibbon were depoſited in Lord Sheffield's family burial-place in Suſſex.

APPENDIX.

THE Letters of Mr. Gibbon, from the time of his return to Switzerland in 1788, are annexed to his Memoirs, as the beſt continuation of them. Among his Letters of an earlier date, I find ſeveral which he has alluded to, and others which will illuſtrate the account he has given of himſelf. Theſe, I flatter myſelf, will pleaſe the generality of readers; ſince, when he touches on matters of private buſineſs, even ſubjects of the drieſt nature become intereſting, from his mode of treating them. Many Letters from diſtinguiſhed perſons to him will be introduced, and ſome that he received at a very early period of life. Although we have not all his own Letters to which theſe were anſwers, yet we have enough to teſtify his ambition, even in youth, to be diſtinguiſhed as a ſcholar.

It has been ſometimes thought neceſſary to offer to the Public an apology for the publication of private Letters. I have no ſcruple to ſay, that I publiſh theſe, becauſe I think they place my friend in an advantageous point of view. He might not, perhaps, have expected that all his Letters ſhould be printed; but I have no reaſon to believe that he would have been averſe to the publication of any. If I had, they never would have been made public, however highly I might have conceived of their excellence.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD GIBBON Eſquire.

N° I.

M. CREVIER *à M.* GIBBON.

MONSIEUR, PARIS, 7 Aout 1756.

JE ne puis qu'être très ſenſible aux témoignages d'eſtime dont vous voulez bien me combler, quoique je ſois fort éloigné de les prendre à la lettre, et de me regarder comme un oracle. Mais je ſuis homme vrai, et par la même qui aime à profiter des lumières que l'on a la bonté de me communiquer. Ainſi, Monſieur, je reçois avec toute la ſatisfaction poſſible l'ingénieuſe conjecture que vous propoſez, pour l'éclair-

[TRANSLATION.]

Mr. CREVIER *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, PARIS, 7th Auguſt 1756.

I AM extremely obliged by your expreſſions of eſteem, without taking them in the literal ſenſe, and believing myſelf an oracle. But I am a lover of truth and ſincerity, and always ready to avail myſelf of the communications of my learned friends. With the greateſt pleaſure, therefore, I received

l'éclairciſſement d'un paſſage de Tite Live ſur lequel je m'avois ſu qu'être embaraſſé. J'adopte toutes vos obſervations, tous vos raiſonnemens. Par le changement d'une ſeule lettre, vous ſubſtituez à un ſens louche et obſcur, une penſée claire, convenable au caractère de celui qui parle, et bien liée avec tout le reſte du diſcours. Je ne manquerai pas d'en faire une note, et de me ſervir de cette judicieuſe correction, ſi l'occaſion s'en préſente, en prenant ſoin d'en faire honneur à celui à qui je la dois.

J'ajouterai ſeulement une remarque de peu de conſéquence, mais qui me paroît néceſſaire pour donner toute ſa perfection à la phraſe, ſur laquelle vous avez travaillé ſi heureuſement. Voici la phraſe avec le changement que vous propoſez. *Nec eſſe in vos otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis.* Or *in vos* ne me paroît point s'accorder avec *otio veſtro.* L'expreſſion *in vos* ſemble marquer quelque choſe qui doit être contraire au bien des Carthaginois, et qui par conſéquence s'allie mal avec l'idée de leur repos. Ainſi au lieu de ces mots *in vos* j'aimerois mieux lire *in his.* Alors la phraſe ſera complete-

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your ingenious conjecture illuſtrating a paſſage of Livy, by which I had been puzzled. I adopt all your obſervations and reaſonings. By changing a ſingle letter, you ſubſtitute, inſtead of an aukward and obſcure meaning, a thought perſpicuous in itſelf, ſuitable to the character of the ſpeaker, and connected with the purport of his diſcourſe. I ſhall not fail noticing this judicious correction, when an opportunity occurs, and mentioning the name of the perſon to whom I am indebted for it.

I will add only one remark, of ſmall importance indeed, but neceſſary for giving complete correctneſs to the paſſage with which your attention has been ſo ſucceſsfully occupied. With your emendation it runs thus: *Nec eſſe in vos otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis.* The *in vos* does not appear to me to correſpond well with *otio veſtro*; ſince it ſeems to indicate ſomething adverſe to the intereſt of the Carthaginians, and therefore does not accord well with the idea of their tranquillity. Inſtead of the words *in vos* I would read *in his*; which would render the paſſage perfectly correct. *Nec eſſe*

completement bonne. *Nec eſſe in his otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis.* " Ne penſez pas que dans ces meſures que prennent les " Romains, pour vous ôter toutes vos forces, et en vous interdiſant " la guerre avec l'étranger, ils aient eu pour objet votre tran- " quillité et votre repos."

Il ne me reſte plus, Monſieur, qu'à vous remercier de la bonté que vous avez eu de me faire part d'une idée auſſi heureuſe. Ce ſeroit une grande joie pour moi ſi je reçevois ſouvent de pareils ſecours ſur tout ce que j'ai donné au public.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec bien de la reconnoiſſance et de reſpect, &c.

CREVIER.

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in his otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis. " Do not believe that the " Romans, when they deprive you of your forces, and forbid you to make " war on foreign nations, mean thereby to promote your tranquillity."

It remains only, Sir, that I ſhould thank you for your goodneſs in communicating to me ſo happy a thought. It would give me the greateſt pleaſure to be frequently favoured with ſuch aſſiſtance in my literary labours.

I have the honour to remain, with much gratitude and reſpect,

Yours, &c.

CREVIER.

N° II.

M. ALLAMAND *à Mr.* GIBBON.

MONSIEUR, BEX, Sept. 14, 1756.

À PRESENT queme voilà échappé de l'orage des fonctions publiques donc cette égliſe eſt chargée en tems de fête, je ſaiſis avec joie quelques momens de repos pour m'entretenir, Monſieur, avec vous: ce ſera, s'il vous plait, ſans faire de trop grands efforts ſur l'article des idées innées que vous me propoſez. Outre que je riſquerois de dire comme je ne ſais quelle des interlocutrices de Terence, *Magno conatu magnas nugas;* il y a fort long tems que je n'ai relu M. Locke, l'oracle moderne ſur cette matière, et il faudroit trop de tems et de papier pour tout éplucher. Ayez donc la bonté de vous contenter des premières réflexions qui ſe préſenteront ſur quelques endroits de ſon premier livre.

Je

Mr. ALLAMAND *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, BEX, 12th September 1756.

AFTER eſcaping from the tumult of public functions, in which the miniſters of this church are employed during the holydays, I ſit down with much pleaſure to converſe with you a few minutes on paper; without intending to make any very violent exertion in anſwering the queſtions concerning innate ideas, which you propoſe for my conſideration. I am not willing to riſk the being obliged to ſay, with one of Terence's characters, *Magno conatu magnas nugas*; beſides, it is long ſince I looked into Locke, the modern oracle on that ſubject; and too much time and paper would be requiſite completely to canvaſs ſo intricate a ſubject. You will have the goodneſs, therefore, to be contented with the firſt reflections that occur to me on ſome paſſages of his firſt book.

Je commence par le chap. i. § 5. où cet habile homme entreprend de prouver que ces deux principes, *Ce qui eſt, eſt ; il eſt impoſſible qu'une même choſe ſoit, et en même temps ne ſoit pas*, ne ſont point innées, puiſqu'ils n'étoient point dans l'eſprit pendant l'enfance ; et la preuve qu'ils n'y étoient pas, c'eſt que l'enfant n'y penſoit point, et que bien des gens meurent, ſans les avoir jamais apperçus ; " or," dit M. Locke, " une idée ne ſauroit être dans l'eſprit, ſans que l'eſprit " ne s'en apperçoive," &c.

Il eſt clair, Monſieur, que toute la force de ce raiſonnement, eſt dans cette dernière aſſertion ; mais cette aſſertion n'eſt elle pas evidemment détruite par l'expérience ? Apperçevez vous actuellement toutes les idées que vous avez dans l'eſprit ? N'y en a t'il point auquelles vous ne prendrez peutêtre garde de pluſieurs années ? Et dans les efforts que l'on fait ſouvent pour rappeller ce qu'on a confié à ſa mémoire ; ne ſent on pas qu'il peut y avoir des connoiſſances ſi cachées dans ſes replis, que loin de les apperçevoir ſans ceſſe, il faut bien de la peine pour les rattrapper ? Je ſais que M. Locke, qui a ſenti

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In chapter i. § 5. that able writer undertakes to prove that the axioms, " Whatever is, is ;" and " It is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and " not to be at the ſame time ;" are not innate ; becauſe children are totally ignorant of them, as appears from their never taking notice of them ; and many perſons die without ever perceiving the truth of theſe axioms ; " but it is impoſſible," Mr. Locke obſerves, " for an idea to be in the " mind, which the mind never takes notice of." It is plain that the whole weight of his reaſoning reſts on this laſt aſſertion ; which aſſertion itſelf ſeems to be manifeſtly contradicted by experience. Do you perceive, Sir, at this moment all the ideas that are in your mind ? Are there not ſome of them which you may not, perhaps, take notice of for many years ? In the efforts which we make to recall things to the memory, are we not ſenſible that ſome ideas may be ſo deeply hidden in its receſſes, that inſtead of continually perceiving them, we have no ſmall trouble in bringing them back to our remembrance ? I know that Mr. Locke,

ſenti la difficulté, tache de la réſoudre. Ch. iii. § 20. Mais en vérité, la longueur et l'embarras de cet article montre aſſez que M. L. n'étoit par à ſon aiſe en l'écrivant; et comment y auroit il été? Voici, autant que j'en puis juger, à quoi il ſe réduit. Il avoue, " Que " nous avons dans l'eſprit des idées que nous n'apperçevons point " actuellement; mais, dit-il, c'eſt dans la *mémoire* qu'elles ſont: et " cela eſt ſi vrai, qu'on ne ſe les rappelle point ſans ſe ſouvenir, en " même temps, qu'on les a déjà apperçues. Or, tel n'eſt point le " cas des *idées* qu'on pretend *innées*. Quand on les apperçoit pour " la première fois, ce n'eſt point avec réminiſcence, comme on de- " vroit, ſi ces idées là avoient été dans l'eſprit avant cette première " apperception," &c.

De grâce, Monſieur, croyez vous que M. Locke s'entendit bien lui même, quand il diſtinguoit *etre dans l'eſprit* et *etre dans la mémoire?* Et qu'importe à la queſtion, qu'on ſe ſouvienne d'avoir déjà ſu ce que l'on ſe rappelle, s'il n'en eſt pas moins vrai qu'on l'a eu long temps dans l'eſprit ſans s'en apperçevoir; ce qui eſt le point dont

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c. iii. § 20, endeavours to obviate theſe objections; but the length and perplexity of that article ſhews that he was not at eaſe in writing it. How indeed could he be ſo? ſince, as far as I am able to judge, the following is the reſult of his argument: " I confeſs that we have ideas in the mind, of " which we are not conſcious; but then theſe ideas are in the memory; as " appears from this, that we never recall them without remembering that " they formerly were objects of our perception. But this is not ſuppoſed to " hold with regard to what are called innate ideas. When theſe are perceived " for the firſt time, it is not with reminiſcence, which would certainly be the " caſe if they had been in the mind before this firſt perception of them," &c.

Be pleaſed to tell me, Sir, whether you think that Mr. Locke himſelf well underſtood the diſtinction which he makes between *being in the mind*, and *being in the memory?* And of what importance is it, that we remember to have formerly had the recalled ideas, provided it be allowed that we had them

dont il s'agit? Au reſte, M. Locke auroit pu ſentir que ſi l'on ne ſe *rappelle* point les idées innées par *réminiſcence*, c'eſt qu'elles ne ſont point entrées dans l'eſprit d'une manière qui ait exigé, ou attiré ſon attention. Et c'eſt auſſi le cas de pluſieurs idées acquiſes; car, quoiqu'en dire M. Locke, chacun ſe trouve au beſoin, nombre d'idées qui ne peuvent s'être inſinuées dans ſon eſprit, qu'à la préſence de certains objets, auquels il n'a point pris garde, ou, en général, par des moyens inconnus, qui l'ont enrichi ſans qu'il ſache comment, et ſans qu'il crût les avoir juſques au moment qu'elles ſe ſont préſentées.

Sur le fond même de la queſtion, il me ſemble que M. Locke confond perpétuellement deux choſes très différentes. *L'idée elle même*, qui eſt une connoiſſance dans l'eſprit et un principe de raiſonnement; et *l'énoncé de cette idée* en forme de propoſition, ou de définition. Il ſe peut, et il eſt même très probable, que bien des gens n'ont jamais formé ou enviſagé en eux mêmes cet énoncé, *il*

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them long, without taking any notice of them, which is the point in queſtion? Beſides, Mr. Locke ought to have known that innate ideas are not recalled with reminiſcence, becauſe thoſe ideas come originally into the mind in a way that neither excites nor requires our attention; for whatever Mr. Locke may ſay, every one may be ſenſible from his own experience, that many even of his acquired ideas could not have come into his mind independently of the preſence of certain objects of which he had never taken any notice; or, in general, independently of certain unknown cauſes, which enriched him, without his being ſenſible of it, with ideas that he did not believe himſelf poſſeſſed of, till they actually preſented themſelves to his underſtanding.

As to the main queſtion, Mr. Locke ſeems to me perpetually to confound two things extremely different; the idea itſelf, which is a perception of the mind, and a principle of reaſoning; and the expreſſion of that idea in the form of a propoſition or definition. It is poſſible, nay, very probable, that many perſons have never formed, or thought of the propoſition, "It

il eſt impoſſible qu'une choſe ſoit, et ne ſoit pas en même tems. Voyez Liv. 1. ch. i. § 12. Mais ſuit-il delà, qu'ils ne connoiſſent pas la vérité qu'il exprime, et qu'ils n'en ont pas l'idée?--Nullement. Tout homme qui aſſure, qui nie, tout homme qui parle, un enfant quand il demande, quand il refuſe, quand il ſe plaint, &c. ne ſuppoſe t'il pas, que dès qu'une choſe eſt, il eſt impoſſible qu'en même tems elle ne ſoit pas? Ne trouvez vous pas, Monſieur, qu'on pourroit ſoutenir la réalité des idées innées, préciſément ſur ce que M. Locke allégue contre elles, que beaucoup de gens n'ont jamais penſé aux propoſitions évidentes dont il parle; car, puiſque ſans y avoir penſé, ils s'en ſervent, ils bâtiſſent là deſſus, ils jugent de la vérité, ou de l'abſurdité d'un diſcours par ſes rapports avec ces principes là, &c. D'où leur vient cette familiarité avec des principes qu'ils n'ont jamais apperçus diſtinctement, ſi ce n'eſt de ce qu'ils en ont une connoiſſance, ou ſi l'on veut, un ſentiment naturel?

Aux § 17 et 18, M. Locke nie que le conſentement que l'on donne à certaines propoſitions, dès qu'on les entend prononcer, ſoit une

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" is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to be at the ſame time." See Locke, b. i. c. 1. § 12. But does it follow from this, that they are ignorant of the truth expreſſed by theſe words? By no means. Every man who affirms, denies, or ſpeaks; a child who aſks, refuſes, or complains, muſt know the truth of this propoſition. Does it not appear to you, Sir, that the doctrine of innate ideas may be defended on the ſame principle by which Mr. Locke attacks it; namely, that many perſons have never thought of the propoſitions or deſcriptions by which they are expreſſed? For if without ever having thought of thoſe propoſitions, they make uſe of them in their reaſonings, and employ them in judging of the juſtneſs or abſurdity of every diſcourſe which they hear, how could they be ſo familiar with principles which they never diſtinctly took notice of, unleſs they had a natural knowledge or innate perception of them?

In paragraphs 17 and 18, Mr. Locke denies that our conſenting to certain propoſitions at firſt hearing them, is a proof that the ideas expreſſed by them

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une preuve que l'idée qu'elles expriment ſoit innée ; et il ſe fonde, ſur ce qu'il y a bien des propoſitions que l'on reçoit ainſi d'abord, qui certainement ne ſont point innées ; et il en donne divers exemples, viz. *deux & deux ſont quatre*, &c. Mais ne vous paroîtra t'il pas qu'il confond içi de ſimples définitions de mots avec des vérités évidentes par elles mêmes ? Au moins, eſt il certain que tous ſes exemples ſont de ſimples définitions des mots, *deux et deux ſont quatre.* L'idée qu'on exprime par *deux et deux*, eſt la même que celle qu'on exprime par *quatre*, &c. Or perſonne ne dit que la connoiſſance d'une définition de mots ſoit innée, puiſqu'elle ſuppoſe celle du langage. Mais cette propoſition, *le tout eſt plus grand que chacune de ſes parties*, n'eſt point dans ce cas ; et il eſt certain que le plus petit enfant ſuppoſe la vérité de cette propoſition toutes les fois que non content d'une moitié de pomme, il veut la pomme toute entière.

Prenez la peine, Monſieur, d'examiner le § 23; où M. Locke veut convaincre de fauſſeté cette ſuppoſition, qu'il y a des principes tellement *innés*, que ceux qui en entendent pour la première fois, et qui

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are innate ; ſince many propoſitions, thus aſſented to, evidently expreſs ideas that had been acquired ; for example, *two and two make four*, &c. But does it not appear to you, that he here confounds the definition of words with ſelf-evident truths ? at leaſt, all the examples which he gives are mere definitions. The idea expreſſed by *two and two* is preciſely the ſame with the idea of *four*. Nobody ſays that our knowledge of the definitions of words is innate, becauſe that would imply language to be ſo. But the knowledge of this truth, that the whole is greater than its part, does not imply that ſuppoſition ; ſince an infant ſhews itſelf acquainted with this principle, when, diſſatisfied with the half of an apple, it indicates its deſire to poſſeſs the whole.

Take the trouble, Sir, to examine § 23 ; in which Mr. Locke endeavours to diſprove the aſſertion, that there are ſome principles ſo truly innate, that thoſe who hear them expreſſed in words for the firſt time, immediately com-

qui en comprennent l'énoncé, n'apprennent rien de nouveau. " Pre-
" mièrement, dit-il, il eſt clair qu'ils ont appris les *termes* de l'énoncé
" et la *ſignification* de ces termes." Mais qui ne voit que M. Locke ſort de la queſtion ? Perſonne n'a jamais dit que des termes, qui ne ſont que des ſignes arbitraires de nos idées, fuſſent innés. Il ajoute, " Que les idées renfermées dans de pareils énoncés ne naiſſent pas
" plus avec nous, que leurs expreſſions, et qu'on acquiert ces idées
" dans la ſuite après en avoir appris les noms." Mais, 1. N'eſt ce pas donner pour preuve de ce qu'on affirme, cette affirmation même ? Il n'y a point d'idées innées, car il n'y en a que d'acquiſes ! M. Locke riroit bien d'un pareil raiſonnement, s'il le trouvoit dans ſes adverſaires. 2. S'il eſt vrai qu'on apprend les mots avant que d'avoir les idées qu'ils expriment, au moins s'il eſt vrai que cela ſoit toujours ainſi, comme M. Locke l'entend, je voudrois bien ſavoir comment la première langue a pu être formée ? Et même comment il eſt poſſible qu'on faſſe comprendre à quelqu'un le ſens d'un mot nouveau pour lui ? Tout homme qui n'a nulle idée de *l'ordre*, par exemple,

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prehend them without learning any thing new. " Firſt of all," he obſerves,
" it is clear they muſt have learned the terms of the expreſſion, and the
" meaning of thoſe terms." But here Mr. Locke manifeſtly departs from the queſtion. Nobody ſays that words, which are merely arbitrary ſigns of our ideas, are innate. He adds, " that the ideas denoted by theſe expreſſions
" are no more born with us than the expreſſions themſelves, and that we ac-
" quire the ideas after firſt learning the terms by which they are expreſſed." But, 1. Is not this to take for granted the thing to be proved ? There are no innate ideas, for all ideas are acquired. Mr. Locke would laugh at his adverſaries, were they to make uſe of ſuch an argument. 2. If words are learned before ideas, at leaſt if that is always the caſe, as Mr. Locke underſtands it to be, I would be glad to know how the firſt language could have been formed, or how it could be poſſible to communicate to any one the meaning of a word altogether new to him ? A perſon who had no idea of

exemple, doit auſſi peu être capable d'entendre ce mot *ordre*, qu'un aveugle né celui de *couleur*.

Au § 27, M. Locke nie les idées innées, parcequ'elles ne paroîſſent ni dans les enfans, ni dans les imbécilles, où elles devroient paroître le plus. Mais, 1. Ceux qui admettent les idées innées, ne les croyent pas plus naturelles à l'ame, que ſes facultes; puis donc que l'état et la conſtitution du corps nuit à celles-ci dans les imbécilles, elle ſera auſſi cauſe qu'on ne leur remarque point les autres. 2. Le fait même n'eſt pas entièrement vrai; les enfans et les imbécilles ont l'idée de leur exiſtence, de leur individualité, de leur identité, &c.

Dans le reſte de ce §, M. Locke ſe divertit au depens de ceux qui croyent que les énoncés des maximes abſtraites ſont innées: mais les plus déterminés ſcholaſtiques n'ont jamais rien dit de ſemblable, et il rit d'une chimère qu'il s'eſt faite lui même.

Je ne ſais, Monſieur, comment il eſt arrivé qu'au lieu de trois ou quatre courtes réflexions que j'aurois du vous donner ſur tout ceci, je

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of order, for example, would be no more capable of underſtanding the word order, than a man born blind could underſtand the word colour.

In paragraph 27, Mr. Locke denies innate ideas, becauſe they are not found in children and idiots, in whom we ought moſt to expect meeting with them. I anſwer, 1. Thoſe who admit innate ideas, do not believe them more natural to the mind than its faculties; and as the ſtate and conſtitution of the body diſturbs the faculties of idiots, the ſame cauſe may hinder them from ſhowing any ſigns of innate ideas. 2. The fact is not ſtrictly true. Even idiots and infants have the idea of their exiſtence, individuality, identity, &c.

In the remainder of that paragraph, Mr. Locke diverts himſelf with the abſurdity of thoſe who believe the expreſſions of abſtract maxims to be innate; but the moſt determined ſcholaſtic never maintained any ſuch opinion; and he combats a chimera which is the work of his own fancy.

I know not how it has happened that, inſtead of a few general reflections which I intended, I have ſent you a long and tireſome criticiſm on ſome

je me ſuis engagé dans une critique longue et ennuyeuſe, de quelques endroits d'un ſeul chapitre: c'eſt apparemment un reſte de laſſitude: j'ai trouvé plus de facilité à ſuivre et à chicaner M. Locke qu'à penſer tout ſeul. Prenez patience et pardonnez. J'entrevois bien des choſes à dire ſur le ſecond chapitre, où il s'agit des principes innés de pratique; mais je ne vous en fatiguerai qu'après en avoir reçu l'aveu de vous même.

On écrit içi, que le Roi de Pruſſe vient de battre les Autrichiens et de leur tuer 20 mille hommes, en ayant perdu 15 mille des ſiens. Voilà donc où il alloit en paſſant par Leipſic. Si cette nouvelle eſt vraie, la guerre ne ſauroit manquer de devenir générale, et de l'air qu'elle commence, elle ſera terrible: mais je crains bien que ſa M. P. n'ait le ſort de Charles XII. Qui le ſoutiendra contre la France, l'Autriche, et peutêtre la Ruſſie reunies?

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une parfaite conſidération, Monſieur, &c.

ALLAMAND.

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paſſages of a ſingle chapter. The remains of laſſitude, probably, made it eaſier for me to follow and diſpute with Mr. Locke, than to think and reaſon alone. Have patience, and pardon me. There are many remarks to make on the ſecond chapter, where he treats of innate practical principles. But I will not tire you with that ſubject, unleſs you deſire it.

Our newſpapers ſay, that the King of Pruſſia has beat the Auſtrians, and killed twenty thouſand of their men; with the loſs of fifteen thouſand of his own. This was the object he had in view when he paſſed through Leipſick. If the news be true, the war muſt become general; and, according to appearances, it will be terrible. But I much fear leſt his Pruſſian Majeſty meet with the fate of Charles XII. What are his reſources for defence againſt the united ſtrength of France and Auſtria, and perhaps of Ruſſia?

I have the honour to be, with the moſt perfect conſideration, yours, &c.

ALLAMAND.

N° III.

M. ALLAMAND *à M.* GIBBON.

MONSIEUR, BEX, le 12 Octobre 1756.

JE ſuis charmé de l'exactitude et de la pénétration qui ſe diſputent le terrein dans la dernière lettre que vous avez pris la peine de m'écrire: et comme vous, Monſieur, je crois que la queſtion touche à ſa déciſion.

Vous avez ſans doute raiſon de dire que les propoſitions évidentes dont il s'agit, ne ſont pas de ſimples idées, mais des jugemens. Mais ayez auſſi la complaiſance de reconnoître que M. Locke les alleguant en exemple d'idées qui paſſent pour innées et qui ne le ſont pas ſelon lui, s'il y a içi de la mépriſe, c'eſt lui qu'il faut relever là-deſſus, et non pas moi, qui n'avois autre choſe à faire qu'à refuter ſa manière de raiſonner contre l'innéité de ces idées, ou jugmens là. D'ailleurs, Monſieur, vous remarquerez, s'il vous plait, que dans cette diſpute il s'agit en effet, de ſavoir ſi certaines vérités évidentes et communes, et non pas ſeulement certaines idées ſimples, ſont innées ou non.

Mr. ALLAMAND *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, BEX, October 12, 1756.

I am delighted with your laſt letter, equally diſtinguiſhed by accuracy and penetration; and with you, Sir, I believe that the queſtion approaches to its deciſion.

You are right in ſaying, that the ſelf-evident propoſitions, which I mentioned, are not merely ideas, but judgments: yet you will have the goodneſs to obſerve, that Mr. Locke having given them as examples of ideas which paſs for being innate, but which he does not regard as ſuch, the miſtake is chargeable on him, and not on me, who had nothing farther to do than to refute his manner of reaſoning. Beſides, you will be pleaſed to remark, that the real queſtion is, whether not only certain ideas, but alſo certain

non. Ceux qui affirment, ne donnent guère pour exemple d'idées ſimples qui le ſoyent, que celles de Dieu, de l'unité, et de l'exiſtence : les autres exemples ſont pris de propoſitions completes, que vous appellez jugemens.

Mais, dites vous, y aura t'il donc des jugemens innés ? Le jugement eſt il autre choſe qu'un acte de nos facultés intellectuelles dans la comparaiſon des idées ? Le jugement ſur les vérités évidentes, n'eſt il pas une ſimple vue de ces vérités là, un ſimple coup d'œil que l'eſprit jette ſur elles ? J'accorde tout cela. Et de grace, qu'eſt ce qu'*idée ?* N'eſt ce pas *vue*, ou coup d'œil, ſi vous voulez ? Ceux qui définiſſent l'idée autrement, ne s'éloignent ils pas viſiblement du ſens et de l'intention du mot ? Dire que les idées ſont les eſpeces des choſes imprimées dans l'eſprit, comme l'image de l'objet ſenſible tracée dans l'œil, n'eſt ce pas jargonner plutôt que définir ? Or c'eſt la faute, qu'ont fait tous les metaphyſiciens, et quoique M. Locke l'ait bien ſentie, il a mieux aimé ſe fâcher contre eux, et tirer contre les girouettes de la place, que s'appliquer à démêler ce galimatias.

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certain common and ſelf-evident propoſitions be innate. The only examples produced of innate ideas are thoſe of God, unity, and exiſtence; the other examples are of innate propoſitions, which you call judgments.

You aſk, whether it be poſſible that our judgments ſhould be innate, judgment being nothing elſe but the act of our intellectual faculties in comparing our ideas, and our judgment concerning ſelf-evident truths being merely the perception of thoſe truths by a ſimple glance of the mind ? I grant all that, but would aſk, what elſe is an idea but a glance of the mind ? Thoſe who define it otherwiſe, widely depart from the original ſenſe of the word; and talk unintelligibly, when they ſay that ideas are ſpecies; that is, appearances of things impreſſed on the mind, as the images of corporeal objects are impreſſed on the eye. All metaphyſicians have committed this miſtake; and Mr. Locke, though ſenſible of it, has choſen in his anger to direct his batteries againſt the weathercocks, rather than againſt the building itſelf. According to the meaning of theſe metaphyſicians, there

Que n'a-t'il dit : non ſeulement il n'y a point d'idées innées dans le ſens de ces Meſſieurs ; mais il n'y a point d'idées du tout dans ce ſens là : toute idée eſt un acte, une vue, un coup d'œil de l'eſprit. Dès lors demander s'il y a des idées innées, c'eſt demander s'il y a certaines vérités ſi évidentes et ſi communes que tout eſprit non ſtupide puiſſe naturellement, ſans culture et ſans maître, ſans diſcuſſion, ſans raiſonnement, les reconnoître d'un coup d'œil, et ſouvent même ſans s'apperçevoir qu'on jette ce coup d'œil. L'affirmative me paroît inconteſtable, et ſelon moi, le queſtion eſt vuidée par là.

Maintenant prenez garde, Monſieur, que cette manière d'entendre l'affaire, va au but des partiſans des idées innées, tout comme la leur ; et par la même, contredit M. Locke dans le ſien. Car pourquoi voudroit on qu'il y eu des idées innées ? C'eſt pour en oppoſer la certitude et l'évidence au doute univerſel des ſceptiques, qui eſt ruiné d'un ſeul coup, s'il y a des vérités dont la vue ſoit néceſſaire et naturelle à l'homme. . Or vous ſentez, Monſieur, que je puis leur

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there are ſurely no innate ideas, becauſe in their ſenſe of the word there are no ideas whatever. An idea is merely an act or perception of the mind : and the queſtion concerning innate ideas is merely to determine, whether certain truths be not ſo common and ſo evident, that every mind, not abſolutely ſtupid, muſt recognize them at a ſingle glance, without the aſſiſtance of any teacher, and without the intervention of any diſcuſſion or reaſoning ; and often without being ſenſible that this glance is caſt on them ? The affirmative appears to me incontrovertible ; and the queſtion thereby is ſolved.

You will pleaſe to remark, that this way of explaining the matter is as favourable to innate ideas, and therefore as oppoſite to Mr. Locke's doctrine, as the unintelligible hypotheſis above mentioned. For what reaſon do we contend in favour of innate ideas ? To oppoſe evidence and certainty to univerſal ſcepticiſm ; whoſe cauſe is ruined by proving certain truths to be ſo neceſſary and ſo natural to man, that they are univerſally recognized by a ſingle glance. This may be proved according to my meaning of the word

leur dire cela dans ma façon d'expliquer la choſe, tout auſſi bien que les partiſans ordinaires des idées innées dans la leur. Et voilà ce qui ſemble incommoder un peu M. Locke, qui, ſans ſe declarer pyrrhonien, laiſſe apperçevoir un peu trop de foible pour le pyrrhoniſme, et a beaucoup contribué à le nourrir dans ce ſiècle. A force de vouloir marquer les bornes de nos connoiſſances, ce qui étoit fort néceſſaire, il a quelquefois tout mis en bornes.

Après ces remarques générales ſur le fond de la queſtion, il eſt peu néceſſaire de s'arrêter à quelques particulières, où vous ne me croyez pas fondé. Cependant vous me permettrez de vous faire obſerver ſur celles que vous relevez: 1. Que dans ce § 5. du ch. 1. il eſt bien vrai que M. Locke mêle ces deux choſes, être actuellement dans l'eſprit, *ſans que l'eſprit s'en apperçoive*—et, y être, *ſans qu'il s'en ſoit jamais apperçu.*—Mais il eſt certain auſſi, qu'à la concluſion de ce §, il s'en tient au premier incognito, et donne lieu à ma critique en s'exprimant en ces termes. Je ſuis la traduction Françoiſe n'ayant pas l'original. " De ſorte, dit-il, que ſoutenir qu'une choſe ſoit " dans l'entendement, et qu'elle n'eſt pas conçue par l'entendement, " qu'elle

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idea, as well as according to the ſenſe in which this word is vulgarly taken; and the proof would not have been very pleaſing to Mr. Locke, who, without profeſſing himſelf a ſceptic, yet ſhews a leaning to the ſceptical ſide; and whoſe works have contributed much to the diffuſion of ſcepticiſm in the preſent age. His too eager deſire of fixing the limits of human knowledge, a thing highly neceſſary, has made him leave nothing but limits.

After theſe general obſervations on the main queſtion, it is not very neceſſary to deſcend to the particulars in which you think me miſtaken. Yet you will permit me to anſwer your objections. 1. It is true, that Mr. Locke, § 5. c. 1. joins the two expreſſions, " being in the mind, without being actu- " ally perceived by the mind," and " being in the mind, without having ever " been perceived by the mind;" but at the concluſion of the paragraph he lays himſelf open to my criticiſm, by expreſſing himſelf as follows: " So that to " be in the underſtanding and not to be underſtood, to be in the mind and " never

" qu'elle eſt dans l'eſprit, ſans que l'eſprit l'apperçoive, c'eſt autant " que ſi l'on diſoit, qu'une choſe eſt, et n'eſt pas dans l'eſprit ou " dans l'entendement." N'eſt il pas clair, Monſieur, que ce grand philoſophe, écrivant cela, étoit dans l'erreur, ou la mépriſe de fait que je prends la liberté de lui reprocher; c'eſt que l'eſprit ne peut avoir aucune connoiſſance qu'il ne l'apperçoive actuellement? Je crois bien que ſi on l'avoit d'abord relevé là-deſſus il auroit ſenti ſa mépriſe, mais il n'en eſt pas moins vrai, et qu'il y eſt tombé, et qu'il s'en fait un principe contre ſes adverſaires.

2. Vous voulez qu'on lui paſſe ſa diſtinction entre les idées qui *ſont dans l'eſprit* et celles qui ſont *dans la mémoire:* à moi ne tienne, pourvu que vous preniez le mot d'idée comme moi; car, en ce ſens, une idée eſt dans l'eſprit, lorſque l'eſprit enviſage actuellement la propoſition qui eſt l'objet de ſon idée, ou de ſon coup d'œil; et elle n'eſt que dans la mémoire, lorſque l'eſprit ayant auparavant jetté ce coup d'œil ſur elle, en a plus de facilité à la réitérer, et en le réitérant, ſent que ce n'eſt pas la première fois qu'il enviſage cette propoſition

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" never to be perceived, is all one as to ſay, any thing is and is not in the " mind or underſtanding." It is clear, Sir, that this great philoſopher erred in writing this paſſage; maintaining, what I took the liberty to contradict, that nothing could be in the underſtanding without being perceived to be there. I doubt not that he would have corrected this miſtake had it been pointed out to him; but he certainly falls into it, and employs it as a principle of reaſoning againſt his adverſaries.

2. You think that we ought to admit his diſtinction between " ideas in the " mind," and " ideas in the memory." I admit the diſtinction with all my heart, provided you take the word idea in the ſame acceptation as I do. In that ſenſe an idea is in the mind, when the mind actually conſiders the propoſition which is the object of its idea, that is, of its glance or perception; and an idea is in the memory when the mind, having formerly caſt that glance on it, finds thereby a greater facility in recalling it, remembering at the ſame time that it formerly was the object of its perception. But if you underſtand

propoſition là.—Mais ſi par idées, vous entendez ces *eſpeces* chimériques, ſuppoſées par les métaphyſiciens, et autant qu'il m'en ſouvient, pas aſſez nettement congédiées par M. Locke, j'en reviens, s'il vous plait, à ma prétenſion, qu'on ne s'entend pas ſoi même quand on diſtingue la mémoire de l'eſprit.

Un violent mal de tête que j'ai apporté de notre vénérable claſſe, ne me permet pas d'étendre davantage cette lettre, et m'empêche de la faire moins courte et plus nette. Je vous prie, Monſieur, de l'excuſer telle qu'elle eſt. Peut être, pénétrant comme vous l'êtes, ne laiſſerez vous pas d'y entrevoir dequoi prévenir toute difficulté ſur les principes innés de pratique: M. Locke me paroît plus fort içi que ſur les autres, mais il n'a pas laiſſé de s'y embaraſſer un peu par-ci par-là.

Je me faiſois une fête de vous voir un moment à Vevay, et j'ai été capot d'être *diſappointed;* ſi j'entends ce mot de votre langue, le notre n'en a point qui peut dire ſi bien la même choſe. Je n'ai même vu M. Pavillard que dans l'aſſemblée.

Si

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by ideas theſe chimerical ſpecies, the mere fictions of metaphyſicians, and, as it ſeems to me, not ſufficiently diſproved by Mr. Locke, I return to my aſſertion, and maintain that the diſtinction is unintelligible between "being "in the mind," and "being in the memory."

A violent headach, which I brought with me from our venerable claſs, hinders me from continuing this letter, or rendering what I have already written ſhorter and more perſpicuous. I intreat you to excuſe its imperfections. Your penetration will perhaps diſcern how all difficulties may be ſolved concerning innate practical principles. Mr. Locke treats this ſubject better than he does the others; but in ſeveral parts he is ſomewhat puzzled.

I rejoiced at the hopes of ſeeing you for a moment at Vevay, and was ſurpriſed at being *diſappointed.* If I rightly underſtand this word of your language, it cannot be well tranſlated into ours. I met with Mr. Pavillard only in the aſſembly.

If

Si la marche de 120 mille Ruſſes n'eſt pas une fable, que va devenir S. M. Pruſſienne ? Ne croyez vous pas, Monſieur, que nous touchons à de grandes revolutions ? Il y a long tems que je ſoupçonne un plan formé, de réduire le ſyſtême général à trois grands empires ; celui des François, à l'occident du Rhin, celui d'Autriche à l'orient, et celui des Ruſſes au nord. Il n'y en a pourtant rien dans l'Apocalypſe. Qu'on partage la terre comme on voudra, pourvu qu'il y ſoit toujours permis de croire, que ce qui eſt, eſt ; et que les contradictoires ne peuvent pas être vraies en même temps. Au reſte ces trois empires auroient beau être grands, méſurés à nos toiſes, ils paroîtroient toujours bien petits, vus ſeulement depuis la lune, et à quelle hauteur ne s'élevent pas par delà des yeux philoſophes.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec bien de la conſidération, Monſieur, &c.

ALLAMAND.

M. de N*** m'écrit que *tout va mieux que jamais*, à préſent que Madame D. ſa nièce eſt bien malade, et que voilà 200 mille hommes prets à s'égorger pour 5 ſols par jour. Il eſt de mauvaiſe humeur contre ce *tout eſt bien*.

If the march of an hundred and twenty thouſand Ruſſians is not a fable, what muſt become of the King of Pruſſia ? Does it not appear to you, that we are threatened with great revolutions ? I have long ſuſpected a deſign of reducing the general ſyſtem of Europe to three great empires ; that of the French on the weſt of the Rhine, of Auſtria on the eaſt, and of Ruſſia in the north. Yet we read of nothing of this kind in the Revelation. But let the world be divided as it may, provided it be lawful for us to believe that " whatever is, is ;" and " that two contradictory propoſitions can- " not both at the ſame time be true." Thoſe three empires will be great only when meaſured on this earth ; viewed but from the moon, they will be ſmall enough ; and how far do philoſophical eyes ſoar beyond that luminary !

I have the honour to be, with much conſideration, yours, &c. ALLAMAND.

Mr. de N*** writes to me that things go better and better, now that his niece Madame D. is extremely ill ; and that 200,000 men are ready to cut one another's throats at the rate of five *ſous* a day. He is provoked at the maxim, " all for the beſt."

N° IV.

M. le Profeſſeur BREITINGER *à M.* GIBBON *à* Lauſanne.

October 22, 1756.

EQUIDEM Davus ſum, non Œdipus; dicam tamen quid de dubiis e Juſtino propoſitis locis mihi videatur.

1. JUSTINUS, libr. ii. c. 3. *His igitur Aſia per mille quingentos annos vectigalis fuit. Pendendi tributi finem Ninus rex Aſſyriorum impoſuit.* Adeo manifeſtus eſt calculi error, ut mirum videri poſſit, hanc lectionem unquam fuiſſe a quoquam in textum receptam; ita enim Ninus Seſoſtre mille quingentis annis inferior eſſet ætate. Oroſius, qui Juſtinum per compendium ſumma cum fide expreſſit, hæc in hunc modum commemorat. Lib. i. c. 14. *Univerſam quoque Ægyptum (Scythæ) populaſſent; niſi paludibus impediti, repulſi fuiſſent. Inde continuo reverſi, perdomitam infinitis cædibus Aſiam vectigalem fecere: ubi per* 15 *annos ſine pace immorati, tandem uxorum flagitatione revocantur,*

Profeſſor BREITINGER *to Mr.* GIBBON *at* Lauſanne.

October 22, 1756.

THOUGH I am Davus, not Œdipus, I will give you my opinion concerning the difficulties in Juſtin, which you propoſe for my conſideration.

1. In the third chapter of his ſecond book he ſays, "That Aſia was tributary fifteen centuries to the Scythians, and that Ninus put an end to "thoſe contributions." The number of years is ſo manifeſtly erroneous, that it is aſtoniſhing ſuch a reading ſhould ever have been admitted into the text; for it makes Ninus later than Seſoſtris by a period of fifteen hundred years. Oroſius, who abridged Juſtin with the greateſt fidelity, ſpeaks to the following purpoſe: "The Scythians would have raviſhed the whole of "Egypt, had they not been prevented by the marſhes. When they re-"turned from that country, they made a bloody conqueſt of Aſia, and ren-"dered it tributary. Having remained there fifteen reſtleſs years, they at "length

revocantur, denunciantium, ni redeant, ſobolem ſe a finitimis quæſituras. Dubium ergo nullum eſt, quin pro MD. ſubſtituendum ſit XV. Tu inquiris in cauſam erroris ſatis argutè. Sed non poteſt habere locum illa tua emendatio, *per mille* in *permiſſa*, ſi quidem notis arithmeticis, quod admodum probabile eſt, in antiquis libris numeri fuerunt expreſſi.

2. JUSTIN. libr. xii. c. 8. *Itaque cæſis hoſtibus, cum gratulatione in eadem* (caſtra) *reverterunt.* Fruſtra mihi ſollicitare videris lectionem receptam: gratis enim a te aſſumitur quod Cuphites ne quidem aggredi fuerint auſi. Alia te docebit fidus *Juſtini* interpres Oroſius, lib. iii. cap. 19. *Cumque ad Choſides ventum eſſet, ibi contra CC millia equitum hoſtium pugnam* CONSERUERUNT; *et cum tam ætate detriti, animo ægri, viribus laſſi, difficile* VICISSENT, *caſtra ob memoriam plus ſolito magnifica condiderunt.* Itaque non priuſquam manus conſeruiſſent,

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" length returned home, at the earneſt intreaty of their wives; who ſaid, " that unleſs their huſbands came home to them, they would, for the ſake " of having children, cohabit with their neighbours." Oroſius, lib. i. c. 14. There cannot be any doubt, therefore, that " fifteen hundred" has been ſubſtituted for " fifteen." You inveſtigate very ingeniouſly the cauſe of the error; but the emendation which you propoſe, by changing *per mille* into *permiſſa*, cannot be well founded, if the number was expreſſed, as is moſt probable, by arithmetical marks in the ancient copies.

2. In Juſtin, lib. xii. c. 8. we read, " They (the Macedonians) returned, " after beating the enemy, with congratulations, or thankſgivings, into the " ſame camp." In this paſſage you ſeem to me needleſsly to diſturb the ancient reading. You aſſume, without proof, that they did not venture to attack the Cuphites. Oroſius, Juſtin's faithful interpreter, declares the direct contrary. " When they came to the country of the Choſides, they " fought with two hundred thouſand of the enemy's cavalry; and, having " conquered them with much difficulty, becauſe they themſelves were now " worn out with years and fatigue, and ſunk in ſpirit, they formed a camp " more magnificent than uſual, to commemorate their exploit." Oroſius, lib. iii. c. 19. They did not, therefore, return into their camp until they had

ſeruiſſent, nonniſi poſt hoſtes devictos ac cæſos, in caſtra reverterunt. Quid quod ipſe Juſtinus idem haud obſcurè innuit, quum ait: *Motus his tam juſtis precibus, velut in finem* VICTORIÆ, *caſtra fieri juſſit quorum molitionibus et hoſtis* TERRERETUR. Quod ſi vero ſtatuas, Macedonum exercitum infinitis Cuphitarum copiis territum a prœlio abſtinuiſſe, atque hoc timore perculſum reditum maturandum eſſe cenſuiſſe, næ ego non intelligo, quo ſenſu Juſtinus dixerit: *Caſtra poſuiſſe velut in finem* VICTORIÆ: *poſuiſſe eadem ſolito magnificentiora ut hoſtis* TERRERETUR: *et cum* GRATULATIONE *in eo revertiſſe.* Ubi et hoc contra Sebiſii emendationem notari velim, formulam illam loquendi CUM GRATULATIONE alterum illud, εὐχαριστήρια θύειν, *cæſis hoſtiis*, jam comprehendere. Adeoque illa tua emendatio *omiſſis hoſtibus* et ab hiſtoriæ fide et a Juſtini ſententia multum abludit.

3. JUSTIN. lib. xxiii. c. 8. *Terræ motu portio montis abrupta Gallorum ſtravit exercitum, et confertiſſimi cuneï, non ſine vulneribus hoſtium, diſſipati ruebant.* Ne te offendat durior, quæ tibi videtur trajectio

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combated and conquered the enemy. Juſtin himſelf gives us to underſtand as much, when he ſays, " That Alexander, moved by ſuch juſt prayers, " cauſed, at the end of his *victory*, a camp to be formed, whoſe walls might " *inſpire terror* into the enemy." If the Macedonians, therefore, as you imagine, had been frightened at the innumerable forces of the Cuphites, and therefore returned haſtily into their camp, I do not ſee why Juſtin ſhould ſay, *at the end of his victory, inſpire terror into the enemy*, or *that they returned to their camp with thankſgivings.* It may here be remarked, in oppoſition to Sebiſius' emendation, that the expreſſion, *cum gratulatione*, if tranſlated " with thankſgivings," will include the *cæſis hoſtiis*, τα ευχαριστηρια θυειν; that is, the *ſacrifice of thanks*; ſo that your alteration of *cæſis hoſtiis* into *omiſſis hoſtibus*, is equally inconſiſtent with hiſtorical truth and the words of Juſtin.

3. In Juſtin, lib. xxiv. c. viii. we read, " Part of the mountain carried " away by the earthquake overwhelmed the army of the Gauls; and its " thick maſſes breaking in ſcattered pieces, fell down with great force, not " without wounding the enemy." You need not be offended with the harſh tranſpoſition

trajectio vocis *hoſtium* qua cum *confertiſſimi cunei*, conjungendam cenſes, atque intelligis de cuneis hoſtium, ſive Gallorum, militaribus. Atque tu, re rite expenſa, cognoſces, nullam hic trajectionem locum habere, ſed omnia naturali ordine fluere: tantum *cuneos* exponas, non per cohortes hoſtium militares, ſed per *moles conglobatas* a monte ac rupe avulſas, quæ non *confertim*, ſed poſtquam præcipiti curſu in *cuneos* diſſiluiſſent, *diſſipatæ ruebant non ſine vulneribus hoſtium*, h. e. *Gallorum*. Ita perſpecta erit ac manifeſta ratio, cur illud *hoſtium* cum *confertiſſimi cunei* nec poſſit, nec debeat conjungi: ne ſcilicet perperam ad cuneos militares traheretur, adeoque ad vitandam omnem ſermonis ambiguitatem.

4. JUSTIN. lib. xxviii. c. 2. *Adverſus Gallos urbem eos ſuam tueri non potuiſſe: captamque non ferro defendiſſe, ſed auro redemiſſe.* Si quidem iſte locus medicam manum poſtularet aut admitteret, non eſt altera qua uterer libentius quam tua, qua pro *captamque* reſtituis *capitoliumque*. Et fruſtra Schefferus hic ſcrupulos movet quaſi ineptum fuerit dicere, *captam* urbem *ferro defendi* potuiſſe: id enim, quamvis

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tranſpoſition of the word *hoſtium*, which you think ought to be joined with *confertiſſimi cunei*; as if that laſt word meant, the military *cunei*, or wedges, of the Gauls; whereas it really means the thick maſſes detached from the rock or mountain, which, breaking into ſmaller fragments, fell down and wounded the enemy, that is, the Gauls. There is no tranſpoſition therefore in the caſe; the ſentence flows in the moſt natural order; and the *confertiſſimi cunei* ought not to be joined with *hoſtium*, leſt the ambiguity of the word *cunei* ſhould make it be applied to the military *cunei*, or wedges of men.

4. In Juſtin, lib. xxviii. c. 2. we read "That the Romans could not ſave "their city from the Gauls; and when it was taken, inſtead of defending it "by the ſword, had ranſomed it with money." If this paſſage required, or admitted emendation, there is no correction I would adopt more willingly than yours, which, inſtead of *captamque*, ſubſtitutes *capitoliumque*. Shefferus objects, without reaſon, that a city *captam*, taken, cannot properly be ſaid *defendi ferro*, to be defended with the ſword; for the Roman hiſtorians

quamvis ignave, factum fuiſſe memorant hiſtorici Romani uno quaſi convitio: in illis *Oroſius*, lib. ii. c. 19. *Patentem Galli urbem penetrant:* en captam urbem Romam! Univerſam reliquam juventutem *in arce Capitolini Montis latitantem* OBSIDIONE *concludunt: ubique infelices reliquias, fame, peſte, deſperatione, formidine tenent, ſubigunt*, &c. Vides urbe jam capta, defenſioni tamen locum ſuperfuiſſe; neque profecto redimi urbem opus fuiſſet, niſi jam in hoſtium poteſtate, *h. e.* capta fuiſſet. Non videris de eo emendationis tuæ incommodo cogitaſſe, quod capitolium ſolum auro fuiſſe redemptum affirmaret, contra hiſtoriæ fidem.

5. JUSTIN. lib. xxxi. c. 1. *Legati primum a ſenatu Romano miſſi, ut Antiocho Syriæ regi perſuaderent, ne bello invadat eas Cæle-Syriæ civitates, quas Ægyptii priore bello occuparant, quæ proinde Ægyptii juris fuerunt, hoc uſi ſunt argumento, quod hæ civitates ad regem* pupillum *pertinerent*, fidei ſuæ traditum. Atque etiam ſupra Juſtinus, lib. xxx. c. 3. memorat: *Mittitur et M. Lepidus in Ægyptum, qui*

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agree that their city, when taken, was defended, though in a cowardly manner. Oroſius, among others, ſays, lib. xi. c. 19. "The Gauls penetrated "into the open city; Rome was now taken; the reſt of the youth were "ſhut up and *beſieged* in the citadel of the Capitoline Mount; where they "were a prey to hunger, peſtilence, terror, and deſpair." You may perceive, therefore, that though the city was taken, its defence was not entirely abandoned; and if it had not been taken, it needed not to have been ranſomed. It ſeems not to have occurred to you, that your correction implies the Capitol only to have been ranſomed, which is not hiſtorically true.

5. In Juſtin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. we read, "Ambaſſadors were firſt ſent by the "Roman ſenate to perſuade Antiochus, King of Syria, that he ſhould not "make war on the cities of Cæle-Syria, which the Egyptians had occupied "in the former war, and which were therefore ſubject to Egypt; uſing with "him this argument, that theſe cities belonged to a young prince, their "pupil, who had been committed by his father to the protection of the "Romans." This ſame Author, lib. xxx. c. iii. ſays, "M. Lepidus was

qui tutorio nomine regnum pupilli adminiſtret. Altera deinde legatio, quæ ſupervenit, poſtquam Antiochus has civitates in poteſtatem ſuam jam redegerat, poſtulans, ut *illæ in integrum reſtituantur, omiſſa pupilli perſona*, nunc alio prætextu utitur, nimirum quod iſtæ civitates *jure belli factæ* ſint *populi Romani.* Quid *jus belli* ſit, quatenus ab ipſo bello, ſive eo quod bello partum eſt, diſtinguitur, declarabo duobus locis Livii; altero ex Quinti Flaminini ad Nabidem oratione, lib. xxxiv. c. 32. *Quibus igitur amicitia violatur? nempe his duabus rebus maxime: ſi ſocios meos pro hoſtibus habeas: ſi cum hoſtibus te conjungas. Utrum non a te factum eſt? nam et Meſſenen uno atque eodem jure fœderis, quo et Lacedæmonem in amicitiam noſtram acceptam, ſocius ipſe ſociam nobis urbem vi atque armis cepiſti: et cum Philippo hoſte noſtro ſocietatem ... pepigiſti.* Altero Flori, lib. iii. c. v. *Quippe rex non jam quaſi alienam, ſed quia amiſerat, quaſi raptam, jure*

" ſent into Egypt to govern that kingdom, with the title of tutor to the " young king. A ſecond embaſſy was ſent, after Antiochus had taken " poſſeſſion of theſe cities, demanding that they ſhould be reſtored; and " without making any mention of the pupil king, merely on this ground, " that theſe cities belonged to the Romans by the right of war." Juſtin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. What this right of war is, in contradiſtinction both to war itſelf, and to conqueſts made by war, appears from the two following paſſages, the firſt of which is part of Quintus Flamininus's ſpeech to the tyrant Nabis, in Livy, lib. xxxiv. c. 32: " By what meaſures is the friendſhip " between ſtates violated? Principally by theſe two; when you treat with " hoſtility our allies, and when you make alliance with our enemies. Are " not you guilty of both, ſince you, through our ally, have ſeized, by arms " and violence, Meſſené, a city as much our ally as Lacedemon itſelf; and " ſince you have entered into an alliance with Philip our enemy?" The other paſſage is in Florus, lib. iii. c. 5. " The King (Mithridates) did " not conſider Aſia as a country not belonging to him; but as it had been " formerly taken from him by violence, he ſought to recover it by the law

jure belli repetebat. Ut taceam illud *jure belli* ad utrumque, potiore tamen ſenſu ad *jubebat reſtitui in integrum* referri poſſe; ſtatim enim ſubjicit: abnuenti bellum denunciatum.

6. JUSTIN. libr. xxxi. c. 1. *Igitur Senatus ſcripſit Flaminino, ſi ei videatur, ſicuti Macedoniam a Philippo, ita Græciam a Nabide liberet.* Quid de gloria Flaminini ducis belli Macedonici ſtatuendum ſit, docet formula S. C. apud Livium, lib. xxxiii. c. 32. *S. P. Q. R. et L. Quintius Imp. Philippo rege, Macedonibuſque* DEVICTIS, *liberos, immunes ſuis legibus eſſe jubet Corinthios*, &c. Et Florus, lib. ii. c. xii. *Succeſſerat Philippo filius Perſes, qui* SEMEL IN PERPETUUM VICTAM *eſſe Macedoniam non putabat ex gentis dignitate.* Quæritur jam an Quintius, qui Macedoniam vicit, ullo ſenſu dici poſſit *Macedoniam a Philippo liberaſſe*, quamvis deinde ipſa Macedonia Philippo

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" of war." I need not mention that " the law of war," in Juſtin, may have a reference to both the circumſtances by which friendſhip between ſtates is violated; but principally to the attack made on the dominions of Ptolemy, an ally of the Romans, who deſire him to be reinſtated by Antiochus in his poſſeſſions; for the author immediately adds, that when Antiochus refuſed to comply, war was denounced againſt him.

6. In Juſtin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. we read, " The ſenate, therefore, wrote to " Flamininus, that if it ſeemed expedient to him, as he had delivered Ma- " cedon from Philip, ſo he ſhould deliver Greece from Nabis." The glory of Flamininus, the general in the Macedonian war, is ſufficiently atteſted by the words of the ſenate's decree, in Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 32. " The ſe- " nate and Roman people, and L. Quintius the general, having conquered " king Philip and the Macedonians, declare free and independent republics, " the Corinthians," &c. Florus, lib. ii. c. 12. ſays, " Perſeus ſucceeded his " father Philip, and did not think it becoming the dignity of Macedon, that it " ſhould remain in ſubjection, in conſequence of being defeated in one war." You aſk, whether Quintius, who conquered Macedon, can be ſaid, in any ſenſe, to have delivered it from Philip, although it appears that Philip was really

Philippo non fuerit adempta: et ſi Nabidem pari modo vinceret, an non hoc ipſo Græciam liberaſſe cenſendus ſit? At vero omnem rem explicaſſe videtur ipſe Juſtinus, qui, libr. xxx. cap. ult. hæc habet: *Sed Macedonas Romana fortuna vicit: fractus itaque bello Philippus, pace a Flaminino Coſ. petita, nomen quidem regium retinuit; ſed omnibus Græciæ urbibus, velut* REGNI (MACEDONICI) MEMBRIS, *extra terminos antiquæ poſſeſſionis, amiſſis,* SOLAM *Macedoniam retinuit.* In literis, ergo, Senatus Rom. ad Coſ. Flamininum per *Macedoniam* ſignificatur, non tantum Macedonia ſtricte ſic dicta, et antiquis terminis comprehenſa, quæ ſola Philippo non fuit adempta; ſed in primis ea Græciæ pars (iſtæ urbes), quæ *extra terminos antiquæ poſſeſſionis*, veluti *regni* Macedonici *membra* acceſſerant, quæque ſub Philippo ad Macedonicum regnum pertinebant; quibus, in ſenatus literis, opponitur Græcia reliqua, a Nabide tentata, quæ hactenus imperio Macedonico nunquam fuerat ſubjecta. Hinc Senatus Rom. ſententia iſthæc fuerit: ſicuti Macedoniam a Philippo, ita *reliquam* Græciam a Nabide liberet. Vel, ſicuti partem Græciæ, quæ ad Macedoniam

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really not deprived of that kingdom? and whether, if the Roman general conquered Nabis, as he had already conquered Philip, he did not thereby free Greece? Theſe difficulties are ſolved by Juſtin, lib. xxx. c. 4. "The "fortune of the Romans conquered the Macedonians; ſo that Philip, after "his defeat, having obtained peace from the conſul Flamininus, preſerved "indeed the name of king, but kept poſſeſſion only of Macedon, having "loſt all thoſe cities of Greece, which, like ſcattered members of the Ma-"cedonian kingdom, lay beyond its ancient boundaries." In the letters, therefore, of the Roman ſenate to the conſul Flamininus, Macedon ſignifies not the country ſtrictly ſo called, which alone was not taken from Philip, but that part of Greece which lay beyond the original limits of Macedon; to which is oppoſed the reſt of Greece, which was then haraſſed by Nabis, but which had never been ſubject to Macedon. Hence the meaning of the ſenate appears to have been, that Quintius, as he had delivered Macedonia, that is, the part of Greece belonging to Macedon, from Philip, ſo he ſhould deliver

Macedoniam pertinebat a Philippo, ita nunc univerſam pene Græciam a Nabide liberet.

Quis dixerit?

—— Non eſt ſententia; verum eſt:
Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ!

November 17, 1756.

Sint criticæ diſciplinæ ſtudioſi in ſolicitandis veterum auctorum locis cautiores, et in legendis ipſis auctoribus diligentiores, atque ita intelligant, quantæ diligentiæ ſit hæc critica ars, et quam temere faciant, qui, ut aliquid concoquere non poſſunt, aut non ſatis vel analogiæ reſpondens vel dialecticis præceptiunculis ſuis conveniens putant, ita mutare ſuſtinent; quæ temeritas eſt, cum a multis, tum a Cel. Burmanno imprimis in præfatione auréa Phædro præmiſſa, reprehenſa; cujus ego præfationis uti tanquam normam mihi ſemper propoſitam habui, ad quam quicquid eſt hujus facultatis dirigerem, ita lectionem omnibus his vehementer commendatam eſſe cupio, qui in hoc genere elaborare volunt. His, quæ præfiſcine dicta velim, præmiſſis,

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deliver the reſt of Greece from Nabis, who had actually made himſelf maſter nearly of the whole of that country.

This is not merely a conjecture ſage,
But truth as certain as the Sibyl's page.

November 17, 1756.

Those who apply themſelves to criticiſm ought to be cautious in conjectural emendation, and diligent in claſſical ſtudy, that they may perceive what vaſt application this critical art requires, and how raſhly thoſe behave, who immediately alter a paſſage which they do not at firſt ſight underſtand, or which ſeems to them inconſiſtent with their rules of grammar or logic. This raſhneſs is juſtly reprehended by many, and particularly by the illuſtrious Burman, in his valuable preface to Phædrus; which, as I have always made it the rule by which my own critical labours have been directed, ſo I would warmly recommend it to all thoſe who purſue the ſame walk of literature.

præmiſſis, accedo nunc ad eam diſputationem, quæ circa dubia quædam Juſtini loca docte verſatur.

1. Emendatio loci libr. ii. cap. 3. § 18. manifeſte corrupti (cujuſmodi corruptio in numeris admodum proclivis, et propterea etiam frequens eſt) quæ ſciſcit vulnus ſanari, mutando MD. vel CIↃIↃ. in XV. non poteſt non omnibus cordatis ſe probare; quanquam ipſa tam pudendi erroris ratio in obſcuro lateat: et ut verum fatear, curioſa mihi, ne quid gravius dicam, ſemper viſa eſt ea cura ac diligentia, quæ in inveſtigando ac definiendo eo ponitur, quod mille diverſis modis accidere ac oriri potuit. Corrupta lectio ita ſe habet: *his igitur Aſia per mille quingentos annos vectigalis fuit.* Convenit inter nos de ſincera lectione ita reſtituenda: *his igitur Aſia per quindecim annos vectigalis fuit.* Tu vero, pro tuo acumine, in ipſa corrupta lectione videris tibi cernere haud obſcura quædam priſtinæ lectionis veſtigia; atque illud *per mille* ex *permiſſa* natum eſſe tibi perſuades; ut vera hujus loci lectio hujuſmodi ſit: *his igitur Aſia permiſſa quindecim annos vectigalis fuit.* Contra hoc lectionis ſupplementum, cujus ego neceſſitatem nullam video, monui,

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ture. Having made this preparatory obſervation, I proceed to the difficulties in Juſtin, about which ſo much learning has been employed.

1. The emendation of the manifeſtly corrupt paſſage in lib. ii. c. 3. § 18. (a corruption depending on numbers, and therefore as natural as frequent,) which corrects the error by changing fifteen hundred into fifteen, muſt be approved by all judicious critics. The cauſe which introduced the faulty reading into the text is uncertain; and the queſtion that has been ſo induſtriouſly agitated concerning it, appears to me more curious than uſeful, ſince the error might have originated in a thouſand different ſources. The corrupt reading runs thus: "Aſia was tributary to the Scythians fifteen hundred "years." We agree that it ſhould be corrected thus: "Aſia was tributary "to the Scythians fifteen years." But in the corrupt text you think that obſcure traces of the genuine reading may be diſcerned, and imagine that *per mille* had crept into the text, inſtead of *permiſſa*; explaining the paſſage as if "Aſia had been permitted to be tributary to the Scythians for fif-"teen years." I obſerved that this emendation, for which I ſee not any neceſſity, is rendered highly improbable, becauſe in ancient manuſcripts the names

nui, codices antiquos, qui numeros literarum notis deſcriptos præferunt, huic tuæ conjecturæ nullo modo favere. Et quamvis non negaverim dari codices antiquos qui numeros integris vocibus expoſitos efferant; mihi tamen perſuaſum eſt, plurimos dari antiquos libros, in primis hiſtoricos, in quibus frequentiores calculi occurrunt, qui numeros literarum notis deſcriptos repræſentent: huic vero perſuaſioni fidem faciunt et exempla et teſtimonia luculentiſſima: unicum e multis afferam Galeni de Antidot. I.—Τὰ δὲ δὴ βιβλία, τὰ καλὰ τὰς βιβλιοθήκας ἀποκείμενα, τά τῶν ἀριθμῶν ἔχοντα σημεῖα ῥαδίως διαφθεῖραι· τὸ μὲν πέντε ποιούντων ἐννέα, καθάπερ καὶ τὸ Ο. τὸ δὲ Ι. Γ. προσθέσει μιᾶς γραμμῆς ὥσπερ γε καὶ ἀφαιρέσει μιᾶς ἑτέρας. κ. τ. λ. Atque oppido miror, quin etiam doleo, hoc criticæ diſciplinæ caput, de notis numeralibus, in antiquis codicibus varie deſcriptis, nondum certis obſervationibus et regulis ita eſſe adſtrictum, et in artis formam redactum, ut frivola quorundam in numeris et calculis pro libidine fingendis ac refingendis intemperies coerceri, certæ contra notæ characteriſticæ de ætate et fide codicum conſtitui, poſſint. Fac vero huic tuæ conjecturæ qua *per mille* in *permiſſa* mutandum cenſes, a parte ſcripturæ codicum MSS. nihil obſtare; eam tamen prorſus reſpuit, quem ipſe notas Juſtini error, qui Seſoſtrem ab Scythis *in fugam actum exercitu cum omni apparatu belli relicto*,

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names of numbers are expreſſed, not by words, but by letters uſed as numeral marks; and though they are ſometimes expreſſed by words, yet this is not frequent, eſpecially in works of hiſtory. This aſſertion is confirmed by innumerable teſtimonies; I ſhall be contented with referring to that of Galen de Antidot. I.—It is a ſubject indeed both of ſurpriſe and grief, that this part of criticiſm, which conſiſts in aſcertaining exactly the rules of numeral notation, ſhould not have met with due attention; although thereby the raſhneſs of wild conjecture would be greatly reſtrained, and more certainty might be attained in determining the age and authenticity of manuſcripts. But let it be ſuppoſed that your correction were ſafe on this ſide, yet it would be deſtroyed by the paſſage which you yourſelf quote from Juſtin; "That Seſoſtris being put to flight by the Scythians, left behind him his

relicto, perhibet: quumque Juſtinus ſupra, § 15. diſerte commemorat *Scythas* a perſequendo rege reverſos, *Aſiam* PERDOMITAM *vectigalem feciſſe*; quì mox § 18. idem Aſiam non perdomitam, ſed a Seſoſtre PERMISSAM narraret. Non agitur de fide narrationis, ſed de Juſtini ſententia, ſive vera ſive falſa. Neque fingendum eſt Juſtinum aperte ſibi contrariari.

2. Arrianum ſi hic conſulamus, ille ſimpliciter memorat, *Alexandrum ad Hyphaſin amnem proceſſiſſe, Indos qui trans flumen habitarent, ſubacturum: tum vero Macedonas, quum belli finem nullum cernerent, ulterius progredi noluiſſe, tandemque Cœno deprecante impetraſſe ab Alexandro, ut ſe ad reditum pararet, quoniam omnia illam ad ulteriore profectione revocarent. Ibi tum Alexandrum XII aras ingentes.* μνημεῖα των αὐτοῦ πόνων, *conſtituiſſe.* Nihil ille de Cuphitis; nihil de CC millibus equitum qui terrorem incuterent Macedonibus; nihil de caſtris, &c. Curtius, lib. ix. c. 2. pari modo memorat, *Alexandrum*,

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" army and baggage." The hiſtorian having obſerved, in § 15, that the Scythians, after returning from the purſuit of the king, rendered Aſia, which they had ſubdued, tributary; how is it poſſible that, in § 18, he ſhould ſay that this happened not in conſequence of their own military ſucceſs, but in conſequence of the permiſſion of Seſoſtris? We are not now inquiring what is hiſtorically true, but what is Juſtin's report; which muſt not be ſuppoſed inconſiſtent with itſelf.

2. If we here conſult Arrian, he tells us merely that " Alexander pro-
" ceeded to the river Hyphaſis, with a view to conquer the Indians who
" lived beyond it; but that the Macedonians, then perceiving there was
" no end to their labours, refuſed to advance; and finally prevailed on
" Alexander, through the earneſt intreaty of Cœnus, to prepare for his
" return; ſince every thing ſeemed adverſe to his farther progreſs. Then
" Alexander erected twelve great altars, as monuments of his conqueſts."
Arrian ſays nothing about the Cuphites, the camp, or the two hundred thouſand horſemen, who ſo much terrified the Macedonians. Curtius lib. ix. c. 2 and 3, relates, " that Alexander, when he came to the Hy-

drum, quum ad Fluvium Hyphaſin perveniſſet, cognoviſſe, ulteriorem ripam colere gentes Gangaridas et Pharraſios, eorumque regem, XX millibus equitum, CC peditum, obſidentem vias: ad hæc quadrigarum MM. trahere, et præcipuum terrorem elephantos quos MMM. numerus expleret. Tum vero Macedonas regem ſequi ulterius detrectaſſe; Cœnoque deprecante, impetraſſe ut reditum in patriam pararent: ſubjungit vero: *Tertio die proceſſit, erigique XII aras ex quadrato Saxo, monumentum expeditionis ſuæ; munimenta quoque caſtrorum juſſit extendi, cubiliaque amplioris formæ quam pro corporum habitu relinqui, ut ſpeciem omnium augeret, poſteritati fallax miraculum preparans.* Gemina fere habet Plutarchus in Alex. Quiſquis hæc cum Juſtino comparat, facile intelliget, Juſtinum quamvis eandem hiſtoriam commemoret, nihilominus in præcipuis quibuſdam facti circumſtantiis, et Alexandri conſiliis, ab his ſcriptoribus diſcrepare: maxime autem in eo, quod duplex caſtrorum tam inſolita magnificentia conſtruendorum conſilium fuiſſe dicit, alterum quod *hoſtes*, alterum quod *poſteros*, ſpectaret.

" phaſis, diſcovered that the farther bank was inhabited by the Gangaridæ " and Pharraſii; that their king, with twenty thouſand horſe and two hun- " dred thouſand foot, meant to obſtruct his paſſage; being furniſhed beſides " with two thouſand chariots and three thouſand elephants; which laſt formed " the moſt alarming part of his ſtrength. The Macedonians then refuſed " to follow the king farther; and obtained, through Cœnus' entreaty, that " preparations ſhould be made for their return home." He ſubjoins; " Alexander came forth on the third day, and ordered twelve altars of " ſquare ſtone to be erected as a monument of his expedition, and the for- " tifications of his camp to be enlarged, and beds of a gigantic ſize to be " conſtructed, that by diffuſing an air of vaſtneſs on every object around " him, he might excite the credulous wonder of poſterity." Plutarch, in his treatiſe concerning the fortune of Alexander, ſpeaks to the ſame purpoſe. By comparing theſe authors with Juſtin, the reader will perceive that he differs from them all in ſeveral eſſential circumſtances; and particularly in ſaying that Alexander had two motives for enlarging the fortifications of his camp; one of which regarded the enemy, and the other had a re-

taret. § 16. *Motus his tam juſtis precibus, velut in finem victoriæ, caſtra ſolito magnificentiora fieri juſſit, quorum molitionibus et* HOSTIS *terreretur,* ET POSTERIS *admiratio ſui relinqueretur.* De priore conſilio, nim. *ut hoſtis terreretur*, altum apud reliquos ſilentium. Ex quo clarum eſſe arbitror, ipſum Juſtinum receptam lectionem et omnibus codicibus probatam tueri, tuam vero emendationem reſpuere: quandoquidem enim *caſtra ſolito magnificentiora, velut in finem victoriæ fieri juſſit*, hoc nonniſi de ultima ac recente aliqua victoria accipi poteſt. Quod ſi enim ad ſuperiores victorias reſpexiſſet Juſtinus, dicendum fuiſſet (uti ipſe agnoſcis) *in finem victoriarum*, perinde atque ſupra § 10. habet: *Non minus victoriarum numero quam laboribus feſſus.* Jam vero altera illa conſilii ratio, quam reliqui omnes ſilentio premunt, nimirum *ut hoſtis terreretur* non potuit locum habere, ſi, intactis hoſtibus, caſtra movere ac diſcedere fuerat conſtitutum. Unde enim terror Cuphitis eſſet injectus, ſi caſtra tantum εἰς μνημεῖον των ἀὐτω πεπραγμένων fuiſſent conſtructa et relicta? Etenim

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a relation to poſterity. " Moved by ſuch juſt prayers, he ordered a camp to " be built more magnificent than uſual, as at the end of his victory; that its " fortifications might be an object of terror to the enemy, and of admiration " to poſterity." Juſtin, *ibid.* § 16. The other hiſtorians are totally ſilent as to what regards the enemy; which is favourable to that reading of Juſtin which on the faith of manuſcripts ſtands in his text, and extremely adverſe to your emendation. For " the end of his victory" muſt refer to ſome recent victory, and not to his victories in general; otherwiſe Juſtin, as you acknowledge, would have ſaid, " the end of his victories," as in § 10. above, " wearied, not leſs by the number of his victories, than by his " toils." As to Alexander's ſecond motive, concerning which all other hiſtorians are ſilent, " that his fortifications might be an object of terror to the enemy;" there would not ſurely be any room for it, on the ſuppoſition that he had determined to move his camp, and leave the country, without fighting a battle. The Cuphites could not be ſeized with alarm at ſeeing the monuments of the exploits of a man who had not ventured to engage with their army; nor, on that ſuppoſition, would there be any mention of

Etenim *omiſſis hoſtibus*, quæ *victoria?* quis *terror?* quæ deinde *gratulatio? Gratulationis* vocem autem de ſolemnibus victimis ob lætum eventum, ſeu de χαριστηρίοις qualia Arrianus memorat, paſſim uſurpari, nemini qui in lectione veterum tritas aures habet, poteſt eſſe obſcurum. Ut taceam illud *omiſſis*, tanquam quod inceptum aliquod, immo etiam neglectum, involvit, mihi non recte arridere, atque etiam a ſtilo Juſtini alienum videri. Cæterum quæ de Oroſii ætate, ſcopo, fide prolixe diſputas, parum ad rem facere videntur. Conſtat inter omnes Oroſium in pleriſque Juſtinum ita preſſe, ne dicam ſuperſtitioſe, eſſe ſecutum, ut ejus fere verbis ac ſententiis paſſim loqui videatur: et infinitis prope in locis Juſtini lectionem et ſententiam, quam quidem ii libri, quibus Oroſius uſus eſt præferebant, ex Oroſio probabili ratione intelligi, confirmari, ac reſtitui poſſe, dudum oſtenderunt viri docti. Immo et h. l. qui non videat, Oroſium Juſtini narrationem ante oculos habuiſſe, eum ego nihil omnino cernere prope dixerim: unde enim Oroſius *Choſidum* ſeu *Cuphitum* nomen omnibus aliis indictum, niſi ex Juſtino hauſerit? Quod vero ſi ita eſt,

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victory, terror, or ſacrifices of thanks; for that the word *gratulatio* refers to the ſolemn victims ſacrificed in gratitude for ſucceſs, and frequently mentioned by Arrian, cannot be doubtful to thoſe converſant with ancient writers. Beſides, the word *omiſſis* including the idea of ſomething begun or neglected, does not pleaſe me, nor ſeem conformable with Juſtin's ſtyle. Your prolix diſcuſſion concerning the age, deſign, and character of Oroſius has but little connection with the preſent ſubject. It is univerſally acknowledged, that he ſo cloſely, or rather ſuperſtitiouſly, follows Juſtin's footſteps, that he frequently expreſſes himſelf in the ſame words and phraſes; and it has long ago been proved by good critics, that Juſtin's text, ſuch as it ſtood in the copy uſed by Oroſius, may in innumerable places be reſtored by an attention to the latter writer. He muſt be blind indeed, who does not perceive that in the paſſage before us Oroſius muſt have copied Juſtin. Whence could he otherwiſe have derived the name *Choſidum*, or *Cuphitum*, which is not mentioned by any other hiſtorian? and if that be the caſe, Oroſius muſt have found

eſt, quis non intelligit, Oroſium apud Juſtinum non *omiſſis* aut *intactis hoſtibus*, *ſed cæſis hoſtibus*, in ſuis legiſſe libris, atque ita Juſtinum interpretari?

4. Verum equidem eſt urbem captam obſidione cingi non poſſe: ſed an ea non poſſit DEFENDI a præſidiis arci impoſitis? hoc quæritur: arce enim ab obſidione liberata, et urbs, quamvis jam capta, ab omni periculo defenſa liberatur. Et quoties non, qui ingenioſé dicere volunt, ac ludunt in antitheſis, rem ſupra fidem augent, ut tanto major eſſe videatur?

5. Quæ de Syriæ oppidis *jure belli* factis P. R. noviſſime commentus es, nodum omnino ſolverent, niſi parachroniſmo eſſent ſuperſtructa: fœdus enim illud cum Antiocho per legatos pacem petente initum, cujus priora verba ex Livio, lib. xxxviii. c. 37. excitas, hanc Antiochi in Ægyptum expeditionem, quam Juſtinus, lib. xxxi. c. 1. memorat, non præceſſit, ſed demum aliquo temporis intervallo ſubſecutum eſt. Vide an non huc pertineat, quæ memoriæ prodita habet Livius, lib. xxxiii. c. 34. *Secundum iſta jam*

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found in his original, not that "the enemy were omitted," but that "they "were beat;" in which ſenſe Juſtin ought to be interpreted.

4. I grant that a town taken by a ſiege cannot be ſaid to be defended by its own walls. But may it not be defended by troops in the citadel? When the enemy are obliged to raiſe the ſiege of the citadel, the town may thereby be delivered from all danger. The expreſſion, at leaſt, might be uſed by an author fond of antitheſis and amplification.

5. Your new conjecture concerning the towns of Syria which the Romans acquired by the law of war, would ſolve the difficulty, were not that conjecture built on an anachroniſm. For the league entered into with the ambaſſadors of Antiochus, who came to crave peace, which you find in Livy, lib. xxxviii. c. 37. was not prior, but ſubſequent, to Antiochus's expedition into Egypt, mentioned in Juſtin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. You may conſider whether the following words of Livy do not refer to this ſubject: "After this, "Quintius and his ten lieutenants received the ambaſſadors of kings, "nations,

jam Quintius, et decem legati, legationes regum, gentium, civitatumque audivere. Primi omnium regis Antiochi vocati legati ſunt: his eadem, quæ fere Romæ erant, verba ſine fide rerum jactata: nihil jam perplexe, ut ante, quum dubiæ res incolumi Philippo erant, ſed aperte pronunciatum, ut excederet Aſiæ urbibus, quæ aut PHILIPPI *aut* PTOLOMÆI *regum fuiſſent*, &c. Conf. et ejuſd. libri, cap. 39 et 40. Hoc eſto nunc Catone contentus. Vale, et rem tuam ex voto gere.

ZURICI HELVETIORUM, ad d. 3. Martini Epiſcopi.

" nations, and cities. Thoſe of king Antiochus were firſt introduced. " They ſaid the ſame things as formerly, when at Rome, without gaining " belief; and they were now told, not in the ambiguous language which the " Romans had uſed before the defeat of Philip, and while their own for- " tune was ſtill doubtful, but in expreſs terms, that Antiochus muſt evacuate " all the cities of Aſia, which had belonged either to Philip or to Ptolemy." Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 34; with which compare c. 39 and 40. Be ſatisfied with this authority. Farewell and proſper.

ZURICH, 14th November.

N° V.

M. Breitinger *à M.* Gibbon.

Præclarissime ac nobilissime Vir,

Quanquam ex longo jam tempore ſeverioribus muſis me totum dare, hiſque ſacris operari inſtitui, immo etiam in iis acquieſcere per reliquum vitæ ſpatium conſtitutum habeo; non injucundum tamen fuit ſubinde invitantibus amicis in amœniora hæc literarum vireta oblectandi animi gratia exſpatiari; et quotieſcunque intellexi eſſe aliquem qui ad hæc literarum ſtudia excolenda animum adjiciat, non deſtiti admovere ſtimulos, ac fungi vice cotis, acutum reddere quæ ferrum valeat, exſors ipſa ſecandi. Quapropter nihil mihi obtingere potuiſſet aut jucundius aut magis exoptandum, quam a te ἀνονύμῳ primum, nunc etiam aperto marte ac fronte, ad hæc literarum ſtudia, priſtinas meas delicias, deduci: et laudo hoc tuum ingenium, tuamque ſagacitatem, quæ non ſtimulo, ſed fræno potius opus habere videtur; atque magnopere velim alium pro me tibi obtigiſſe, cui majus ſubactum ingenium, majorque doctrinæ copia eſſet, quicum hunc callem terere poſſes.

Multus

Mr. Breitinger *to Mr.* Gibbon.

Although I had long dedicated myſelf, and had purpoſed to ſpend my life, in more ſevere and ſacred ſtudies, yet it is not without pleaſure that, at the invitation of my friends, I occaſionally deſcend into the pleaſing fields of literature; never loſing an opportunity to ſtimulate the diligence of thoſe who delight in ſuch purſuits, and to ſerve as a whetſtone to others, though myſelf unfit for carving. Nothing, therefore, could have been more agreeable to my wiſh, than to be called back to thoſe ſtudies, formerly my delight, by you; anonymouſly at firſt, but now in open war. I cannot but commend your ſagacity and genius, which require rather the rein than the ſpur; and I earneſtly wiſh that you were accompanied in this literary walk by a ſcholar of more cultivated taſte, and more copious erudition, than myſelf.

Multus es in defendenda emendatione loci Juſtin. lib. xii. c. 8. § 17. ubi tu pro *cæſis hoſtibus*, contra omnium codicum fidem ex ingenio, ſubſtituendum cenſes *omiſſis hoſtibus;* quam ego emendationem, in ſuperioribus meis, variis inductis rationibus, oppugnaveram. Equidem non eſt animus denuo in hanc diſputationem deſcendere, aut ſingulatim ea quæ ad diluendas meas rationes in medium abs te adlata ſunt, ſub incudem revocare. Strictim tantum exponam, cur ego nec receptam lectionem ſollicitandam, nec propoſitam abs te emendationem admittendam eſſe cenſeam. Nemo eſt qui non fateri cogatur receptam ac codicum fide et conſenſu probatam lectionem, in ſe ſpectatam, bonum et apertum ſenſum fundere, nec a ſtilo Juſtini, nec a Latini ſermonis ratione abludere. Quod vero recepta iſthæc lectio, commiſſum cum Cuphitis prælium memorat, de quo apud reliquos ſcriptores qui res Alexandri memoriæ prodiderunt, altum quidem ſilentium eſt; (quamquam nemo ſit illorum qui hoc prælium commiſſum eſſe negaverit;) an hoc, inquam, nos ad ſollicitandam conſtantem codicum lectionem inducere debeat, ut pro *commiſſo* prælio illud *omiſſum eſſe*, Juſtinum diſerte cogamus pronuntiare? Ego quidem neceſſitatem nullam video. Quod ſi hæc licentia daretur arti criticæ, ut ſi quæ in aliquo ſcriptore facta legimus

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You employ many arguments in defending your emendation of Juſtin, lib. xii. c. 8. § 17; where, inſtead of "the enemy being beat," you ſubſtitute "the enemy being omitted." I formerly gave you my reaſons for rejecting this emendation, and ſhall not repeat them here, nor enter into a particular diſcuſſion of the anſwers which you make to my objections. Thus much only in general I will obſerve, that the reading in the text, which is approved by the conſenting authority of the manuſcripts, muſt be acknowledged to contain a very natural meaning, conveyed in good Latin, and in Juſtin's ſtyle. This reading, indeed, makes mention of a battle with the Cuphites, concerning which the other hiſtorians of Alexander are ſilent. But ought this ſilence to make us alter Juſtin's text, eſpecially as none of thoſe hiſtorians deny ſuch a battle to have happened? If ſuch licence be

 indulged

mus commemorata, quæ ab aliis ſilentio involvantur, illa ſtatim expungenda, aut per contortam emendationem in contrarium plane ſenſum forent convertenda, nihil fere certum aut conſtans in hiſtoricorum ſcriptorum commentariis reperiretur. Quo minus autem tuam, vir nobiliſſime, emendationem admittere poſſim, duæ potiſſimum obſtant rationes: altera eſt, quod admiſſa tua emendatione, reliquæ Juſtini orationi ſua non amplius ratio conſtet: ſed integrum illud comma foret expungendum: quid enim ſibi vellet *omiſſis hoſtibus in caſtra* REVERTERUNT, quæ cur unquam relinquerent, admiſſa tua emendatione, nulla ratio aut neceſſitas fuit? Altera vero ratio, quæ iſtam tum emendationem reſpuere videtur, hæc eſt, quod phraſis *omittere hoſtes*, *omiſſis hoſtibus*, Juſtino admodum trita, nuſquam eodem ſenſu, quo tu adhibes, quantum quidem memini, apud Juſtinum occurrit: nuſquam enim MILITES dicuntur *omittere hoſtes*, ſed belli duces penes quos ſummum imperium eſt, non illi quorum eſt imperata facere, et qui hoc ipſo loco deprecati ſunt, ne juberentur amplius cum hoſte congredi: accedit quod phraſis illa *omiſſis hoſtibus* aliis in locis non FINEM belli ſed MUTATIONEM involvit: inſpice locum

indulged to critics, that they may expunge or alter the words of an hiſtorian, becauſe he is the ſole relater of a particular event, we ſhall leave few materials for authentic hiſtory. Two reaſons ſtrongly militate againſt your correction: the firſt, that if it be admitted, there will no longer be any conſiſtency in Juſtin's narrative; and the whole clauſe muſt be expunged which mentions the return of the Macedonians into their camp; which, if they did not mean to fight, it was not neceſſary for them to leave. The ſecond reaſon is, that the phraſe *omittere hoſtes*, though frequently uſed by Juſtin, is never, that I know, applied by him in the ſenſe which you give to it. The generals entitled to direct military meaſures are ſaid *omittere hoſtes*; but never the ſoldiers, whoſe duty it is to obey orders; and who, in the paſſage under conſideration, requeſt that they may not be ordered to renew the engagement with the enemy. To this may be added, that wherever this phraſe, *omiſſis hoſtibus*, occurs in Juſtin, it denotes not an end, but only a change, of the war. Turn to the paſſage which you formerly referred

locum a temet excitatum, lib. xxvii. c. 3. § 6. *Sed omiſſo externo hoſte in mutuum exitium* BELLUM *reparant.* Addo ego locum alterum, lib. xxix. c. 2. § 7. *Hujuſcemodi oratione impulit Philippum ut omiſſis Ætolis* BELLUM *Romanis inferret*, &c. Cæterum ſufficit Oroſium ſuo tempore apud Juſtinum legiſſe *cæſis hoſtibus*, quo recepta lectio mirifice confirmatur, perinde ut illa magnopere vacillaret, ſi in ejus ætatis Juſtini codicibus *omiſſis hoſtibus* fuiſſe lectum conſtat.

De Syriæ civitatibus *jure belli factis P. R.* quod, iis quæ hactenus in hanc rem diſputata ſunt, addam, non habeo.

Moves denique, vir nobiliſſime, ne eadem ſemper chorda oberremus, neve amicæ diſputationi materia deſit, novam quæſtionem circa I. Jul. Cæſaris conſulatum, quem adiit Kal. Jan. A. V. C. DCXCV. anno ætatis XLI., quum per annales leges nemini licuerit, hunc magiſtratum petere ante annum ætatis XLIII. At vero hanc Villii, ut cæteras annales leges, non fuiſſe perpetuæ obſervationis, et faſti et hiſtoriarum

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to, lib. xxvii. c. 3. § 6. "They left off fighting againſt their foreign ene-" my, and made war on each other:" to which you will find a parallel in lib. xxix. c. 2. § 7. "By this oration he prevailed with Philip to leave " off fighting againſt the Etolians, and to make war on the Romans." But it is ſufficient that Oroſius read *cæſis hoſtibus* in the copies of Juſtin which he made uſe of. If, by ſaying *omiſſis hoſtibus*, Oroſius confirmed your conjecture, the reading in the text would be doubtful indeed.

I have nothing farther to add to my obſervations concerning the cities of Syria which the Romans acquired by the right of war.

That we may not harp on the old ſtring, but have new matter for our friendly conteſt, you raiſe a difficulty concerning the firſt conſulſhip of Julius Cæſar; which happened on the firſt of January, in the ſix hundred and ninety-fifth year of Rome, and in the forty-firſt of his age; although by the laws aſcertaining the age of candidates, no perſon was entitled to crave that honour before his forty-third year. But this law, which was propoſed by Villius, appears not, any more than other laws appertaining to the ſame object, to have been of perpetual authority; as we learn, both from the Roman

hiſtoriarum monumenta docent: apud Liv. lib. viii. c. 4. relatum legimus, C. Mario Rutilo et Q. Servilio Ahala coſſ. plebiſcito cautum, ne quis eundem magiſtratum intra X annos capeſſeret: non tamen videtur aut lex iſta perlata aut poſtea quicquam valuiſſe. Occurrit enim II. poſt iſtos coſſ. anno apud Faſtorum conditores ipſumque T. Livium, T. Manlius Torquatus, qui IV. ante annos; poſtea M. Valerius Corvus, qui VIII.; L. Papirius Craſſus, qui VI. coſſ. fuerant. Immo unus L. Papirius Curſor intra VIII annos quaternos conſulatus geſſit: quod fieri, lata hac lege, vel certe ſalva, non poterat. Huc etiam pertinent, quæ Dio Caſſ. lib. xl. §. 56. de alia lege annali memorat: *Pompeius, inquit, reſtituit legem de Comitiis, quæ jubet, ut magiſtratum aliquem ambientes ad ipſa omnino Comitia præſto ſint,* (ὡς μηδένα ἀπόνοιᾳ αἱρεῖσθαι) *neglectam omnino renovavit; et S. C. paulo prius factam, ut qui in urbe magiſtratus geſſiſſent, externas provincias, ante V anni exitum, ne ſortirentur, confirmavit. Nec vero puduit Pompeium, qui tum eas promulgaverat, ipſum Hiſpaniæ imperium*

Roman hiſtorians and from the conſular Faſti. Livy, lib. viii. c. 4, ſays, that in the conſulſhip of C. Marius Rutilus and Q. Servilius Ahala, it was provided by a law of the people, that no perſon ſhould bear the ſame magiſtracy twice in the ſpace of ten years. But this law ſeems either not to have been confirmed, or not to have remained in force: for we afterwards find both in the Faſti and in Livy, that T. Manlius Torquatus was a ſecond time conſul in the ſpace of four years; M. Valerius Corvus, in eight; and L. Papirius Craſſus, in ſix: L. Papirius Curſor was four times conſul in eight years: which things are inconſiſtent with this law. To this ſubject may be referred what Dio Caſſius ſays concerning another law of the ſame kind, in his fortieth book, ſect. 56. " Pompey reſtored the law of the Comitia, which prohi-
" bited any perſon from being elected into any office of magiſtracy in his
" abſence; a law which had fallen into total diſuſe; and confirmed another,
" which had been a ſhort time before enacted by the ſenate, forbidding any
" man who had been a magiſtrate in the city to command in any foreign
" province before the expiration of five years. Yet Pompey, who had juſt
" paſt theſe laws, was not aſhamed to accept his command in Spain for five

perium in aliud quinquennium paulo poſt accipere: et Cæſari (cujus amici indigniſſime has leges ferebant) abſenti quoque conſulatus petendi poteſtatem eodem decreto concedere, &c. Quod vero jam ad Villianam illam annalem legem attinet, nec eam conſtanter ita fuiſſe obſervatam, ut nunquam migraretur, vel ex ipſo Ciceronis loco, Orat. contra Rullum, colligi poteſt, ubi gloriatur quod ex *novis hominibus* primus, et quidem prima petitione, *anno ſuo*, hoc honore fuerit auctus; cum qui ante ipſum ex hoc hominum genere, anno ſuo petierint, ſine repulſa, non ſint facti conſules. Ex hoc enim loco quæ Villianæ legis vis fuerit, quum patricius aut conſularis ex antiquo genere conſulatum peteret, intelligi non poteſt. Certe Dolabella, cæſo Cæſare, anno non ſuo, quippe XXV annos natus, teſte Appiano conſulatum invaſit, qua de re Dio Caſſ. lib. xliv. § 22. Ὁ Δολοβέλλας ἐς τὴν ὕπαϑον ἀρχὴν, καίπερ μηδέπω οἱ προσήκουσαν ἐσήλθε. Et Suetonius, c. 18. tantum non diſerte memorat Julio contra leges aliquid fuiſſe conceſſum: *ſed cum edictis jam Comitiis, ratio ejus haberi non poſſet, niſi privatus introiſſet urbem, et ambienti ut legibus ſolveretur*,

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" years longer; and to grant, by the ſame decree, to Cæſar (whoſe friends " impatiently brooked ſuch regulations) the permiſſion of being candidate " for the conſulſhip in his abſence," &c. That the law propoſed by Villius was not uniformly obſerved, appears from Cicero's oration againſt Rullus; where the orator boaſts that he was the firſt man, not graced by ancient nobility, who had obtained the conſulſhip in the year that he was entitled to ſolicit it: but this paſſage does not inform us what was the force of Villius's law, when the candidates were patricians of ancient family, or men of conſular dignity. Dolabella certainly, after Cæſar's murder, ſeized the conſulſhip, when only twenty-five years old, as we are informed by Appian: on which ſubject Dio Caſſius, lib. xliv. § 22, ſays, that Dolabella intruded himſelf into the conſulſhip, though in nowiſe belonging to him; and Suetone inſinuates, that Julius obtained ſomething to which he was not by law entitled. " As the Comitia were already proclaimed, his demand could not be at- " tended to, unleſs he entered the city as a private perſon; and many op-

ſolverctur, multi contradicerent, coactus eſt triumphum, ne conſulatu excluderetur, dimittere. Quam in rem etiam apud Dionem Caſſ. libr. xliv. Antonius in oratione funebri diſerte hæc memorat: Τοιγάρτοι καὶ τὰ ἐπινίκια αὐτῷ διὰ τοῦτ' (ſcil. ob expeditionem Hiſpanicam) ἐψηφίσασθε καὶ τὴν ἀρχὴν τὴν ὕπατον ΕΥΘΥΣ ἐδώκατε.—— *Triumpho omiſſo, cum res urgeret, actiſque vobis pro eo honore, quem ſibi ad gloriam ſatis eſſe ducebat, gratiis, conſulatum accepit.* Ita quum vix annus deeſſet, quo minus conſulatum petere liceret Julio, aliquid fuiſſe ei conceſſum, ut triumphum dimitteret, manifeſtum eſt: quod ſi etiam ex lege annali conſulatu excludere eum voluiſſent, non intelligo, qua ratione ipſi, quod ad triumphi honorem attinet, repulſam dare potuiſſent.

Oblatas animadverſiones in Salchlini libellum Muſeo Helv. inferendas, quanquam Gallico idiomate conſcriptas, cupide exciperem; niſi Muſei illius curſus ad tempus foret inhibitus; nec dum conſtat utrum,

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" poſing his being indulged with any favour to which he was not legally en-
" titled, he choſe to poſtpone his claim to a triumph, leſt he ſhould be ex-
" cluded from the conſulſhip." Sueton. lib. i. c. 18. Nearly to the ſame purpoſe Anthony, in Cæſar's funeral oration, in the forty-fourth book of Dio Caſſius, ſays, " For this reaſon, (his ſucceſs in Spain,) you granted to him
" a triumph, and immediately appointed him conſul. In the urgency of
" his affairs he poſtponed his triumph; and accepting the conſulſhip,
" thanked you for that honour, which he thought ſufficient for his own glory." It is therefore plain, that by deferring his claim to a triumph, he obtained the conſulſhip, though a year younger than the age required for holding that office. Had the Romans intended to enforce againſt him the Villian law, there would not have been any reaſon to withhold from him the honour of a triumph.

I ſhould willingly admit your remarks, though written in French, on Salchlini's little work, into the *Muſeum Helveticum*, were not that publication interrupted

utrum, et quando, typographo licuerit aut placuerit, iſthoc opus novo aliquo tomo augere.

Vale, Vir Nobiliſſime, rem tuam ex animi ſententia age, meque ama hominem ad omnia humanitatis officia paratiſſimum

BREITINGERUM.

ZURICI HELVETIORUM, Kal. Mart.
CI ↃI ↃCCLVII.

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interrupted at preſent; and it is uncertain when the printer will be allowed, or will have inclination, to publiſh a new volume.

Farewell, my noble Sir, and proſper; and love me as a man devoted to every kind duty.

BREITINGER.

ZURICH, March 1, 1757.

N° VI.

M. GIBBON *à M.* GESNER.

MONSIEUR,

CHEZ les Romains, ce peuple généreux, qui nous a laiſſé tant de choſes à admirer et à imiter, les vieux juriſconſultes, que leurs longs travaux avoient rendus les oracles du barreau, ne ſe croyoient pas inutiles à la république, lorſqu'ils cherchoient à développer, à former des talens naiſſans, et à ſe donner de dignes ſucceſſeurs. Je voudrois la rétablir cette coutume excellente, et la tranſporter même dans les autres ſciences. Quiconque connoît tant ſoit peu vos ouvrages et votre réputation, ne vous refuſera pas, je penſe, le titre d'un des premières littérateurs du ſiecle, et je ne crois pas qu'une folle préſomption m'égare, lorſque je m'attribue quelques diſpoſitions à réuſſir dans les Belles Lettres. Votre commerce pourroit m'être d'une grande utilité. Voilà mon ſeul titre pour vous le demander. Dans l'eſpérance qu'il pourra vous engager à me l'accorder, je vais vous

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Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* GESNER.

SIR,

AMONG the Romans, that generous people, who had ſo many inſtitutions worthy of being admired and imitated, the moſt reſpectable old lawyers, whoſe long labours had rendered them the oracles of the bar, did not think their time uſeleſs to the community, when it was employed in forming the talents of youth, and in providing for themſelves worthy ſucceſſors. This excellent cuſtom ought to be adopted, and extended to other ſciences. Whoever is acquainted with your reputation and your works, will not deny you the title of one of the moſt learned men of the age; and I hope that my fooliſh preſumption does not deceive me, when I aſcribe to myſelf ſome natural aptitude for ſucceeding in the purſuits of literature. Your correſpondence would be highly uſeful to me. On this ground only I requeſt it. In the hope that it will not be refuſed, I proceed to beg your explanation of

vous demander des éclairciſſemens ſur quelques difficultes, et des déciſions ſur quelques conjectures qui ſe ſont offertes à mon eſprit.

1. Qui étoit ce Piſon le Pere, à qui Horace addreſſe ſon art poétique? M. Dacier croit que c'étoit ce L. Piſon le pontife qui triompha pour ſes exploits en Thrace, et qui mourut préfet de la Ville A. U. C. 785 *. Mais il eſt évident que ce ne fut point lui. Horace écrivit ſon art poétique avant l'an 734, puiſqu'il y parle de Virgile, qui mourut dans cette année, d'une façon à faire bien comprendre qu'il étoit encore vivant †. Or dans un autre endroit du même art poétique ‡, il s'addreſſe à l'ainé des fils de ce Piſon comme à un jeune homme qui avoit l'eſprit dejà formé.

" O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ
" Fingeris ad rectum et per te ſapis."

Ce qui ne peut guères convenir qu'à un jeune homme de dix huit, à vingt ans. Mais ce L. Piſon ne pouvoit point avoir dans ce tems la un fils auſſi agé. Il mourut en 785, agé de quatre vingt ans §. Il naquit

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ſome difficulties that I have met with, and your opinion of ſome conjectures that have occurred to my mind.

1. Who was that Piſo, the father, to whom Horace addreſſes his Art of Poetry? Mr. Dacier ſuppoſes him to have been the high-prieſt who obtained a triumph for his exploits in Thrace, and who died præfect of the city in the ſeven hundred and eighty-fifth year of Rome *. But that could not be the man; for Horace's Art of Poetry was written before the year ſeven hundred and thirty-four, ſince it makes mention of Virgil (who died that year) in terms which ſhew that he was ſtill alive †: and in another part of the poem ‡, Horace addreſſes the eldeſt of Piſo's ſons, as a young man of cultivated talents; which implies that he was not leſs than eighteen or twenty years of age. But L. Piſo, the high-prieſt, could not ſurely have a ſon ſo old. He himſelf died at the age of fourſcore §, in the ſeven hundred and eighty-fifth

* Tacit. Annal. vi. c. 10. Flor. Hiſt. Rom. L. iv. c. 12. T. Liv. Epitom. L. c.
† Horat. Art. Poet. v. 55. ‡ Ibid. v. 366. § Tacit. ubi ſupra.

year

naquit donc en 705, et il n'avoit que trente ans tout au plus, quand cette épitre fut écrite. Je vois aſſez clairement, que ce ne pouvoit pas être là le Piſon que nous cherchons; mais, parmi un aſſez grand nombre de perſonnages du ſiecle d'Auguſte qui portoient ce nom, je voudrois qu'on m'aidat à trouver celui ſur qui les ſoupçons peuvent tomber avec quelque vraiſemblance.

2. Vous ſavez combien les critiques ſe ſont donnés de peine, pour rechercher le vrai but qu'avoit Horace dans la troiſième ode du troiſième livre. La grandeur des idées, et la nobleſſe des expreſſions y font ſentir partout la main de maître: mais on eſt à la fois faché et ſurpris d'y voir que le commencement ne ſe lie point avec la ſuite, que la harangue de Junon paroît ne tenir à rien, et n'aboutir à rien; et après avoir admiré cette ode par parties, on ne peut guères s'empêcher d'en condamner l'enſemble. Taneguy le Fevre l'avoit expliquée par un ſyſtême que M. Dacier trouve mériter autant d'éloges que l'ode elle même, et qui en effet me paroît des plus jolis. Vous ſavez qu'il le fonde ſur la crainte qu'il prête au peuple Romain de voir

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year of Rome. He was born, then, in ſeven hundred and five; and was not above thirty when the Art of Poetry was written. It is clear therefore, that he is not the perſon to whom Horace writes; but, among the number of other men who bore that name, I wiſh that you would help me to diſcover the Piſo to whom that poem was moſt probably addreſſed.

2. You know how much trouble it has coſt the critics to find out Horace's true deſign in the third ode of his third book. This maſterly performance is diſtinguiſhed by greatneſs of thought and dignity of expreſſion; but we are ſurpriſed and grieved to find, that the end does not correſpond with the beginning; and that Juno's ſpeech is totally unconnected with what precedes or follows it; ſo that after admiring the detached parts of this ode, we are forced to condemn it as a whole. Taneguy le Fevre explained it by a conjecture, which Dacier thinks deſerving of as high encomiums as the ode itſelf; and which is, doubtleſs, very ingenious. You know that his explanation turns on the ſuppoſed dread of the Romans, leſt the ſeat of their empire

voir transférer à Ilium le ſiege de l'empire ; et qu'il ſuppoſe qu'Horace compoſa cette ode dans la vue de détourner Auguſte de ce deſſein, en lui rappellant toute la part que les Dieux avoient eu à la deſtruction de cette ville, et combien le mortel qui oſeroit la rebâtir s'expoſeroit à tout le courroux de ces mêmes Dieux. Le peuple pouvoit d'autant plus facilement ſuppoſer ce deſſein à ce prince, que ſon pere adoptif en avoit été ſoupçonné *. Mais je doute que ce ſyſtême puiſſe ſe ſoutenir. Et on ne ſauroit jamais prouver ces craintes prétendues du peuple Romain, qui ſont mêmes ſans vraiſemblance ; Auguſte ſe diſtingua toujours par les ſoins particuliers qu'il donna à la ville de Rome, qui devoient raſſurer le peuple contre toutes les craintes d'une pareille eſpece. On peut en voir le détail dans la vie d'Auguſte par Suetone, c. 28, 29, 30. Je n'en marquerai que deux : il engagea la plus part des grands à orner la ville, par des bâtimens ſuperbes †, et il bâtit un Temple à Mars le Vengeur, où il ordonna que le ſénat s'aſſembleroit toutes les fois qu'il ſeroit queſtion de guerres ou de triomphes ‡. Sont ce la les actions d'un homme qui ſonge à ſe faire une

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pire ſhould be removed to Troy ; and that he fancies the ode to have been written with a view to divert Auguſtus from ſuch a deſign, by ſhewing him how earneſtly the Gods had co-operated towards the deſtruction of Troy, and how much their reſentment would be provoked by an attempt to rebuild that ill-fated city. The people might the more naturally ſuſpect Auguſtus of ſuch an intention, becauſe it was thought to have been entertained by his adoptive father *. But this conjecture, I fear, will not bear examination. It is impoſſible to prove thoſe pretended fears of the Romans ; which are rendered highly improbable, when we conſider that Auguſtus was remarkable for his affectionate partiality towards Rome ; as may be ſeen in his Life, by Suetonius, c. 28, 29, 30. I ſhall mention but two examples of it. He encouraged almoſt all the great men of Rome to adorn the city by ſuperb edifices † ; and himſelf erected a temple to Mars the Avenger, where the ſenate was ordered to aſſemble during its deliberations concerning wars and triumphs ‡.

* Sueton. L. i. c. 79. † Vell. Paterculus, L. ii. c. 89. ‡ Sueton. L. ii. c. 29.

une nouvelle capitale? L'exemple de ſon oncle ne pouvoit conclure; ce fut vers la fin de ſa vie qu'il dut concevoir ce projet, dans un tems où la proſperité l'avoit aveuglé et engagé dans mille démarches folles et mal entendues, qu'Auguſte ſe piqua toujours d'éviter avec ſoin. La ſage opiniâtreté avec laquelle il refuſa toujours la dictature, peut ſervir de preuve à ce que je dis *. Voila les raiſons qui m'empêchent d'acquieſcer au ſyſtême de Taneguy le Fevre. J'en ſuis faché, et je ne ſerai tout à fait content que lorſque vous m'aurez fourni une autre explication de cette ode, plus ſolide ſans doute, et qui en applanira également les difficultés.

3. Antiochus, roi de Syrie, avoit pris pluſieurs villes de la Cœle-Syrie et de la Paleſtine au jeune Ptolémée, alors ſous la tutelle des Romains. Ceux ci prennent la défenſe de leur éleve, et ordonnent au roi de Syrie de les rendre. Il mépriſe ces ordres, et les retient. Sur quoi on lui envoye une ſeconde ambaſſade, laquelle laiſſant de côté les prétenſions du jeune prince, lui ordonna de rendre des villes, que

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Theſe are not the actions of a man who wiſhed to found a new capital. The example of his uncle is not applicable; that project was formed by him towards the end of his life, when he was intoxicated by proſperity, and engaged in a thouſand wild enterpriſes, which the prudence of Auguſtus carefully avoided. The cautious firmneſs with which the latter prince always refuſed the office of dictator, confirms my remark *. Such are the reaſons which hinder me from acquieſcing in Le Fevre's explanation. I am ſorry for it, and will not be eaſy till you ſupply me with another more ſolidly founded, and equally well fitted to remove all difficulties.

3. Antiochus, king of Syria, had taken poſſeſſion of ſeveral cities in Cœle-Syria and Judæa, belonging to young Ptolemy, then under the protection of the Romans. That people undertake the defence of their pupil, and order Antiochus to reſtore his towns. He deſpiſes their orders, and keeps thoſe towns in his poſſeſſion; in conſequence of which, the Romans ſend to him a ſecond embaſſy, which, without making any mention of young Ptolemy's pretenſions, " claim thoſe towns as belonging to the Romans by

* Sueton. L. ii. c. 52. Vell. Patercul. L. ii. c. 89.

que le peuple Romain avoit acquiſes par le droit de la guerre, *civitates jure belli factas populi Romani.* Ce ſont la les termes de Juſtin *, qui nous jettent dans une difficulté embaraſſante. On ne conçoit pas comment les Romains pouvoient avoir acquis des villes dans la Syrie, et dans l'Egypte, puiſque, bien loin d'y avoir fait des conquêtes, ils ne porterent leurs armes en Aſie que pluſieurs années après cette époque. On connoît bien un traité qu'ils avoient fait avec les Rois d'Egypte avant ce tems †, mais c'étoit un pur traité d'alliance et d'amitié qui ne fut précédé ni ſuivi d'aucune guerre. J'ai cru que l'examen des autres hiſtoriens, qui ont raconté ces mêmes évenemens, pouvoit jetter quelques lumières ſur un paſſage de Juſtin auſſi obſcur que celui la. Mais Tite Live, qui parle pluſieurs fois ‡ des négociations par leſquelles les Romains tacherent de faire rendre à Ptolémée les villes d'Aſie, qu'on lui avoit priſes, ne parle nulle part de ce droit de la guerre en vertu duquel les Romains les demandoient. Le ſavant M. Breitinger, profeſſeur en langue Grec à Zurich, à qui j'ai communiqué

" the right of war." Theſe are Juſtin's words *, which preſent us with a very perplexing difficulty; becauſe we do not perceive how the Romans could have acquired thoſe places by the right of war, ſince they were ſo far from having made conqueſts in Aſia then, that they did not carry their arms into that country till a later æra. A treaty indeed ſubſiſted between them and the kings of Egypt †, but it was a treaty merely of friendſhip and alliance, neither preceded nor followed by any war. I thought that an examination of the other hiſtorians, who relate the ſame tranſactions, might throw light on this obſcure paſſage of Juſtin. But Livy, who mentions ſeveral times ‡ the negociations by which the Romans endeavoured to recover for Ptolemy the places taken from him by Antiochus, is altogether ſilent with regard to this " right of war," in virtue of which they were demanded. I acquainted the learned Mr. Breitinger, profeſſor of Greek at Zurich, with my difficulty on

* Juſtin. L. xxx. c. 1.
† Tit. Liv. Epitom. L. iv. Eutrop. L. ii. Valer. Maxim. L. iv. c. 3.
‡ Tit. Liv. L. xxxiii. c. 34. 39, 40.

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muniqué cette difficulté, après avoir tenté en vain de la réſoudre, a été obligé enfin de la laiſſer ſans explication.—Mais,

" Nil deſperandum, Teucro duce; et auſpice Teucro."

4. Un different que Scaliger et Iſaac Voſſius ont eu enſemble, ſur la veritable époque de la mort du poëte Catulle, a fait beaucoup de bruit dans la republique des lettres. Je n'ai point eu en main les pieces du procès, ſavoir les éditions de Catulle de ces deux hommes célebres; mais Bayle * nous a donné un extrait fort détaillé de leur diſpute, y ajoutant ſes propres réflexions. Je ſuis faché de ne pouvoir pas remonter aux ſources; mais dans la néceſſité de me ſervir de rapporteur, je n'en connoîs point de meilleur que Bayle.

Quoique deux habiles littérateurs ſe ſoient exercés ſur cette queſtion, je ſuis bien loin de la regarder comme parfaitement éclaircie. Voſſius me paroît avoir trop avancé le mort du poëte, Scaliger l'a certainement trop reculée. Catulle ne mourut pas bien ſurement A. U. C. 696; mais il ne veçut pas non plus juſqu'aux jeux ſéculaires d'Auguſte

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this ſubject; which, after attempting in vain to reſolve, he was obliged to leave unexplained. But,

" Nil deſperandum, Teucro duce; et auſpice Teucro."

4. A difference of opinion between Scaliger and Iſaac Voſſius, concerning the time of Catullus' death, made great noiſe in the republic of letters. I have not at hand the original arguments of thoſe learned men, which are contained in their reſpective editions of Catullus; but Bayle * has given us a particular account of their diſpute, with his own reflections on the ſubject. I am ſorry that I cannot draw from the fountain head; but Bayle's accuracy as a compiler will not be diſputed.

Notwithſtanding the labours of theſe great ſcholars, I am far from thinking the queſtion decided. Voſſius ſeems to me to place Catullus' death too early, and Scaliger certainly fixes it at too late an æra. That poet ſurely did not die in the year of the city ſix hundred and ninety-ſix; but neither did

* Bayle Dictionnaire Critique, art. Catulle.

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d'Auguſte A. U. C. 736. Prouvons ce que nous avons avancé, et cherchons l'époque en queſtion, qui doit ſe trouver entre ces deux années.

Catulle parle de la Grande Bretagne et de ſes habitans *, or Céſar fut le premier qui fit connoître cette iſle aux Romains †, et Céſar y fit ſa première expédition en 698 ‡. Auſſi bien Catulle parle t'il du ſecond conſulat de Pompée, qui tombe ſur la même année §. Il vivoit même encore en 706, puiſqu'il parle auſſi du conſulat de Vatinius ‖. Je ne veux pas me ſervir des argumens de Scaliger pour prouver qu'il fut ſpectateur des triomphes de Céſar, parceque je ne les crois pas de bon alloi. Je me diſpenſerai d'examiner en détail ſi les paroles *paterna prima lancinata ſunt bona*, &c. ¶ conviennent mieux aux premières victoires de Céſar qu'aux dernières, parceque je crois qu'il n'y eſt queſtion ni des unes ni des autres. Il n'y a qu'à lire cette épigramme avec quelque attention pour

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he live to ſee the ſecular games of Auguſtus celebrated in ſeven hundred and thirty-ſix. Let us prove theſe aſſertions, and endeavour to find out the true æra in queſtion, which muſt have been at an intermediate time between the years juſt mentioned.

Catullus ſpeaks of Great Britain and its inhabitants *, with which Cæſar firſt made the Romans acquainted †, by his expedition thither, in the year of Rome ſix hundred and ninety-eight ‡. Catullus alſo mentions the ſecond conſulſhip of Pompey, which happened on that ſame year §. He lived ſo late as the year ſeven hundred and ſix, ſince he ſpeaks of the conſulſhip of Vatinius ‖. I will not make uſe of Scaliger's arguments to prove that the poet witneſſed Cæſar's triumphs, becauſe I do not believe them well-founded. I will not particularly examine whether the words *paterna prima lancinata ſunt bona* ¶," beſt apply to the firſt or laſt victories of Cæſar, becauſe I do not believe them to have any reference to the one or the other. We need only to read

* Vid. Catull. Carm. xi. &c. † Tacit. in Vit. Agricol. C. 13.
‡ Cæſar. Comm. L. iv. Dion. Hiſt. L. xxxix. p. 113.
§ Catull. Carm. cxi. ‖ Idem, lii. ¶ Idem, xxvii. ver. 29.

the

pour voir que Catulle s'addreſſe toujours à Céſar dans la ſeconde perſonne :

" Cinœde Romule, hæc videbis et feres ?
" Es impudicus, et vorax, et helluo."

Pendantque Mamurra y paroît toujours dans la troiſième perſonne, ce qui eſt le cas dans les lignes :

" Parum expatravit ? an parvum helluatus eſt ?
" Paterna prima lancinata ſunt bona."

Il n'y eſt donc nullement queſtion des diſſipations de Céſar, mais de celle de Mamurra ; et toutes les conſéquences qu'on en peut tirer par rapport aux triomphes de celui la, ſont illégitimes *.

* Cependant ſi l'on avoit la curioſité de rechercher l'époque préciſe de la compoſition de cette épigramme, un paſſage de Cicéron nous conduiroit à la fixer vers l'an 708. Car quoiqu'en diſe Bayle, on ne peut guères entendre ce paſſage que d'une piece ſatyrique faite contre Mamurra ; auſſi bien le ſavant Dr. Middleton a t'il embraſſé cette opinion. Il eſt inutile de dire que Catulle n'auroit jamais oſé compoſer cette épigramme contre Céſar alors tout puiſſant. Le clémence de Céſar envers ſes ennemis étoit aſſez connue ; la façon même, dont les anciens parlent de la modération dont Céſar uſa envers le ſatyrique, ſemble ſuppoſer qu'il avoit alors la puiſſance en main, puiſqu'auparavant ſa clémence auroit eu peu de mérite. Tacite (1) qui en parle, la fait conſiderer ſur le même pied que celle de Bibalculus. Or on ne peut pas douter qu'Auguſte ne fut ſouverain alors.

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the epigram attentively, to perceive that Catullus always addreſſes Cæſar in the ſecond perſon, and Mamurra in the third.

The poet alludes, therefore, not to Cæſar's diſſipation, but to that of Mamurra ; and all the conſequences deduced from his applying his words to the former, are built on a falſe hypotheſis †.

† Were we curious to aſcertain exactly the date of this epigram, a paſſage of Cicero would lead us to fix it at the year 708. For, notwithſtanding Bayle's reaſonings, we cannot regard it in any other light than that of a ſatire written againſt Mamurra ; an opinion embraced by the learned Dr. Middleton. There is no weight in the obſervation, that Catullus would not have ventured to write this epigram againſt Cæſar in the plenitude of his power. Cæſar's clemency towards his enemies is well known ; and the terms in which hiſtorians ſpeak of his lenity ſhewn to this ſatiriſt implies that he was then poſſeſſed of power to puniſh him ; otherwiſe his moderation would have been of little value. Tacitus (1) ſpeaks of this affair as a parallel to that of Bibalculus, who ſatiriſed Auguſtus when the latter was certainly inveſted with ſovereign dominion.

(1) Annal. L. iv. c. 34.

Catullus,

D'un autre côté, Catulle ne veçut pas juſqu'aux jeux ſéculaires d'Auguſte, puiſqu'il mourut avant Tibulle. Ovide, dans l'élégie qu'il fit exprès ſur la mort de ce dernier, met Catulle parmi les poëtes, que ſon ami devoit rencontrer à ſa deſcente dans les Champs Elysées :

" Si tamen a nobis aliquid niſi nomen et umbra
" Reſtat : in Elyſia Valle Tibullus erit.
" Obvius huic venias hederâ juvenilia cinctus
" Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle tuo *."

Mais dans quel tems Tibulle mourut il ? Une petite épigramme de Domitius Marius nous l'apprend : le même jour, ou du moins la même année, que Virgile :

" Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
" Mors juvenem Campos miſit ad Elyſios †.

Or perſonne n'ignore que Virgile mourut le 22 Septembre 734 ‡. Il eſt donc clair que Catulle, déja mort dans ce tems la, ne vit point les jeux ſéculaires qui ne ſe célébrerent qu'en 736.

Avançons plus loin, et diſons, que Catulle étoit déja mort avant 721. Je me fonde ſur le témoignage d'un hiſtorien contemporain, ami

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Catullus, on the other hand, did not live to ſee the ſecular games celebrated by Auguſtus, ſince he died before Tibullus. Ovid, in an elegy written on the death of the latter, places Catullus among the poets whom his friend will meet with in the Elyſian fields *.

But when did Tibullus die ? A little epigram of Domitius Marius informs us, that he died the ſame day, or at leaſt in the ſame year, with Virgil †. Now it is well known that Virgil died the twenty-ſecond of September ſeven hundred and thirty-four ‡. Catullus then could not ſee the ſecular games, which were not celebrated till ſeven hundred and thirty-ſix.

We may go farther, and affirm, that Catullus was dead before the year ſeven hundred and twenty-one. This is proved by a contemporary hiſto-

* Ovid. Eleg. L. iii. 9. † V. Tibull. Carm. L. iv. c. 15. ‡ Donat. in Vit. Virgil.

rian,

ami de Cicéron * et de Catulle lui même †; en un mot de Cornelius Nepos. Il faut le développer ce témoignage. Dans la vie d'Atticus, que cet écrivain nous a laiſſée, parlant d'un certain L. Julius Calidius, à qui Atticus rendit de grands ſervices, il ajoute pour le faire mieux connoître, *quem poſt Lucretii Catullique mortem, multo elegantiſſimum poetam, noſtram tuliſſe ætatem vere videor poſſe contendere* ‡. Catulle étoit donc mort lorſque Nepos écrivit ce paſſage. Mais ne pourroit on pas fixer le tems de ſa compoſition? très facilement: de vingt deux chapitres qui compoſent cette vie d'Atticus dix huit furent publiés de ſon vivant. *Hactenus Attico vivo hæc a nobis edita ſunt* §. Le paſſage, où il eſt parlé de la mort de Catulle, ſe trouve dans le douzième chapitre; d'où il s'enſuit que Catulle mourut avant Atticus. Mais celui ci finit ſa vie ſous le conſulat de Cn. Domitius et de C. Soſius ‖. Si l'on vouloit pouſſer l'exactitude encore plus loin, et qu'on eût envie de déterminer l'année préciſe de la mort de notre poëte, on ne ſe tromperoit pas de beaucoup en prenant l'année

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rian, the friend of Cicero * and of Catullus †; I mean Cornelius Nepos. In his Life of Atticus, ſpeaking of a certain Julius Calidius, to whom Atticus had rendered very important ſervices, he diſtinguiſhes him, "as the moſt "elegant poet of that age, ſince the death of Lucretius and Catullus ‡." The latter, therefore, was dead before Nepos wrote this paſſage; of which it is not difficult to fix the date. Nepos' Life of Atticus conſiſts of twenty-two chapters; the firſt eighteen of which were, as he tells us, written while the ſubject of them ſtill lived §. The paſſage mentioning the death of Catullus is in the twelfth chapter; from whence it follows, that Atticus ſurvived Catullus. But Atticus died during the conſulſhip of Cn. Domitius and C. Soſius ‖. Did we wiſh to aſcertain ſtill more accurately the preciſe year of Catullus' death, we ſhould not be much miſtaken in fixing it at the middle term between the years of Rome ſeven hundred and ſix, and ſeven

* Sueton. L. i. c. 55. Voſſ. de Hiſt. Latin. L. i. c. 24. † Catull. Carm. i.
‡ Cornel. Nepos, in Vit. Attici, c. 12. § Idem, c. 18. ‖ Idem, c. 21.

l'année moyenne entre A. U. C. 706 et 721; ce qui nous donnera 714, époque qui quadre fort bien avec tout ce que nous en ſavons d'ailleurs.

Le ſeul argument de Scaliger, qui pourroit embarraſſer, eſt celui qu'il tire du poëme ſéculaire que Catulle doit avoir compoſé. La conjecture de Voſſius qu'on célébra des jeux au commencement du VII ſiecle de Rome n'eſt pas ſoutenable. Je doute que celle de Bayle vaille mieux. Le commencement de ce ſiecle étoit marqué par tant de déſordres, on negligeoit tellement les anciennes cérémoines *, qu'il n'y pas d'apparence qu'on ait conçu le deſſein de célébrer de pareils jeux, ni que le peuple s'y attendît. Mais quel beſoin de ſuppoſer que ce poëme avoit été compoſé pour les ſéculaires. N'eſt il pas bien plus naturel de le croire deſtiné pour la fête de Diane qui ſe célébroit tous les ans au mois d'Août; Bentley avoit déja fait cette conjecture †. On peut la confirmer par la comparaiſon du poëme ſéculaire d'Horace avec ce morceau de Catulle. Dans celui ci les garçons

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hundred and twenty-one; which will give us the year ſeven hundred and fourteen; which very well agrees with all other particulars known concerning him.

The only argument adduced by Scaliger, that can occaſion any difficulty, is, that Catullus compoſed a ſecular poem. Voſſius' conjecture, that the ſecular games were celebrated at the commencement of the ſeventh century of Rome, is altogether unwarranted: that of Bayle, I fear, reſts not on much better authority. The beginning of that century was deformed by ſo many diſorders, and by ſuch a marked neglect of ancient ceremonies *, that there is not any probability that ſuch games ſhould then have been either exhibited or expected. But it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that Catullus' poem was written for the ſecular games. It might have been intended merely for Diana's feſtival, which was celebrated yearly in the month of Auguſt; as Bentley conjectured †. This is confirmed by comparing this poem with Horace's *Carmen Seculare*. In the former, both the boys and girls

* Sueton. L. ii. c. 37.

† Bentl. in Præfat. Edit. Horatian.

form

garçons et les filles ne font qu'un chœur pour s'addreſſer en commun à Diane :

" Dianæ ſumus in ſide
" Puellæ et pueri integri *."

Au lieu que dans Horace les garçons s'addreſſent à Apollon, les filles à Diane :

" Supplices audi pueros Apollo,
" Siderum Regina bicornis audi,
" Luna puellas †."

Cette diſtinction leur avoit été même ordonnée par l'oracle qui leur enjoignit la célébration de ces jeux ‡.

Je m'arrete : en voilà bien aſſez pour une fois. Je dois ſentir que vos momens ſont précieux, et il faut au moins vous diſpoſer à ne pas trouver mauvaiſe la liberté que j'ai priſe, en n'en abuſant pas.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec beaucoup de conſidération,

Monſieur, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

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form but one chorus, which addreſſes itſelf to Diana *. In Horace, the boys addreſs themſelves to Apollo, and the girls to Diana †. This diſtinction had been eſtabliſhed by the oracle who commanded the celebration of the games ‡.

But I have done. This is enough for one letter. Your time is precious, and I would not offend you by carrying too far the liberty I have taken in writing to you. I have the honour to be, with much conſideration,

Yours, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

* Catull. Carm. xxxiv. ver. 1. † Horat. Carm. Secular. ver. 34.
‡ V. Diſſertat. Cl. Turretin de Ludis Secular. p. 36.

N° VII.

M. Gesner *à M.* Gibbon.

1. Quæritur de Piſonibus quibus honorem in Arte Poetica habuit Horatius. Dacerius et Sanadonus forte fidem apud te, Gibbone, Vir Doctiſſime, inventuri erant facilius, ſi auctorem ſententiæ ſuæ laudaſſent, ſine quo ea levis, et hariolationi ſimilis, videri poteſt, et quæ argumento etiam non nimis valido everti queat. Jam vero eſt illa Porphyrionis antiqui hominis, qui eam forte debet antiquiori, qui de nominibus Horatianis ſcripſit. Hic ergo Porphyrio, ut eſt ex optimis libris editus, *Hunc librum*, inquit, *qui inſcribitur de Arte Poetica ad L. Piſonem, qui poſtea urbis cuſtos fuit, miſit. Nam et ipſe Piſo poeta fuit, et ſtudiorum liberalium antiſtes.* At ætas non convenit! Immo pulchre. Mortuus eſt ille Piſo, Tacito teſte, (An. l. vi. c. 10.) octogenarius A. U. 785. Geſſit præfecturam urbis

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Mr. Gesner *to Mr.* Gibbon.

1. You inquire who were the Piſos, of whom Horace ſpeaks in ſuch honourable terms in his Art of Poetry. Dacier and Sanadon would probably, moſt learned Sir, have obtained more credit with you, had they cited the authority on which their opinion reſts; and independently of which, it ſeems no better than a gueſs, which a ſlight argument is ſufficient to overturn. This authority is that of Porphyrio, an ancient writer, who treats of the names mentioned in Horace, and who here perhaps copies from ſome author more ancient than himſelf. In his corrected edition Porphyrio ſays, "Horace's work, intitled the Art of Poetry, is addreſſed to L. Piſo, who was "afterwards governor of Rome; for Piſo was himſelf a poet, and a patron "of literary purſuits." But chronology, you ſay, does not warrant this explanation. It does; for Tacitus tells us, in his Annals, (lib. vi. c. 10.) that Piſo died U. C. 785, at the age of eighty. He held his office twenty years;

urbis annis XX.; ſuſcepit ergo A. U. 765. Antequam illud munus ſuſciperet, debet ſcripta eſſe epiſtola de Arte Poetica (quam ego ſuſpicor fuiſſe aliquando ſecundi libri tertiam): quia Porphyrio dicit, *qui* poſtea *urbis cuſtos fuit.* Ponamus natum eſſe Piſoni majorem filiorum anno ætatis XXX. eumque filium annos XVI. habuiſſe, cum ad illum iſta ſcriberet Horatius (366): *O major juvenum*, &c. Scripta erit Ars Poetica anno ætatis Horatii LII. quod pulchre convenit cum Bentleianis rationibus, quas ego, cum ante hos fere annos Horatium ederem, comperi hactenus certe juſtas eſſe, ut diligenter licet attendenti, nihil occurrerit, quod illis repugnet. Si putemus in adoleſcentem XVI annorum, non convenire laudem, quam illi tribuit Horatius (quod mihi quidem contra videtur) prius natum poſſumus V vel X adeo annis dicere. At Virgilius vivebat adhuc cum Artem Poeticam ſcriberet Horatius, qui mortuus eſt A. U. 735, cum vir XXX annorum eſſet Piſo, nec filium habere poſſet X vel XII ad ſummum annis majorem. Primo nec ipſum hoc forte abſurdum putarint quidam, *juvenem* hic vocari præcocis ingenii et doctrinæ puerum

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years; and therefore entered on it U. C. 765; before which period Horace muſt have ſent to him the Art of Poetry, (which I ſuſpect once ſtood at the third epiſtle of the ſecond book,) becauſe Porphyrio ſays, "who was afterwards governor of Rome." Let us ſuppoſe that Piſo's ſon was born when the father was thirty years old; and that the ſon was ſixteen when Horace addreſſed him, *O major juvenum*; the Art of Poetry will then have been written in the fifty-ſecond year of Horace's age; which well agrees with Bentley's computation; a ſubject which I remember to have examined and approved when about the ſame time of life I publiſhed my edition of Horace. If we think ſixteen years too young for the praiſes beſtowed by the poet, we may add to them five, or even ten years more. But to this mode of reckoning it is objected, that Virgil was alive when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry; and as the latter died in the year of Rome ſeven hundred and thirty-five, Piſo, who was then but thirty years old himſelf, could not have a ſon above ten or twelve at the utmoſt. But ſome critics do not diſapprove of the application of *juvenis* to a boy of ten years,

puerum decennem. Hac quidem ætate poetas fuiſſe Hugonem Grotium alioſque novimus: et liberalius, credo, utebantur aulici homines *juvenis* appellatione, poſtquam nequiter adeo Ciceroni expetiverat *puerum* quod vocaſſet Octavium.

Sed quod pace tua dixerim, Vir Humaniſſime, nihil cauſæ video cur in vivis adhuc fuiſſe, ſtatuendum ſit Virgilium, ſcribente Artem Horatio. Neque enim ſimpliciter eo loco vivi poetæ mortuis opponuntur, ſed antiqui novis: non ſola Libitina ſacrare poetam poteſt; ſed annos jam plures mortuus ſit, ſecundum iſtos judices, oportet:

" Eſt vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos."

Vide, quæſo, epiſtolam libri ſecundi primam.

2. De Horatii ode libri tertii tertia, ſententiam dixi in meis ad illum obſervationibus, quas tibi viſas non puto, quare hic repetam et explicabo. Luſit Auguſtus cœnas Deorum nonnunquam. Notum eſt ex Suetonio (l. ii. c. 70.), male audiſſe aliquando cœnam illius δωδεκὰ θεῶν, *h. e.* duodecim illorum Deorum, quibus pulvinaria, ſeu lecti ſternebantur

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years, and of a forward genius: Grotius and others were poets at that age; and the Roman courtiers would naturally, I think, be prodigal in uſing the term *juvenis*, after Cicero gave ſo much offence by applying the term *puer* to Auguſtus.

But I ſee not any convincing argument to prove that Virgil was alive when the Art of Poetry was written. For, in the paſſage alluded to, Horace does not contraſt living poets with thoſe that were dead, but ancient poets with the modern; and, according to the critics whom he mentions, not death alone, but the being dead a certain number of years, was neceſſary for the attainment of poetical fame.

" Eſt vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos."

See the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book.

2. Concerning the third ode of the third book, I formerly gave my opinion in the obſervations accompanying my edition, which, as you have not ſeen them, I ſhall here repeat and explain. Auguſtus ſometimes repreſented in ſport the ſuppers of the gods. We know from Suetone, lib. ii. c. 70. that he was blamed for his imitation of the ſupper of the twelve gods, which,

nebantur in Capitolio (*e. g.* Liv. xxii. 10.) Quid ſi Horatius juſſus vel injuſſus ſcripſit verſus tali dramati aptos? Quid ſi, cum male audirent id genus ludi, voluit, hoc velut ſpecimine propoſito, perſuadere hominibus, eſſe illos innocentes, civiles, Romani populi ſtudiis conformes? Voluit eadem ode blandiri genti Juliæ, quæ origines Trojanos ab Æneа, et Iulo udum adoptaverat. Aditum ſibi parat ad eam rem pulcherrimum poeta. Fortitudo cum juſtitia homines ad Deos perducit. Inter hos jam eſt noſtra admiratione et prædicatione, Auguſtus, et (ut eodem circiter tempore cecinit, Od. iii. c. 5. § 2.) *preſens divus habebitur.* Nempe non minus meritorum ac juris habet Auguſtus quam habuit olim cum Baccho Romulus: qui tamen non ſine difficultate receptus eſt, *donec gratum locuta eſt Juno Diis conſiliantibus.* Hujus oratio ejuſdem plane argumenti eſt, cujus illa Virgiliana, (Æn. l. xii. v. 791. *et ſeq.*) Et potuit Horatius illud argumentum eligere, ſi vel nunquam ſerio cogitavit de transferenda

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uſed to take place in the capitol, where pallets were ſpread for them; of which we ſee an example in Livy, lib. xxii. c. 10. Is it not poſſible that Horace, either with or without the orders of Auguſtus, might think proper to write verſes adapted to ſuch a repreſentation? Might he not endeavour to remove the blame attached to it, by exhibiting an example in which it was not only innocent, but conformable with the inſtitutions and inclinations of the Romans? At the ſame time his ode would be a compliment to the Julian family, which had long boaſted its deſcent from Æneas and Iülus. For entering on this ſubject, the poet ingeniouſly prepares the way, by ſhowing that men had attained divinity through juſtice and fortitude. Auguſtus is entitled to our admiration and praiſe; and, as he ſung in another ode, written nearly about the ſame time, *preſens divus habebitur*, being not leſs worthy of divinity than Bacchus and Romulus; the latter of whom was not without difficulty admitted to that honour, "till Juno made her moſt pleaſing and acceptable ſpeech in the council of the gods." This ſpeech is of the ſame purport with that in the Æneid, lib. xii. v. 791. *& ſeq.*; and might have been pronounced with propriety, without ſuppoſing that Auguſtus ever ſeriouſly thought of changing the ſeat of his empire. That prince alſo muſt have

renda imperii ſede Auguſtus. Potuit ea re gratum facere principi, ſi crederet ipſe populus damnari in aula conſilium illud antiquum Julii Cæſaris, calamitoſum Romæ ac deteſtabile. Quod hic longior eſt, et παθητικώτερος, quam ab illo exordio aliquis exſpectaret; næ ignarus fuerit naturæ carminis lyrici, quatenus illa exemplis veterum cognoſcitur, qui longum adeo excurſum, ſi vel excurſus ſit, reprehendat.

3. Durus ſatis nodus eſſe debet, qui non modo eruditum atque ingenioſum juvenem, ſed veteranum etiam in his literis virum, Breitingerum, cujus nomen ſemper cum honore uſurpo, potuit tenere. Quî enim poſtulare potuit legatiopopuli Romani, " civitates jure belli " ſuas factas reſtitui in integrum ab Antiocho," quas paulo ante Senatus Ptolemæi pupilli ſui eſſe dixerat? Quî potuere Romani jure belli aſſerere ſibi urbes Aſiæ, in quam aliquot demum annis poſt " primus omnium Romanorum ducum Scipio cum exercitu trajecit?" (Epit. Liv. l. xxxvii.) Verum ſolvi tamen poteſt hic nodus, etiam non adhibito

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have been pleaſed with an attempt to perſuade the people that he condemned a deſign, ſaid to have been entertained by Julius Cæſar, but which was ſo much deteſted by the Romans, and would, if carried into execution, have been ſo calamitous to Rome. The ſpeech indeed is longer, and more pathetic than might be expected from the beginning of the ode; but *he* muſt be ignorant of the nature of lyric poetry, as illuſtrated in the writings of the ancients, who finds fault with the length of this real or apparent digreſſion.

3. The knot muſt be hard indeed, which not only baffles the exertions of a learned and ingenious youth, but reſiſts the ſtrength of Breitinger, a veteran in the literary field, whoſe name I never pronounce but with the higheſt reſpect. How could Roman ambaſſadors require that the cities taken by Antiochus in Aſia ſhould be reſtored, according to the law of war, to Rome, when the ſenate ſhortly before had declared thoſe cities to belong to its pupil Ptolemy? Or how could the Romans claim thoſe cities by the law of war, when Scipio, a few years afterwards, was the firſt Roman general that paſſed into Aſia with an army? Livy, lib. xxxvii. The knot, however, may be untied, without having recourſe to Alexander's ſword, provided we

adhibito Alexandri gladio, modo ſeriem illarum rerum apud ipſum Juſtinum atque Livium inſpiciamus. Hic (l. xxxi. c. 14.), *Philippo*, inquit, *animos faciebat—fœdus ictum cum Antiocho Syriæ rege, diviſæque jam cum eo Ægypti opes, cui morte audita Ptolemæi regis, ambo imminebant.* Juſtinus (lib. xxx. c. 2.), *Legatos Alexandrini ad Romanos miſere, orantes ut tutelam pupilli ſui ſuſciperent, tuerenturque regnum Ægypti, quod jam Philippum et Antiochum, facta inter ſe pactione, diviſiſſe dicebant.* Nec vero inter pacta res ſubſtitit. *Antiochus enim, dum occupatus in Romano bello eſt Philippus*, (teſte Livio, lib. 33. c. 19.) *omnibus que in Cœle-Syria ſunt civitatibus Ptolomæi in ſuam poteſtatem redactis; ſimul per omnem oram Ciliciæque et Cariæ tentaturus erat urbes quæ in ditione Ptolemæi eſſent; ſimulque Philippum exercitu navibuſque adjuturus.* Interea debellatur; vinciturque a Quintio Philippus. Ab eodem Quintio jam (Liv. lib. xxxiii. c. 34.), aperte pronunciatur legatis Antiochi, jure belli et victoriæ nimirum, *ut excederet Aſiæ urbibus, quæ aut Philippi aut Ptolemæi regum*

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follow the ſeries of thoſe tranſactions, as related by Juſtin and Livy. The latter hiſtorian, lib. xxxi. c. 14, relates, " that Philip's courage was in-
" creaſed by his league with Antiochus, king of Syria, with whom, as ſoon
" as he learned Ptolemy's death, he purpoſed, according to the tenor
" of that agreement, dividing the ſpoils of Egypt." Juſtin, again, lib. xxx. c. 2, tells us, " that the Alexandrians ſent ambaſſadors to Rome, re-
" queſting the ſenate to defend the cauſe of their pupil, threatened with the
" partition of his dominions, in conſequence of a treaty for that purpoſe be-
" tween Philip and Antiochus." This treaty indeed ſoon began to be carried into effect; for, according to Livy, lib. xxxii. c. 19. " Antiochus,
" while his ally was occupied in the war with Rome, conquered all the
" cities belonging to Ptolemy in Cœle-Syria; purpoſing next to invade
" the coaſt of Caria and Cilicia, and at the ſame time to aſſiſt Philip with a
" fleet and army." Meanwhile Philip is conquered by the Roman conſul Quintius; who then openly declared to Antiochus' ambaſſadors, " that their

regum fuiſſent. Obſcurius igitur brevitate, ſed verum tamen ſcripſit Juſtinus.

Ecquid te pœnitet, GIBBONE Vir Doctiſſime, literis ita humanis laceſſitum iviſſe ſenem frigidum et inertem, qui per duos menſes poſſit differre reſponſionem ad epiſtolam ita blandam, ita ſibi honorificam? Non conjiciam cauſam longi ſilentii in ſenectutem, quamquam hæc quoque incipit ſufflaminare non nunquam conatus meos, ut ſentiam circa ſeptuageſimum, demptis tribus, ætatis annum, non ita me jam imperare poſſe ingenio, ut annis ſuperioribus. Sed cum alias in otium concedere paullatim detur ſenibus, mihi adhuc pene contra evenit, ut ſubinde novæ mihi curæ imponantur. Adſcriptus ſum ſocietatibus aliquot, ut Berolinenſi, et noſtræ ſcientiarum; hanc etiam per vices ſemeſtres juſſus dirigere: præſidere ſoleo ſingulis hebdomadis ſocietati apud nos Germanicæ; ſubmittere autem ſcriptiunculas quaſdam meas Latinæ Jenenſi. Bibliothecam Academiæ, quinquaginta ad minimum librorum millibus conſtantem, curare meum

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" maſter muſt evacuate (ſupply, ' according to the law of war,') all thoſe " cities to which either Philip or Ptolemy had any claims." Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 34. Juſtin's narrative, therefore, though obſcured by brevity, is yet conſiſtent with truth.

Do you not repent, learned Sir, the having written to an indolent old man, who could delay two months ſending an anſwer to a letter ſo obliging, and ſo honourable to himſelf? I will not throw the blame on my advanced age, though I begin to feel my former powers of exertion ſomewhat ſlacken and abate under the weight of ſixty-ſeven years. At this time of life moſt old men are indulged with a diminution of labour; whereas I, on the contrary, am continually burdened with an increaſe of occupations and cares. I belong to ſeveral academies, particularly that of Berlin, and this here of Gottingen; which laſt I am appointed to direct ſix months in the year; I alſo preſide weekly in the German ſociety of this place, and frequently correſpond with the Latin ſociety of Jena. I am entruſted with the care of the public library, conſiſting at leaſt of fifty thouſand volumes; with the inſpection

meum eſt; tum ſcholas majores per Germanicas Regis provincias inſpicere, et regere conſilio; tum alimentarios circiter viginti juvenes obſervare; et ſcribere quidquid Prorectoris et Senatus Academici nomine in tabulis publicis proponitur; et inter hæc ternas, quaternas, plures etiam interdum, ſingulis diebus prælectiones habere. Et dixi tantum quæ publicis aliquo modo officiis debentur. Quot ſalutares juvenes ſunt accipiendi? quot ex condiſcipulis vel diſcipulis amici abſentes colendi literis? nunquam vacare poſſum a ſcribendo, commentando talia quæ luci deſtinata publicæ plus aliquanto curæ poſtulant: ut nunc in manibus eſt Claudianus, hāc æſtate, ſi Deus faverit, proferendus. Hæc cum ita ſint, fateor, me, cum primum percurrenti tuas, vir præſtantiſſime, literas, negotium etiam operoſius videretur, quam tractando deinde expertus ſum, illas in otium pinguiuſculum continuarum aliquot horarum ſepoſuiſſe. Hoc otiolum heri demum caſu mihi oblatum, collocavi ut vides.

Supereſt, uti hanc lucubratiunculam boni conſulas, et, ſi illa minus forte, quam mihi optabile eſt, expectationi tuæ reſpondeat, alia mihi omnia

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ſpection of the colleges in his majeſty's German dominions; and with the ſuperintendance of about twenty youths, who are educated at the public expence. The taſk alſo falls on me of writing whatever is inſerted in the archives of the univerſity, in the name of the rector and ſenate: and it is my duty to give daily three, four, and ſometimes more prelections. To theſe public offices muſt be added the avocations of private company, and of a very extenſive correſpondence. Beſides, I have always ſome work in hand, which requires nicer attention to render it worthy of the public eye. At preſent I am employed about an edition of Claudian; which, God willing! ſhall be publiſhed in the courſe of this ſummer. Thus circumſtanced, I confeſs that I laid aſide your letter, which ſeemed as if it would require more pains to anſwer than were afterwards found neceſſary, until I ſhould enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted leiſure. This opportunity occurred only yeſterday, of which, you ſee, I made uſe.

It remains that I requeſt you to receive favourably this attempt; and if it does not fully anſwer your expectation, to aſcribe the failure to any other

omnia quam gratificandi tibi voluntatem defuiſſe exiſtimes. Brevitati ſtudui, quod non opus eſſe putarem ea repetere, quæ ad cauſam conſtituendam a te bene dicta ſunt. Latina lingua, ut aliquanto mihi familiariore, uſus ſum, ne mihi forte accideret, quod tibi Gallice ſcribenti, Gallice licet bene docto, uſu veniſſe video, uti ſcriberes, *Un different que Scaliger et If. Voſſius ont eu enſemble;* unde aliquis colligerit te putaſſe liticulam habuiſſe inter ſe homines, quorum alter novem annis poſt alterius mortem natus eſt. Habes, Gibbone, Vir Humaniſſime, nudum pectus et deditam tibi voluntatem et parata ſtudia

MATTHIÆ GESNERI.

Scrib. GOTTINGÆ, a. d. XII Feb. Anno LVIII.

4. In quæſtione de annis Catulli plane tuus ſum, Gibbone Doctiſſime, ne putes pigritia quadam me aſſentiri malle tibi, quam tecum diſputare, primo hic reponam ipſa verba quæ juvenis poſui in diſputatione de annis ludiſque ſecularibus veterum Romanorum Vinariæ A. 1717,

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cauſe rather than my want of inclination to oblige you. Brevity was my aim, becauſe it ſeemed unneceſſary to repeat what you had ſo well ſaid on the ſubject. I write in Latin, a language familiar to me, leſt I ſhould commit a miſtake ſimilar to that of which you, though well-ſkilled in French, are guilty, when you ſay, *Un different que Scaliger & If. Voſſius ont eu enſemble.*" From which words it might be concluded, that a difference had ſubſiſted between theſe learned men, of whom the one died nine years before the other was born. I remain ſincerely, with much conſideration, &c.

MATTHEW GESNER.

GOTTINGEN, 12th February 1758.

4. As to the queſtion concerning the age of Catullus, I am entirely of your opinion; and leſt you ſhould think that I agree with you, merely becauſe, through lazineſs, I am unwilling to enter into an argument, I ſhall tranſcribe the words of a theſis, which I defended in my youth forty years

A. 1717; atque adeo ante hos ipſos quadraginta annos a me habita, (p. 43.) *Cum in ipſo carmine nihil ſit quod non alio quoque feſto in Dianæ honorem cani potuerit*, &c. Deinde confirmo tibi me expendiſſe eadem hora, qua iſta ſcribebam, eruditam diſputationem tuam, contuliſſe ipſas Iſ. Voſſii ad Catullum obſervationes (edit. 1684, 4to. p. 81 *et ſeq.*), et ea quæ Joſ. Scaliger a Voſſio hic refutatus diſputaverat; inſpexiſſe Ciceronis de Mamurra locum, adhibuiſſe Middletoni obſervationem; et poſt rem bene perceptam et perpenſam, plane ſecundum te, præſtantiſſime Gibbone, pronuncio.

P.S. Recte mihi reddentur literæ tuæ ſi in poſterum quoque ſcribere ad me velis, vel ſolo meo nomine et urbis noſtræ literis inſcripto; vel ſic, " A. M. le Profeſſeur Geſner, Conſeiller de " la Cour de ſa Majeſté Britannique, à Gottingen." Sed ſi vis videre titulos meos more Germanico deductos, en tibi excerptos ex libro quintum edito Nordhuſæ 1752, 8vo. Teutſch und Franſoſiſch Titularbuch, p. 164:—" 'A Monſieur Monſieur " Geſner,

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ago, (p. 43. Weimar, 1717,) concerning the ſecular years and games of the Romans. " There is nothing in the poem which might not have been " ſaid, had it been written for any other feſtival in honour of Diana," &c. I aſſure you, that within this hour I have compared what is ſaid in your learned diſſertation, with Iſ. Voſſius' remarks on Catullus, (edit. 1684, 4to. p. 81, *& ſeq.*) and thoſe of Joſ. Scaliger, whom he refutes. I alſo examined the paſſage of Cicero concerning Mamurra, with Middleton's obſervations on it; and having examined and well weighed the whole matter, I pronounce ſentence, moſt excellent Gibbon, clearly in your favour.

P. S. Your letters will find me without any farther direction than that of my name and place of abode, or addreſſed to Mr. Profeſſor Geſner, counſellor of the Court of his Britannic Majeſty, Gottingen. But if you wiſh to ſee my titles expanded at full length after the German faſhion, here they are, copied from the French and German " Title-book," printed

" Geſner, Conſeiller de la Cour de ſa Majeſté Britannique,
" Profeſſeur ordinaire de l'Univerſité de Gottingue, Inſpecteur
" Général des Ecoles de l'Electorat de Hanovre, Bibliothe-
" caire de l'Univerſité, Directeur du Séminaire Philologique,
" Préſident de la Société Royale de l'Eloquence Allemande, et
" Membre de la Société Royale de Sciences de Gottingue, &c."
Nullus horum titulorum eſt, quin aliquid certe temporis mihi auferat: quæ ſola etiam cauſa eſt cur huc deſcripſi: quod mihi te credere ſic putabo, ſi quam breviſſima inſcriptione literarum ad me utaris.

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printed at Nordhauſen, 1752, 8vo. fifth edition, p. 164. " To Mr.
" Geſner, Counſellor of the Court of his Britannic Majeſty, Profeſſor in
" the Univerſity of Gottingen, Inſpector General of the Schools of the
" Electorate of Hanover, Librarian of the Univerſity, Director of the
" Philological Seminary, Preſident of the Royal Society of German Elo-
" quence, Member of the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen," &c.
There is not one of theſe titles but deprives me of ſome part of my time; the only reaſon for which I here ſubjoin them; which I ſhall think you believe, if your letter to me has as ſhort a direction as poſſible.

N° VIII.

Mr. GIBBON *à M.* GESNER.

MONSIEUR,

LA multitude de vos occupations montrent à la fois votre mérite, la juſtice qu'on lui rend, ma préſomption, et votre bonté. Que j'envie le ſort de ce petit nombre d'eſprits ſupérieurs dont les talens toujours les mêmes, et toujours diverſifiés, revêtiſſent avec une égale facilité tous les caractères que l'utilité ou l'agrément des hommes exige d'eux. J'applaudis encore au diſcernement de ces princes qui oſent écarter les nuages dont la frivolité, l'envie, et la calomnie environnent leurs trones, qui rendent aux grands hommes de leurs états, une juſtice que le public impartial leur rendoit depuis long tems, et qui ſavent récompenſer leurs talens, en leur fourniſſant de nouvelles occaſions de les développer. Voila une petite partie des réflexions qu'a fait naitre votre lettre ; ſi j'en croyois mon inclination, elles n'auroient point de bornes ; mais la raiſon me dit que je dois me contenter

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Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* GESNER.

SIR,

THE multitude of your employments affords at once the proof of your own merit, of the juſtice done to it by the public, of my preſumption, and of your goodneſs. How enviable is the lot of that ſmall number of ſuperior minds whoſe talents are equally adapted to promote the purpoſes either of pleaſure or utility ? The diſcernment ſurely of thoſe princes is worthy of much applauſe, who, having ventured to diſſipate the clouds of envy, calumny, and frivolity, that uſually ſurround thrones, render to the truly great men among their ſubjects a juſtice which had been long done to them by the impartial public, and reward their talents, by affording them new opportunities to diſplay them. Theſe are but a ſmall part of the reflections occaſioned by your letter, and which, were I to conſult my inclination only, would extend to a great length ; but my reaſon tells me, that I muſt be

tenter de vous aſſurer de toute la reconnoiſſance dont vous avez pénétré un homme qui ſe fera toujours gloire du titre de votre diſciple. Je vais dans peu de tems en Angleterre; je pourrois peut etre y trouver l'occaſion de vous prouver mes ſentimens, ou du moins mon commerce vous deviendra moins ennuyeux. Mon ſéjour dans une capitale éclairée me donnera une ſorte de mérite local. Incapable de les imiter, je vous apprendrai de bonne-heure les travaux, et les découvertes de nos ſavans. Gottingue mérite bien qu'à mon tour je vous demande quelles ſont les occupations de vos collegues et de vos diſciples. Un nouveau plaiſir que j'enviſage dans mon retour en Angleterre, c'eſt la connoiſſance de tous vos ouvrages. Mon premier ſoin ſera de me les procurer, et de les étudier comme mes meilleurs modèles: pour m'aider dans cette recherche, je prendrai la liberté de vous demander une liſte de tous ces morceaux curieux dont vous avez enrichi la république des lettres. Mon ignorance de pluſieurs d'entre eux excite à la fois ma joye et ma honte. Ma jeuneſſe, et le lieu d'où je datte mes lettres, ſont mon unique excuſe.

Si

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contented with aſſuring you, that you have filled with gratitude a man who will always be proud of being called your ſcholar. I go ſhortly to England; where, perhaps, I may find an opportunity of proving to you the ſincerity of my ſentiments, at leaſt of rendering my correſpondence leſs tireſome. My reſidence in London will give me a ſort of local merit. I will ſend you early intelligence of the labours and diſcoveries of our learned men, whoſe example I am unable to imitate; and will expect to learn, in return, what is ſo proper an object of curioſity, the occupations and ſtudies of your colleagues and diſciples at Gottingen. At my return to London I propoſe to myſelf a new pleaſure in collecting all your works, which I will make it my firſt buſineſs to procure; and for aſſiſting me in this matter, muſt requeſt that you would give me the titles of all the curious pieces with which you have enriched the republic of letters. My ignorance of many of them cauſes both joy and ſhame. It can only be excuſed in conſideration of my youth, and the place from which this letter is dated.

If

Si j'oſe propoſer quelques nouveaux doutes, vous ſavez mieux que perſonne qu'il n'y a que la raiſon, ou du moins ſon apparence que ſoit abſolue. Soyez perſuadé que mon unique but en diſcutant vos leçons, c'eſt de m'en rendre digne:

" Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
" Quod te imitari aveo. Quid enim contendat hirundo
" Cycnis; aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus hædi
" Conſimile in curſu poſſint, ac fortis equi vis?
" Tu pater et rerum inventor *."

Après cette explication, je vous avouerai qu'il me reſte encore quelques nuages ſur le Piſon de l'Art Poétique. Vous ne croyez pas que les paroles d'Horace touchant Virgile, prouvent que ce poëte fût encore vivant, et que l'oppoſition eſt plutôt des anciens aux modernes, que des mots aux vivans. J'ai relu l'endroit, mais cette nouvelle lecture, et les réflexions aux quelles elle a donné lieu, n'ont fait que me confirmer dans ma première opinion. Horace trouvoit la langue Latine,

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If I venture to propoſe ſome new doubts, it is becauſe you know better than any one, that abſolute ſubmiſſion is due only to reaſon, either real or apparent. You will believe that my only motive for diſcuſſing your leſſons is to render myſelf worthy of them:

" Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem *."

After this apology, I muſt confeſs that I have ſtill ſome remaining doubts concerning the Piſo to whom Horace addreſſes his Art of Poetry. You think that the manner in which that poet ſpeaks of Virgil does not prove the latter to be ſtill alive; becauſe Horace does not oppoſe the dead to the living, but the ancients to the moderns. I examined the paſſage again, and that new peruſal excited reflections which confirmed me more ſtrongly in my former opinion. Horace thought the Latin tongue too poor and barren, and

* Lucret. de Rer. Natur. L. iii. ver. 5. *et ſeq.*

Latine pauvre et trop ſtérile, pour exprimer les idées abſtraites que les compagnons de Romulus, les pâtres, et les brigands ne connoiſſoient point: pluſieurs de ſes compatriotes lui avoient trouvé le même défaut. Horace ſouhaite de l'enrichir. Il propoſe pour cet effet aux Virgile, aux Varius, de travailler dans ce deſſein, et d'emprunter du Grec quantité de termes énergiques dont ils avoient beſoin. Il leur offre ſon ſecours. C'eſt un projet qu'il forme et non une choſe déja faite qu'il juſtifie. Par conſéquent l'avenir qu'il enviſage ne peut regarder que ceux d'entre les écrivains qui vivoient encore. Par conſéquent l'Art Poétique fut compoſé avant l'an 735. Le point de vue ſous lequel je conſidere ce paſſage, eſt ſi bien celui du poëte lui même, que celui ci finit cette oppoſition par cette image (une des plus vives et des plus juſtes, que je connoiſſe):

" —— licuit ſemperque licebit
" Signatum præſenti notâ producere nomen *."

Le *licuit*, le paſſé, regarde les Terence, les Cæcilius, morts depuis long tems;

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deficient in words expreſſive of abſtract ideas, which were unknown to Romulus' companions, conſiſting of ſhepherds and robbers. This imperfection had been remarked by others. Horace, wiſhing to remedy it, propoſes to the Virgils and Variuſes, to co-operate with him in this deſign, by borrowing from the Greek many energetic terms and phraſes which were wanting in Latin. He does not juſtify a thing already done, but propoſes a new enterpriſe. The futurity which he looks to can only have a reference to authors ſtill alive. The Art of Poetry was therefore written before the year of Rome ſeven hundred and thirty-five. This explanation agrees ſo well with the poet's thought, that his oppoſition between the dead and living poets, concludes with one of the juſteſt and livelieſt images that I ever remember to have met with:

" —— licuit ſemperque licebit
" Signatum præſenti notâ producere nomen *."

The *licuit* has a reference to the Terences and the Ceciliuſes, who were long

* Horat. de Art. Poet. ver. 59.

dead;

tems; le *licebit*, le futur, les Varius, les Virgile, ceux qui étoient encore en état d'en profiter *.

Mais, dites vous, dans ce tems même le jeune Piſon pouvoit avoir dix ans; Grotius faiſoit bien des vers à cet age. Je le ſais: mais les Grotius ſont ils bien communs; combien d'enfans trouverez vous de dix ans, qui ayent non-ſeulement aſſez de feu pour faire des vers, mais encore aſſez de réflexion pour en juger ſenſément? Il n'eſt pas même vraiſemblable qu'à l'age de vingt ans Piſon le pere eût déja des enfans. Vous ſavez combien rares étoient les mariages ſous Auguſte; combien l'exemple de Germanicus paroiſſoit admirable ‡; combien la pauvreté §, la debauche, et l'orgueil,

* Cette explication eſt d'autant plus vraiſemblable, que dans ſes ouvrages, Virgile s'eſt plutôt piqué de faire revivre de vieux mots, que d'en emprunter de nouveaux du Grec. Je doute même qu'on puiſſe trouver un ſeul endroit où il ait ſuivi le conſeil d'Horace.

arretoient

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dead; the *licebit*, in the future, to the Variuſes and Virgils, who were ſtill alive, and might avail themſelves of the maxim †.

You ſay that Piſo's eldeſt ſon might be ten years old when the Art of Poetry was publiſhed; an age at which Grotius wrote verſes. Grotius did ſo; but how few boys of that age have not only the fire to write, but the judgment to criticiſe poetry? It is not likely that Piſo the father ſhould have children at the age of twenty. You well know the paucity of marriages under Auguſtus, which rendered the conjugal felicity of Germanicus an example ſo much admired ‡; pride, poverty §, and debauchery, deterred

† This explanation is the more probable, becauſe Virgil appears in his works to value himſelf rather on reviving old words, than on borrowing new ones from the Greek. I doubt whether a ſingle paſſage can be pointed out, in which he followed Horace's advice.

‡ Suet. L. ii. c. 34. § Tacit. Annal. ii. c. 37.

arretoient la nobleſſe dans le célibat, ſurtout pendant les guerres civiles qui déſolerent la terre, pendant la première jeuneſſe de Piſon. Les loix d'Auguſte ne font qu'indiquer la grandeur du mal *, et les premières de ces loix furent promulguées plus de trente ans aprés la naiſſance de Piſon †. Si l'on compte une génération ordinaire γενεα à trente trois ans ‡, il paroît que ſous le commencement de l'empire, on devroit les pouſſer plutôt juſqu'à quarante ans, que de les réduire à vingt. Je conviens que ce ne ſont la que des probabilités, mais dans la ſcience de la critique, il paroît que les probabilités doivent faire diſparoître les poſſibilités, et céder à leur tour aux preuves. Je ne crains rien de ce principe. L'autorité d'un Porphyrion n'a pas aſſez de force parmi les ſavans, pour pouvoir jamais former un raiſonnement. Tout ce qu'elle pourroit faire, ceſeroit d'en appuyer un déja prouvé. Les anciens ne donnoient point à Porphyrion la première place parmi les commentateurs d'Horace §, et les modernes, Monſieur

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the Roman nobles from marriage, eſpecially amidſt the civil wars, which, during Piſo's youth, deſolated the earth. Auguſtus' laws on that ſubject only prove the greatneſs of the evil *; and Piſo was thirty years old, before the firſt of thoſe laws was enacted †. If an ordinary generation is computed at thirty-three years ‡, the generations under the firſt emperors ought rather to be extended to forty, than reduced to twenty years. Theſe, I acknowledge, are but probabilities; but in the ſcience of criticiſm probabilities deſtroy poſſibilities, and are themſelves deſtroyed by proofs. This principle is not to be controverted. The authority of Porphyrio is of too little weight among the learned to be the foundation of an argument; it might at beſt help to prop an argument, otherwiſe well ſupported. The ancients do not aſſign to him the firſt rank among Horace's commentators §; and the mo-

* Dion. Hiſt. Rom. L. lvi. p. 570.
† Horat. Carm. Secular. v. 17, &c. Torrent de Lege Juliâ ad Calc. Horat. p. 75, &c.
‡ Herodot. L. ii. Newton Chronol. Emendat. p. 41.
§ Vid. Vitam Horat. ſine nomine Autoris.

ſieur Dacier ſurtout, lui ont trouvé beaucoup d'erreurs. Je ne ſens pas d'ailleurs la force de la première de vos hypothèſes. Si Piſon avoit eu ſon fils à l'age de trente ans, celui ci pouvoit en avoir ſeize, lorſque Horace lui écrivit, age, ſuivant vous, qui repond aux conditions requiſes. Auriez vous oublié dans ce moment qu' Horace mourut en 745, quand Piſon lui même n'avoit que 40 ans?

2. Je ne doute pas un inſtant qu'Horace n'ait eu en vue, dans la troiſième Ode du troiſième Livre, de faire voir aux Romains que ſi leur prince aſpiroit aux honneurs divins, *Viamque affectat Olympo*, il les méritoit par ſes exploits, dont la grandeur égaloit celle des plus fameux héros, d'un Bacchus, d'un Hercule, d'un Romulus, héros, qui mépriſant les efforts des humains, et appaiſant la haine des Dieux, s'étoient frayé un chemin juſq'aux palais des immortels. Mais a t'il voulu faire ceſſer les clameurs du peuple ſur l'infame Δωδεκαθεος? j'en doute. 1. Les dates y répugnent. Suetone ne marque pas celle du Δωδεκαθεος; mais nous

derns, particularly Mr. Dacier, find in him many errors. I do not ſee any ground for your firſt hypotheſis. If Piſo had a ſon when he was thirty years old, this ſon might be ſixteen when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry; an age which you think agrees with every quality required in him. Did you not forget, in writing this ſentence, that Horace died in ſeven hundred and forty-five, when Piſo himſelf was only forty years old?

2. I think it certain that Horace, in the third ode of his third book, meant to ſhow the Romans, that if their prince aſpired to divine honours, *Viamque affectat Olympo*, he well merited them by his exploits, which rivalled thoſe of the greateſt heroes, Bacchus, Hercules, and Romulus, who, after trampling on their human enemies, and appeaſing the jealouſy of the gods, had opened for themſelves a road to the palace of the immortals. But did the poet alſo intend, by this ode, to reſiſt and deſtroy the clamours of the people concerning the infamous ſupper of the twelve gods? I think he did not. 1. This deſign does not agree with chronology. Suetonius does not tell us the date of this ſupper; but ſince Mark Antony mentioned it, in his letters

nous ſavons toujours que puiſque Marc Antoine la rapella dans les lettres à ſon rival *. Elle arriva avant la dernière brouillerie des triumvirs, ou avant l'an 721. Suivant Bentley † dont vous adoptez les idées, Horace compoſa le troiſième livre des Odes dans la quarante deuxième, et la quarante troiſième année de ſon age, c'eſt à dire, en 728 et 729. Une juſtification venue ſept ou huit ans après coup, bien loin de faire plaiſir à Auguſte n'auroit ſervi qu'à faire revivre la mémoire de ces excès, que la politique du prince, et la reconnoiſſance du peuple avoient plongé dans l'oubli. 2. Auguſte ſoupa avec onze hommes, ou femmes, pareillement equippés en divinités. Horace élevoit bien Auguſte à la table des dieux, *purpureo bibit ore nectar;* mais y placoit il auſſi tous ſes compagnon? L'honneur ſeroit devenu bien banal, et un tel panégyrique n'eut pas été fort éloigné de la ſatyre. Je conviens bien du reſte avec vous, que trouver le plan d'un morçeau de poëſie Lyrique, eſt un but plus deſirable que

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letters to Auguſtus *, it muſt have happened before the laſt quarrel of the triumvirs. According to Bentley †, whoſe opinion you adopt, Horace wrote the third book of his odes in the forty-ſecond and forty-third years of his age; that is, in the ſeven hundred and twenty-eighth and ſeven hundred and twenty-ninth years of Rome. An apology for Auguſtus' debaucheries, written ſeven years after they happened, could have only ſerved to revive the memory of enormities, which the policy of that prince and the gratitude of the Romans had long conſigned to oblivion. 2. Auguſtus ſupped with eleven men and women, who, as well as himſelf, were adorned with the emblems of divinities. The poet ſeated Auguſtus at the table of the gods, *purpureo bibit ore nectar*; but can we reaſonably ſuppoſe that he meant to place there the companions of his feaſt? This would have been to render the honour too common; and his panegyric would have degenerated into a ſatire. I agree with you, that it is rather deſirable than neceſſary to diſcover the

* Suet. L. ii. c. 70.

† Bentley in Præfat. ad Horat.

que néceſſaire. Les Lyriques ont toujours eu le privilege de prendre un vol que l'imagination admire, et que la timide raiſon n'oſe critiquer. Dans l'ode dont nous parlons, que ce défaut, ſi c'en eſt un, eſt racheté par de grandes beautés! Les deux premières ſtrophes font ſentir quel effet, l'union de la philoſophie avec la poëſie, peut produire: le *juſtum et tenacem propoſiti virum* eſt le ſage des ſtoiciens, leur roi *, leur ſeul heureux. La juſtice formoit toutes ſes réſolutions; une conſtance inébranlable le rendoit ardent à les ſuivre †. Un tel homme au deſſus des paſſions et des préjugés, n'y jettoit quelquefois les yeux que pour s'écrier,

" O! curas hominum! O! quantum in rebus inane!"

S'il eſt honteux pour l'eſpece humaine de n'avoir jamais produit cet homme; il lui eſt bien honorable d'avoir ſu en former un tableau. Quelle gradation dans les images! ſon ſage réſiſteroit aux clameurs d'une

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plan of an ode; the writers of Lyric poetry having always enjoyed the privilege of ſoaring to heights, which, if admired by fancy, muſt not be criticiſed by reaſon. This fault, if it be one, is compenſated by great beauties. The two firſt ſtanzas prove the wonderful efficacy of poetry when combined with philoſophy. The *juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum* is the ſage of the Stoics, their king *, and only happy man; all whoſe deſigns are juſt, and inflexibly purſued †. Such a being, exempt from paſſions and prejudices, never caſts his eyes on the tumults of human life, without exclaiming,

" O! curas hominum! O! quantum in rebus inane!"

To the diſgrace of mankind, ſuch a character never exiſted; but it is not a ſmall honour for the ſpecies, that ſuch perfect virtue has been deſcribed and reliſhed. The climax is beautiful. The ſage would reſiſt the clamorous

* Horat. Serm. L. i. Serm. iii. ver. 124.

† Cicero pro Murenæ, c. 29. De la Mothe le Vayer, tom. i. p. 606, &c. de la Vertu des Payens.

fury

d'une multitude forcenée. Mais la colère du peuple s'appaiſe avec la même facilité qu'elle s'eſt allumée. Il mépriſeroit les menaces d'un tyran furieux ; mais les cœurs des tyrans ſe ſont quelquefois laiſſé fléchir. Il entendroit ſans fremir le bruit des tempêtes ſourdes aux cris des malheureux. Mais la fortune a ſouvent ſauvé les victimes à la fureur des flots. Egal à Jupiter, il n'en craindroit par la foudre. Içi l'imagination s'arrete en tremblant. Elle craint pour le poëte une chute foible ou outrée ; elle ne ſent point d'image ſupérieure au courroux du maître des Dieux et des hommes. Avec quel étonnement admire t'elle le génie du poëte, quand elle lit, " Il recevra ſans " fourciller le choc de l'univers écroulé, où une même deſtruction de- " voit envélopper, les hommes, les élémens, et lesDieux eux mêmes*." Je m'arrete. Peut etre ces réflexions- vous ennuyent : en ce cas, c'eſt ma faute. J'aurai cependant rempli mon but qui étoit de faire voir le point de vue ſous lequel je conſidere l'érudition la plus grande.

Comme

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fury of a mad multitude ; but this popular rage is often appeaſed as eaſily as it is kindled. He would deſpiſe the threats of a furious tyrant : but the hearts of tyrants ſometimes relent with compaſſion. He would hear without terror the raging tempeſt, which overpowers the cries of the wretched ; but fortune has often reſcued victims from the boiſterous waves. He would not dread the thunder of Jupiter : here the trembling imagination pauſes, fearing leſt the poet ſhould either ſink into meanneſs, or ſwell into bombaſt ; becauſe it ſeems impoſſible to conceive a bolder image than the enraged maſter of gods and men. But our fear is converted into admiration, when we read " he would ſuſtain unterrified the craſhing ſhock of the univerſe, " by which the elements, men, and gods are involved in one common " ruin *." I ſtop here, leſt my reflections ſhould tire you ; which, if they do, it muſt be my fault. I ſhall have attained, however, my purpoſe, which was to ſhow the point of view under which I conſider the moſt profound erudition. Regarded as a mean or inſtrument, it merits our higheſt

* Plin. L. vi. Epiſt. 20.

admiration :

Comme moyen, elle mérite toute notre admiration ; comme fin dernière, tout notre mépris.

3. Vous connoiſſez, Monſieur, ce fameux paſſage de Velleius Paterculus *, qui a donné tant de peine aux ſavans. Le voici : *Ita Druſus qui a patre ad id ipſum plurimo pridem igne emicans incendium militaris tumultus miſſus erat, priſcâ antiquâque ſeveritate uſus, ancipitia ſibi tam rem quam exemplo perniciosa, et his ipſis militum gladiis, quibus obſeſſus erat, obſidentes coercuit.* Il ne paroît pas qu'on en puiſſe tirer quelques ſens raiſonnable. Il faut abſolument le ſuppoſer, ou inutile, ou corrompu. Auſſi tous les critiques, qui ont travaillé ſur cet auteur, ont ils eſſayé de le rétablir. Burerius, Acidalius, Grutar, Boeclerus, Heinſius, Burman, ont tous fourni des conjectures plus ou moins vraiſemblables, mais que je ne me propoſe pas de diſcuter. Il vaudra mieux, je crois, vous en offrir une de ma façon, et vous laiſſer juge de ſon plus, ou moins de probabilité. Au lieu de la leçon reçue, je lirai, *Priſcâ antiquâque ſeveritate,* FUSUS *ancipitia ſibi tam re quam exemplo perniciosa.* Il ſaute aux yeux combien ce léger changement préſente un ſens net. Il eſt aiſé de faire voir

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admiration ; but conſidered as an ultimate end, it is entitled to nothing but contempt.

3. You remember, Sir, that famous paſſage of Velleius Paterculus * which has given ſo much trouble to the learned. It is as follows : * * * * It ſeems unſuſceptible of any meaning, and muſt be ſuppoſed either defective or corrupt. All the critics, therefore, who have examined it, endeavour to reſtore the text. Burerius, Acidalius, Gruter, Boeclerus, Heinſius, Burman, have, all of them, given conjectures more or leſs probable, which I ſhall not here diſcuſs. I ſhall rather ſubmit an emendation of my own to your judgment. Inſtead of the common reading, I would ſubſtitute *Priſcâ antiquâque ſeveritate,* FUSUS *ancipitia ſibi tam re quam exemplo perniciosa.* We ſee at once that this ſmall alteration produces a clear and diſtinct ſenſe ; and

* Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 125.

voir qu'elle eſt des plus conformes à l'analogie de la langue, et à la vérité de l'hiſtoire. Les meilleurs grammairiens reconnoiſſent aujourdhui, que les Latins, faute d'une forme moyenne à leurs verbes, ſe ſont ſouvent ſervi des participes d'une terminaiſon paſſive dans un ſens actif *. Qu'ainſi ils ont dit *juratus*, *punitus*, pour dire *qui juravit*, *qui punivit*. On trouve même *peragratus* dans ce ſens, dans Velleius lui même †. Ainſi *fuſus*, pour exprimer l'action de Druſus, ne doit pas étonner. L'hiſtoire eſt également favorable à notre correction. Druſus (ſuivant Tacite) arrive au camp des rebelles ‡. Ses ordres ſont mépriſés, ſes offres deviennent ſuſpectes. Les ſoldats le tiennent priſonnier dans le camp, ils outragent ſes amis, ils ne cherchent qu'un prétexte pour commencer le carnage; quel danger pour ſa perſonne! *Sibi ancipitia tam re.* On connoit la ſévérité de la diſcipline Romaine. Les chefs étoient pour les ſoldats, des dieux; leurs ordres, des oracles. Quel renverſement de toutes ces maximes! Quel funeſte exemple pour l'avenir, que la

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the correction may be proved to be equally conformable to the analogy of the Latin tongue, and agreeable to the truth of hiſtory. The beſt grammarians acknowlege that the Latin, not having a middle voice, admits of a paſſive participle in an active ſignification *. Thus, *juratus*, *punitus*, ſometimes denote *qui juravit*, *qui punivit*. We find *peragratus* uſed in this meaning by Velleius himſelf †. *Fuſus* may therefore, without impropriety, denote the action of Druſus. Hiſtory alſo favours this correction. According to Tacitus, when Druſus arrived in the camp of the rebels, his orders were diſobeyed, his offers ſuſpected, the ſoldiers made him priſoner, they inſulted his friends, and waited only for a pretence to begin the ſlaughter. Such were the dangers that threatened his perſon! *Sibi ancipitia tam re.* The ſeverity of the Roman diſcipline is well known. The generals were the gods of the ſoldiers, and their orders received as oracles. But ancient maxims were now overturned; and the ſedition of the Pannonian legions created an

* V. Burman ad Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c 97. Perizon. ad Sanct. Minerv. L. i. c. 15. n. 4.
† Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 97. ‡ Tacit. Annal. i. c. 24, &c.

example

la ſédition des légions Pannoniennes! Le fanatiſme, qui a fait tant de maux, fit cette fois du bien: une éclipſe de lune étonna les ſoldats, et ſauva le prince.

J'ai lu avec plaiſir, Monſieur, votre explication de la difficulté de Juſtin. J'admire avec combien d'art vous formez un tiſſu de la narration des auteurs différens, pour raſſembler des rayons épars de lumière dans un même foyer. Si vous n'y avez pas pu porter toute la netteté deſirable, je crois qu'on doit s'en prendre uniquement aux ténebres de l'antiquité et à la briévcté de Juſtin lui même.

Raſſuré par votre ſuffrage, je n'ai plus de crainte ſur mon idée touchant la mort de Catulle. Auparavant je la trouvois vraiſemblable; à préſent je commence à la regarder comme certaine.

J'ai l'honneur d'etre, avec la plus haute conſidération et la plus parfaite eſtime, Monſieur, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

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example moſt pernicious to poſterity. Superſtition, which does ſo much evil, here did good: an eclipſe of the moon frightened the ſoldiers, and ſaved the life of the general.

I read with much pleaſure your ſolution of the difficulty in Juſtin; and admire your ſkill in extracting a regular narrative, by bringing the ſcattered lights in authors to one focus. If any uncertainty ſtill remains, it muſt be aſcribed to the darkneſs of antiquity and Juſtin's brevity.

Your ſuffrage removes all fear about the ſolidity of my conjecture concerning the death of Catullus. I formerly thought it probable, but begin now to regard it as certain. I have the honour to remain, with the higheſt conſideration and moſt perfect eſteem, yours, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

N° IX.

This Letter, in the early hand-writing of Mr. GIBBON, (probably about the time of his firſt leaving Lauſanne,) ſeems to be under the aſſumed character of a Swediſh traveller, writing to a Swiſs friend, delineating the defects he diſcovered in the government of Berne. In pointing out thoſe defects he ſeems to have had the intention of ſuggeſting remedies; but, as he is entering on this topic, the manuſcript ends abruptly. The excellence of this curious paper will apologize for its great length.

NON, mon cher ami, je ne veux point etre coſmopolite. Loin de moi ce titre faſtueux, ſous lequel nos philoſophes cachent une égale indifférence pour tout le genre humain. Je veux aimer ma patrie, et pour aimer, il me faut des preférences: mais ou je me trompe, ou mon cœur eſt ſuſceptible de plus d'une. Quand j'aurois tout ſacrifié pour la Suede, mon pays natal, je ne me ſerois point encore acquitté envers elle; je lui dois la vie et la fortune: mais que cette vie ſeroit triſte, que cette fortune me ſeroit à charge, ſi, expatrié des ma tendre jeuneſſe, votre pays n'eut pas formé mon gout

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No; my dear friend, I will not be a citizen of the world; I reject with ſcorn that proud title, under which our philoſophers conceal an equal indifference for the whole human race. I will love my country; and to love it above all others, there muſt be reaſons for my preference: but, if I am not miſtaken, my heart is ſuſceptible of affection for more countries than one. Did I ſacrifice all to Sweden, I ſhould only pay my debt of gratitude to the land in which I was born, and to which I owe my life and fortune. Yet life and fortune would have been but melancholy burthens, if, after my baniſhment from home in early youth, your country had not formed my taſte

gout et ma raiſon à des mœurs moins groſſières que les notres ! Je me montrerois indigne de ces bienfaits, s'il ne m'avoient pas inſpiré la plus vive reconnoiſſance. Aujourd'hui que la Suede, tranquille à l'abri des loix, n'exige de ſes enfans que de ſentir leur bonheur, je puis, ſans l'offenſer, jetter un regard ſur le pays de Vaud, mon autre patrie, me rejouir avec vous de ſes avantages, et compatir à ſes maux.

Votre climat eſt beau, votre terroir fertile ; vous avez pour le commerce intérieur des facilités, dont il ne tient qu'à vous de profiter. Mais je conſidere plutôt les habitans, que l'habitation. On va chercher les philoſophes à Londres. Paris attire dans ſon ſein tous ceux qui n'aiment que la douceur de la ſociété. Votre pays le cede à ces deux capitales, la ou elles brillent ; mais cependant il réunit tous leurs avantages reſpectifs ; il eſt le ſeul où tout à la fois on oſe penſer, et on ſache vivre. Que vous manque t'il ? la liberté : et privés d'elle, tout vous manque.

Cette

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and reaſon, and taught me more refined morals than our own. I ſhould prove myſelf unworthy of this goodneſs, did it not inſpire me with the livelieſt gratitude : and now that Sweden, enjoying tranquillity under the protection of laws, requires nothing from its ſubjects but a juſt ſenſe of their happineſs, I may direct my attention, without offence, to the Pais de Vaud, my ſecond country ; rejoicing with you in its advantages, or commiſerating its misfortunes.

You enjoy a fine climate, a fertile ſoil, and have conveniencies for internal commerce, from which great benefit might be derived. But I conſider the people rather than their territory. Philoſophy flouriſhes in London ; Paris is the centre of thoſe attracted by the allurements of poliſhed ſociety. Your country, though inferior to thoſe capitals, yet unites in ſome meaſure their reſpective advantages : ſince it is the only country whoſe inhabitants, while they think freely and boldly, live politely and elegantly. What then is wanting ? Liberty ; and deprived of it, you have loſt your all.

This

Cette vérité vous ſurprend, elle vous bleſſe. Pouvoir dire que nous ne ſommes pas libres, me repondez vous, prouve que nous le ſommes. Il le prouveroit peut être, ſi j'écrivois à Lauſanne, ou plutôt là même il ne prouveroit rien. Vos maîtres connoiſſent la maxime du Cardinal Mazarin, de vous laiſſer parler, pourvu que vous les laiſſiez agir. Ainſi le procès n'eſt point encore jugé.

Si j'écrivois pour le peuple je m'addreſſerois à ſes paſſions; je le ferois ſouvenir de cette maxime de tous les tems, que dans les republiques, ceux qui ſont libres, ſont plus libres, et ceux qui ſont eſclaves, plus eſclaves que partout ailleurs. Mais avec un ami tel que vous, je ne dois chercher que la vérité, et n'employer que la raiſon. Quand je compare votre état avec celui de vos voiſins, c'eſt avec plaiſir que je le prononce heureux. Traverſez votre lac et vos montagnes, vous trouverez partout un peuple digne d'un meilleur ſort; ſa raiſon abrutie par la ſuperſtition, le patrimoine de ſes peres, et le fruit de ſon induſtrie, en proye au partiſan, ou au huſſard.

This truth ſurpriſes and offends you. The right of complaining, you anſwer, that we are not free, is a proof of our liberty. If I wrote at Lauſanne, the argument would have weight; yet even there, it would not be convincing; for your maſters are not ignorant of Cardinal Mazarine's maxim, and are willing to allow you to talk, provided you allow them to act; ſo that the proceſs is not yet determined.

If I wrote for the people I would ſpeak to their paſſions, and hold a language repeated in all ages, that under republics, thoſe who are free are more free, and thoſe who are enſlaved, more enſlaved, than under any other form of government. But with a friend like you I would ſeek only the maxims of truth, and employ only the arguments of reaſon. When I compare your condition with that of ſurrounding nations, I can ſincerely congratulate you on your happineſs. Whenever we quit the neighbourhood of your lake and mountains, we find men who, though worthy of a better fate, are plunged in the moſt abject ſuperſtition; whoſe property and induſtry are the ſpoils

huſſard. Sa vie ſacrifiée à tout moment au caprice d'un ſeul homme, qui, lorſqu'il entend parler de vingt milles de ſes ſemblables, morts dans le ſervice de ſon ambition, dira froidement, qu'ils ont fait leur devoir.

Vous au contraire profeſſez un Chriſtianiſme, ramené à la divine pureté de ſon inſtitution, enſeigné par de dignes paſteurs, à qui on permet de ſe faire aimer, de ſe faire reſpecter, mais non de ſe faire craindre. Votre union avec le Corps Helvetique vous a aſſuré depuis deux ſiecles une paix unique dans l'hiſtoire. Vos impots ſont petits, l'adminiſtration douce. On n'entend point parler parmi vous de ces ſentences ſans procès, ſans crime, ſans accuſateur, qui arrachent un citoyen du milieu de ſa famille. L'on ne voit jamais le ſouverain, on le ſent rarement. Cependant ſi la liberté conſiſte à n'être ſoumis qu'à des loix, dont l'objet eſt le bien commun de la ſociété, vous n'etes point libre.

Quand

ſpoils of a licentious ſoldiery; and whoſe lives are ready every moment to be ſacrificed to the caprice of one man, who, when he hears that twenty thouſand of his fellow-creatures have fallen ſacrifices to his ambition, is contented with ſaying coldly, "they have done their duty."

You, on the contrary, enjoy a Chriſtianity brought back to the purity of its original principles, taught publicly by worthy miniſters, who are loved and reſpected, but who have it not in their power to become the objects of fear. Your connection with the Swiſs cantons has preſerved to you the bleſſings of peace two centuries; a thing unexampled in hiſtory. Your taxes are moderate; and the public adminiſtration is gentle. You have not to complain of thoſe arbitrary ſentences, which, without any form of legal procedure, without an accuſer, and without a crime, have been known to tear citizens from the boſoms of their families. The ſovereign is never ſeen; the weight of his authority is rarely felt: yet if liberty conſiſts in being ſubject to laws, which impartially conſult the intereſts of all the members of the community, you do not enjoy that bleſſing.

Quand la violence des uns, et la foibleſſe des autres, ont rendu néceſſaires les ſociétés civiles, il a fallu renoncer à cette indépendance ſi chere, et ſi pernicieuſe. Il a fallu que toutes les volontés particulières ſe fondiſſent dans une volonté générale ; à laquelle des punitions réglées obligeaſſent chaque citoyen de conformer ſes actions. Qu'il eſt délicat, ce pouvoir de fixer la volonté générale ! En quelles mains doit on le remettre ? Sera-ce à un monarque dès-lors abſolu. Je ſais que l'intérêt bien entendu du prince ne ſe peut séparer d'avec celui de ſon peuple, et qu'en travaillant pour lui, il travaille pour ſoi même. Tel eſt le langage de la philoſophie. Mais ce langage n'eſt pas un de ceux que les précepteurs font étudier aux rois ; et ſi un heureux naturel leur en donne quelque idée, leurs paſſions, ou celles d'un miniſtre, d'un confeſſeur, d'une maîtreſſe, l'effacent bientot. Le peuple gémit, mais il faut qu'il ait gémi long tems, avant que ſon maître s'apperçoive qu'il eſt de l'intérêt d'un berger de conſerver ſon troupeau. Il faut donc que le pouvoir légiſlatif ſoit partagé.

When the injuſtice of ſome, and the weakneſs of others, ſhowed the neceſſity for civil ſociety, individuals were obliged to renounce their beloved, but pernicious, independence. All particular wills were melted down into the general will of the public ; by which, under the ſanction of definite puniſhments, men became bound to regulate their conduct. But it is a matter of the utmoſt delicacy to determine with whom that general will ought to be depoſited. Shall it reſide in the breaſt of a prince, who thereby becomes abſolute ? I know that the true intereſts of a prince can never be ſeparated from thoſe of his people, and that in exerting himſelf for their benefit, he labours for his own. This is the language of philoſophy, but it is ſeldom ſpoken by the preceptors of princes ; and if the latter ſometimes read it in their own hearts, the impreſſion is ſpeedily effaced by contrary paſſions, in themſelves, their confeſſors, their miniſters, or miſtreſſes. The groans of the people are not ſoon heard ; and their maſter learns only by a fatal experience, that it is the intereſt of a ſhepherd to preſerve his flock. The legiſlative power, therefore, cannot ſafely be entruſted to a ſingle perſon.

tagé. Un conſeil dont les membres s'éclairent et ſe contiennent les uns les autres, paroît en être un dépoſitaire bien choiſi. Mais la liberté attache à ce conſeil une condition fondamentale. Elle veut que chaque ordre des citoyens, chaque partie de l'état, y ait ſes répréſentans intéreſſés à s'oppoſer à toute loi qui ſeroit nuiſible à ſes droits, ou contraire à ſon bonheur, puiſqu'eux mêmes en ſentiroient les premiers, les mauvais effets. Une telle aſſemblée fera rarement des fautes groſſières, et ſi elle paye quelquefois le tribut à l'humanité, elle peut rougir de ſes erreurs, et les réparer auſſi tot. Ce portrait eſt il le votre? J'entre dans votre pays, je vois deux nations diſtinguées par leurs droits, leurs occupations, et leurs mœurs. L'une, compoſée de trois cens familles, eſt née pour commander; l'autre, de cent mille, n'eſt formée que pour obéir. Toutes les prétenſions humiliantes des monarques héréditaires ſe renouvellent à votre égard, et deviennent encore plus humiliantes de la part de vos égaux. La comparaiſon de vos deux états, vous eſt trop facile. Rien ne vous aide à l'éloigner.

Un

ſon. A council, whoſe members mutually inſtruct, and mutually check each other, appears to be its proper depoſitory. But in this council one condition is eſſentially requiſite. It muſt conſiſt of deputies from every order in the ſtate, intereſted by their own ſafety in oppoſing every regulation inconſiſtent with the happineſs of that order to which they belong. Such a council will rarely be guilty of groſs errors; and ſhould this ſometimes happen, it will ſoon bluſh for, and repair them. Is this the picture of your legiſlature? When I ſurvey your country, I behold two nations, diſtinctly characteriſed by their rights, employments, and manners: the one, conſiſting of three hundred families, born to command; the other, conſiſting of an hundred thouſand, doomed to ſubmiſſion. The former are inveſted, as a body, with all the prerogatives of hereditary monarchs, which are the more humiliating to you their ſubjects, becauſe they belong to men apparently your equals. The compariſon between yourſelves and them is made every moment; no circumſtance tends to conceal it from your fancy.

Un conſeil de trois cens perſonnes décide de tous vos intérêts en dernier reſſort, et ſi ſes intérêts et les votres ne ſont pas d'accord, qui doit l'emporter? Non ſeulement ce ſénat eſt légiſlateur, mais il exécute ſes propres loix: Cette union de deux puiſſances qu'on ne devoit jamais réunir, les rend chacune plus formidables. Quand elles ſont ſéparées, la puiſſance légiſlative redoute les réſolutions violentes; elles ſeroient inutiles, ſi l'on n'armoit pas les mains de la puiſſance qui les doit exécuter, et cette puiſſance eſt toujours ſa rivale, et ſon contrepoids. Mais ce n'eſt pas aſſez que cette union aiguiſe le glaive de de l'autorité publique, elle le remet encore dans un plus petit nombre de mains: dans le dernier ſiecle le grand conſeil de Berne ſe renouvelloit lui même; c'étoit déja un pas vers l'oligarchie: pourquoi exclure des élections le corps de la Bourgeoiſie? Alors même le gouvernement s'appuyoit ſur un fondement aſſez étroit. Bientot des inconveniens ſe firent ſentir; la brigue, la vénalité, la débauche, ſignaloient l'entrée des citoyens dans le conſeil ſouverain, et les riches ambitieux

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A council of three hundred perſons is the ſovereign umpire of your deareſt intereſts, which will always be ſacrificed when they claſh with their own. This council is inveſted with the executive, as well as the legiſlative, power; two branches of authority which can never be united, without rendering each of them too formidable to the ſubject. When they belong to different perſons, or aſſemblies, the legiſlature will not venture to form violent reſolutions, becauſe theſe would be of no avail, unleſs they were carried into execution by another power, always its rival, and often its antagoniſt. The ſword of authority is not only ſharpened by this union, but is thereby confined to a ſmaller number of hands. In the laſt century the great council of Bern began to elect its own members; which was a great ſtep towards oligarchy, ſince it excluded from elections the citizens at large, and thereby narrowed the baſis of the government. But this arrangement was liable to other inconveniencies. Intrigue, venality, and debauchery ſignaliſed the admiſſion of citizens into the ſovereign council; and ambitious men ſquandered their wealth,

ambitieux donnoient tout, pour pouvoir tout invahir. Une députation révocable de vingt ſix conſeillers, établie dès l'enfance de la république, pour veiller à l'exécution des loix, devint chargée du ſoin de remplir les plàces de ce grand conſeil dont elle-même tiroit ſon origine. On y ajoutoit ſeize ſénateurs choiſis de la manière la plus favorable aux factieux. Ils poſſedoient d'abord leur pouvoir collectivement, mais peu à peu l'intérêt particulier leur fit entendre qu'il valoit mieux permettre à chacun de nommer ſon fils, ſon gendre, et ſon parent. Les familles puiſſantes qui dominoient alors dans le ſénat, y dominent encore. Les de Watteville, et les Steiguers, y rempliſſent une trentaine de places. Le commerce intéreſſé de bienfaits, où l'on paſſe dans le petit conſeil par les ſuffrages de ſes parens, pour faire entrer de nouveaux parens dans le grand conſeil, à déja reduit le nombre das familles qui ſiegent dans celui-ci, à environ quatre vingt. Ces maiſons ſouveraines ont un égal mépris pour ceux que le droit naturel auroit du rendre leurs concitoyens, et pour

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that they might purchaſe a right to indulge their rapacity. A committee of ſix counſellors, eſtabliſhed in the infancy of the republic, to watch the execution of the laws, and whoſe offices were held at pleaſure, became entruſted with the power of naming the members of the grand council, by which this committee itſelf was appointed. Its number was augmented by ſixteen ſenators, choſen in the manner moſt favourable to the deſigns of faction. They exerciſed their power at firſt collectively, but by degrees they came to underſtand that their particular intereſts would be better promoted by each naming his ſon, ſon-in-law, or kinſman. The powerful families which then commanded the ſenate, ſtill rule in it at preſent. Thirty places are filled by the Watteville and Steiguers. This ſelfiſh traffic, by which the members of the little council are elected by the great council, conſiſting of their own relations, that they may name other relations to ſeats in the great council, has reduced the number of families, which have a right to ſit in the latter, to nearly fourſcore. Theſe princely families look down with equal contempt on thoſe who are their fellow-citizens by the law of nature, and thoſe who were ren-

pour ceux qui le ſont par la conſtitution de l'état. Il manque même aux premiers une reſſource que les monarques les plus abſolus, n'ont pas oſé ôter à leurs ſujets; je veux parler de ces tribunaux reconnus du ſouverain, et révérés du peuple, pour etre l'organe de la patrie, et les dépoſitaires des loix. Toutes les volontés du prince, qui doivent être obéies, le ſont plus facilement, quand les ſujets voyent combien elles ſont raiſonnables, puiſqu'elles ont paſſé par l'examen de ces magiſtrats, qu'on ne peut ni tromper, ni ſéduire, ni intimider. Auſſi répondent ils à cette conſidération, par une réſiſtance reſpectueuſe, mais déterminée contre l'oppreſſion, où ils étalent tout ce que la raiſon, la liberté, et l'éloquence peuvent inſpirer à des citoyens zelés. C'eſt principalement dans ces tribunaux paiſibles que je trouve ces qualités. Privés d'armes, ils ne doivent leur pouvoir qu'à leur probité, et à leur éloquence. Eſt il étonnant que ceux, qui n'ont que cette inſtrument, s'appliquent le plus à le cultiver? Quelles leçons pour les rois, que les remontrances du Parlement de Paris? Quels modeles pour le peuple que la conduite des Mandarins de la Chine? Frappé par un tribunal de cette eſpece, le monarque ne peut méconnoître

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dered ſuch by the conſtitution of their country. The former claſs is deprived of a reſource which the moſt abſolute princes have ſeldom ventured to wreſt from their ſubjects; I mean thoſe courts of juſtice acknowledged by the prince, and revered by the people, as the organs of public opinion, and the depoſitories of the laws. The commands of the ſovereign are obeyed with cheerfulneſs only when their propriety is confirmed by the approbation of thoſe tribunals, whoſe members it has been found difficult either to deceive, to ſeduce, or to intimidate. Their reſiſtance to oppreſſion is reſpectful, but firm; and in exerting it, they diſplay that warmth of eloquence with which reaſon and liberty inſpire good citizens. In the members of thoſe peaceful tribunals, ſuch qualities appear in their greateſt luſtre. Deſtitute of arms, their whole ſtrength lies in their talents and their probity. What noble leſſons to kings have been given by the parliament of Paris? What excellent examples to ſubjects are ſet by the Mandarines of China? Monarchs *muſt* hear the groans of their people, when ſuch reſpectable bodies of men are

noître les gémiſſemens de la patrie. Les citoyens y apprennent qu'ils ont une patrie ; ils attachent à l'aimer, à étudier ſes loix, à ſe former à toutes les vertus publiques. Elles mûriſſent dans le ſilence, l'occaſion les développe, ou elles ſe font l'occaſion. Les états du Pays de Vaud, reſpectables ſous les Rois de Bourgogne, et ſous les Ducs de Savoye, étoient ce tribunal. Compoſés de la nobleſſe, du clergé, et des députés des villes principales, ils s'aſſembloient tous les ans à Moudon. C'étoit le conſeil perpétuel du prince. Sans leur conſentement, il ne pouvoit, ni faire de nouvelles loix, ni établir de nouveaux impots. Si j'étois ſur les lieux j'établirais ces droits, par vos monumens les plus authentiques. Tout éloigné que j'en ſuis, je ne crains pas d'appeller à leur témoignage. Il me reſte toujours une preuve moins ſenſible pour le peuple, mais auſſi déciſive pour les gens de lettres : c'eſt l'analogie. Les Barbares du cinquième ſiecle jetterent par toute l'Europe, les racines de ce gouvernement que Charlemagne établit dans les Pays Bas, la France, l'Italie, la Suiſſe, et l'Allemagne.

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are their organs. The people too learn that they have a country, which they will begin to love, to ſtudy its laws, and to form themſelves to public virtues. Theſe virtues ripen ſilently ; they are exerted when an opportunity offers ; and ſometimes they will make an opportunity for their own exhibition. In the Païs de Vaud, which was equally reſpectable under the kings of Burgundy and the dukes of Savoy, the ſtates formed ſuch a tribunal. They were compoſed of the nobility, clergy, and deputies from the principal cities, which annually aſſembled at Moudon, and formed the perpetual council of the prince, without whoſe conſent he could neither enact new laws, nor impoſe new taxes. Were I on the ſpot, I could prove the exiſtence of thoſe rights by your moſt authentic records. At a diſtance I can only appeal to their teſtimony, and employ an analogical proof, which will be ſufficiently convincing to men of letters. The Barbarians, who overflowed Europe in the fifth century, every where laid the foundation of that form of government which Charlemagne eſtabliſhed in the Low Countries, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. The different modes of tenure

l'Allemagne. Quelques évenemens, les degrés, et les tems ou les arrière-fiefs ſe formerent des fiefs, ou le clergé acquit des terres ſeigneuriales, ou les villes acheterent leurs affranchiſſemens, y apporterent de légères différences. Mais le fond de cette conſtitution eſt demeuré dans toutes les révolutions, et rien de plus libre que ce fonds. Ces états, leurs membres, et leurs droits ſe conſerverent toujours, et partout ils étoient les mêmes.

Je vous entends, mon ami, qui m'interrompez. Je vous ai écouté, me dites vous, avec patience: mais que voulez vous conclure de ce tableau de notre gouvernement? Bien ou mal conſtruit, nous n'en reſſentons que des effets ſalutaires, et vos conſeils, vos états, auroient de la peine à nous dégouter de nos magiſtrats anciens, pour nous faire eſſayer des nouveautés.

Arretez, Monſieur; je vous ai parlé en homme libre, et vous me répondez dans le langage de la ſervitude. Arretez. En convenant pour un moment de votre bonheur, de qui le tenez vous? de la conſtitution?

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which were at different times introduced, the various degrees of dependance which one fief came to have on another, the acquiſition of lordſhips by the clergy, and the purchaſe of franchiſes by cities; all theſe circumſtances occaſioned but ſlight differences in the ground-work of the conſtitution, which remained unalterably founded on a firm baſis of liberty. The ſtates, their members, and their rights, were invariably maintained; remaining uniformly the ſame at all times, and in all places.

I think that I hear you, my friend, interrupting me. Hitherto, you ſay, I have liſtened to you with patience; but what is your concluſion from this picture of our government? Whatever defects there may be in its principles, we have experienced its ſalutary conſequences; and the ſtates and aſſemblies which you ſo much commend, will not eaſily make us aboliſh our ancient magiſtracies, in order to try innovations.

It is time, Sir, to pauſe; I ſpoke to you as became a freeman, and you anſwer me in the language of ſlavery. Let us admit for a moment your proſperity; to whom do you owe it? You will not anſwer, to the conſtitution.

ſtitution? Vous n'oſez pas le dire. C'eſt donc du prince? Les Romains en devoient un plus grand à Titus. Ils étoient cependant de vils eſclaves. Brutus vous auroit appris que, dans un état deſpotique, le prince peut quelquefois vouloir de bien: mais que dans les états libres, il ne peut que le vouloir. La félicité actuelle du citoyen et de l'eſclave, eſt ſouvent égale, mais celle du dernier eſt précaire, puiſqu'elle eſt fondée ſur les paſſions des hommes, pendant que celle du premier eſt aſſurée. Elle eſt liée avec les loix qui contiennent également ces mêmes paſſions dans le ſouverain et dans le payſan.

Mais malheureuſement on ne trouve que trop de choſes à reprendre dans votre adminiſtration politique. Je vais détailler des fautes, des negligences, des oppreſſions. Vous vous récrierez ſur ma malignité, mais en ſecret votre eſprit groſſira le catalogue de cent articles que j'aurai ou ignorés ou oubliés. Il eſt du devoir du ſouverain de faire jouir ſon peuple de tous les avantages de la ſociété civile. Des guerres entrepriſes pour ſa défenſe, l'en détourneront quelquefois,

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tion. It is due then to your rulers. The Romans owed a proſperity yet greater to Titus; but ſtill remained the baſeſt of ſlaves. Brutus would have taught you that a deſpot may ſometimes chooſe to promote the public happineſs; but that the magiſtrates of a free people can have no other wiſh. The advantages actually enjoyed by a citizen and a ſlave may be the ſame; but thoſe of the latter are precarious, having no other foundation than the changeable paſſions of men; whereas thoſe of the former are ſecure, being ſolidly ſupported on thoſe laws which curb guilty paſſions in the prince as well as in the peaſant.

But unfortunately too many faults may be found in your public adminiſtration. I ſhall give you the black liſt of omiſſions and oppreſſions, which, notwithſtanding that you will exclaim againſt my malignity, your own memory will augment by an hundred articles, which I may be either ignorant of, or forget to mention. It is the duty of a ſovereign to procure for his people all the happineſs of which their condition is ſuſceptible. His public ſpirited exertions may be ſuſpended by the exigencies of defenſive war;

quelquefois; mais dèſque le calme renait dans ſes états, des établiſſemens utiles, et de ſages loix, la religion, les mœurs, les ſciences, le commerce, les manufactures, l'agriculture, et la police, méritent toute ſon attention, et l'en récompenſeront avec uſure. Sur ces principes jugeons le ſénat de Berne. Il a été maître du Pays de Vaud depuis l'an 1536. Quand je conſidere ce qu'étoient alors la France, l'Angleterre, la Hollande, ou l'Allemagne, j'ai de la peine à me perſuader qu'elles étoient les mêmes pays que ceux qui portent aujourd'hui ces noms. De barbares, ils ſont devenus civiliſés; d'ignorans, éclairés; et de pauvres, riches. Je vois des villes où il y avoit des déſerts, et les forêts défrichées ſe ſont converties en champs fertiles. Leurs princes, et leurs miniſtres, un Henri quatre, un Sully, un Colbert, une Elizabeth, un de Wit, un Frederic-Guillaume, ont opéré ces merveilles. La perſpective du Pays de Vaud n'eſt point auſſi riante. Les arts languiſſent, faute de ces récompenſes que le prince ſeul peut donner; nul commerce, nulles manufactures, nuls projets

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war; but as ſoon as peace is reſtored, he will be continually and uſefully occupied with the intereſts of religion, laws, morals, ſciences, police, commerce, and agriculture. Let us try the merits of the ſenate of Bern by theſe maxims. The members of this ſenate have been maſters of the Païs de Vaud ſince the year one thouſand five hundred and thirty-ſix. When we conſider the deplorable condition in thoſe days of France, England, Holland, and Germany, we can ſcarcely imagine that they were the ſame countries with thoſe reſpectively known at preſent by the ſame names. Their barbariſm has been civilized, their ignorance enlightened, their poverty enriched; their deſerts have become cities, and their foreſts now wave with yellow harveſts. Theſe wonders have been effected by their princes and miniſters: a Henry the Fourth, a Sully, a Colbert, an Elizabeth, a de Witt, and a Frederick William. The comparative condition of the Païs de Vaud at thoſe two remote æras, does not preſent ſo pleaſing a picture. There the arts ſtill languiſh, for want of thoſe encouragements which princes only can beſtow: the country is ſtill deſtitute of commerce and manufactures: we hear not of any projects for promoting the public proſperity: we ſee

projets utiles pour le pays ; un engourdiſſement général qui regne partout. Cependant les princes dont je viens de parler n'avoient que des momens pour ces objets, où les Bernois ont eu des ſiecles. Que n'auroient ils pas fait, ces grands hommes, rarement tranquilles ſur le trône, ſi pendant deux cens douze ans, ils n'euſſent eu que des voiſins pacifiques, et des peuples ſoumis ? Je m'en rapporte à vous même. Indiquez moi quelque établiſſement vraiment utile que vous deviez au ſouverain. Mais ne m'indiquez pas l'académie de Lauſanne, fondée par des vues de dévotion, dans la chaleur d'une réformation, negligée depuis, et toujours académie, quoique un digne magiſtrat de cette ville, propoſât de l'ériger en univerſité.

Non ce n'eſt point une politique peu eclairée qui fait agir vos maîtres. Je connois trop leur habileté. Mais un monarque aime également tous ſes ſujets. Les citoyens d'une ville capitale voyent au contraire d'un œil jaloux l'agrandiſſement des provinces. Si elles s'élevent, diſent ils, nous tombons. Nos égales pour les lumières et les

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ſee nothing but the marks of an univerſal lethargy. Yet the princes above mentioned had but moments for executing their great deſigns ; the ſenators of Bern have had ages. What benefits might not thoſe patriotic kings have conferred on their ſubjects, if, inſtead of having their thrones continually ſhaken by war and ſedition, they had enjoyed during two centuries the advantage of having loyal ſubjects and pacific neighbours ? I appeal to yourſelf ; point out a ſingle uſeful eſtabliſhment which the Païs de Vaud owes to the ſovereignty of Bern : but do not tell me of the academy of Lauſanne, founded on motives of religion during the zeal of reformation, but ſince totally neglected, though a worthy magiſtrate of that city propoſed the laudable deſign of erecting it into an univerſity.

Your maſters err not through ignorance. They are not deficient, I know, in political abilities. But while a prince treats with impartial bounty all his ſubjects, the citizens of an ariſtocratical capital are apt to behold with jealouſy the improvement of the provinces. Their elevation, they think, muſt pave the way for their own downfal ; and if they become their equals in point of knowledge and riches, they will ſoon be tempted, they imagine,

les richeſſes, elles voudroient bientôt l'être en pouvoir. Rappellez-vous l'an 1685. La mauvaiſe politique de Louis XIV. expatria la partie la plus induſtrieuſe de ſes ſujets; une multitude ſe réfugia dans le Pays de Vaud. Il etoit prochain, il etoit François. Ils ne demandoient qu'un azile, et l'auroient payé au poids de l'or par les richeſſes, et les arts plus précieux que les richeſſes, qu'ils vous apportoient. Mais ici la politique partiale des Bernois s'épouvanta. " Si " nous faiſons participer ces fugitifs à notre droit de Bourgeoiſie, " la fortune nous ſera commune; mais comment élever des mortels " au rang des dieux? Si nous les laiſſons confondus parmi nos " ſujets, nos ſujets recueilleront le fruit de leur induſtrie." Ils conclurent enfin avec l'ambaſſadeur de Porſenna—

" —— Qu'il vaut mieux, qu'un roi ſur le trône affermi
" Commande à des ſujets, malheureux, mais ſoumis,
" Que d'avoir à dompter, au ſein de l'abondance
" D'un peuple trop heureux l'indocile arrogance."

Ces

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to aſpire at an equality with themſelves in power. Recal to memory the year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty-five; when the wretched policy of Louis the Fourteenth drove from their country the moſt induſtrious portion of his ſubjects, many of whom ſought refuge in the Païs de Vaud; a neighbouring diſtrict, and ſpeaking their own language. They requeſted only an aſylum, the benefit of which they would richly have repaid by the wealth which they carried with them, and their ſkill in manufactures, ſtill more valuable. But the narrow policy of Bern took the alarm. " If we make " theſe men citizens of Bern, their intereſts will coincide with our own. " But is it fit that mortals ſhould be raiſed to the rank of gods? If they " are mixed with the maſs of our ſubjects, our ſubjects will be enriched by " their induſtry." They concluded therefore, with the ambaſſadors of Porſenna—" that it was more deſirable for a prince to govern a poor but ſub-" miſſive people, than to contend with the unruly paſſions of men pam-" pered by proſperity."

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Ces exilés las d'eſſuyer des refus, où ils devoient s'attendre à des prières, paſſerent en Hollande, en Pruſſe, et en Angleterre, où les ſouverains ſavoient mieux profiter de cette occaſion unique. Il en reſta une partie dans le Pays de Vaud, mais c'étoit la partie la plus pauvre, et la plus fainéante, qui n'avoit ni le moyen, ni la volonté d'aller plus loin.

A peine ces malheureux commençoient ils à oublier leurs ſouffrances paſſées, que l'expérience leur fit ſentir, que pour fuir les perſécutions, il faut fuir les hommes. La partie ſouveraine de l'état avoit ſuccé avec le lait, toute la dureté du ſyſtême de Calvin, théologien atrabilaire qui aimoit trop la liberté, pour ſouffrir que les Chrétiens portaſſent d'autres fers que les ſiens. D'ailleurs ſa conformité avec les idées d'un célebre philoſophe, intéreſſoit l'honneur du nom Allemand à le ſoutenir. Comme les ſentimens s'étoient adoucis dans le Pays de Vaud, en proportion avec les mœurs, il falloit y envoyer des formulaires, et des inquiſiteurs, deſtinés à faire autant d'hypocrites

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The emigrants, diſguſted at being repeatedly refuſed what they ought to have been requeſted to accept, travelled to Holland, Pruſſia, and England, whoſe rulers had the good ſenſe to avail themſelves of an emergency as favourable as it was ſingular. A part of them indeed remained in the Païs de Vaud, but the pooreſt and the idleſt, who had neither money nor ſpirit to travel farther.

Theſe unhappy fugitives had no ſooner begun to forget their paſt ſufferings, than they learned by fatal experience that, in order to avoid perſecution, it was neceſſary to fly from the ſociety of men. The ſovereigns of the country in which they had ſettled had imbibed the ſevere ſyſtem of Calvin, a ſtern theologian, who loved liberty too well, to endure that Chriſtians ſhould wear any other chains than thoſe impoſed by himſelf. His near conformity in opinion with a celebrated German philoſopher, intereſted the honour of the German name in ſupporting his doctrines. But in the Païs de Vaud the aſperity of religious opinions had ſoftened with the improvement of ſociety. It became neceſſary, therefore, to ſend thither formulas

crites qu'ils pourroient, non à la vérité par le fer et le feu, mais par les menaces et les privations d'emploi.

En ſoutenant les droits de l'humanité, je n'outre point les maximes de la tolérance. Je veux bien que le magiſtrat ne diſtribue les récompenſes du public, qu'à ceux qui enſeignent la religion du public. Je ne lui défens pas même de contenir dans le ſilence ces novateurs trop hardis qui voudroient éclairer le peuple ſur certains objets où l'erreur fait ſon bonheur. Mais que le ſouverain ſe prêtant avec chaleur aux minuties théologiques, décide des queſtions qu'on ne peut décider, aſſurement il eſt abſurde. Qu'impoſant des confeſſions de foi, il ne laiſſe à des paſteurs vieillis, dans le miniſtere, et qui ne demandoient qu'à ſe taire, que le choix du menſonge ou de la mendicité, aſſurement il eſt injuſte. Mais la perſécution ceſſa.— Qui la fit ceſſer? Un ſentiment de honte? les larmes des ſujets? ou bien la crainte qu'inſpira l'entrepriſe d'un Davel, enthouſiaſte il eſt vrai, mais enthouſiaſte pour le bien public? Encore même il regne à Lauſanne une inquiſition ſourde. Les noms d'Arminien, et de Socinien

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and inquiſitors, deſigned to make as many hypocrites as poſſible, not indeed by fire and ſword, but by threats and depoſition from office.

In ſupporting the rights of man, I would not carry too far the maxims of toleration. It is juſt that public rewards ſhould be beſtowed only on thoſe who teach the religion of the public; and thoſe bold innovators, who would impart a dangerous light to the people, may very properly be reſtrained by the arm of the magiſtrate. But it ſurely is abſurd, that the ſovereign ſhould interfere in theological minutiæ, and take part warmly in queſtions which are incapable of being decided. It is particularly unjuſt, that he ſhould impoſe confeſſions of faith on old miniſters, who wiſh to avoid diſputation; leaving them the miſerable alternative of falſehood or beggary. But this perſecution has now ceaſed. What put an end to it? It was not ſhame, nor the tears of the people, but the boldneſs of Davel, that meritorious enthuſiaſt. Even to the preſent day, a ſecret inquiſition ſtill reigns at Lauſanne; where the names of Arminian and Socinian are often mentioned in

nien rempliſſent encore ces lettres ou de tres honnêtes gens rendent compte à leurs protecteurs des ſentimens de leurs concitoyens ; et c'eſt ſuivant ces indices que les places ſe diſtribuent.

Je viens, non pas d'épuiſer, mais d'indiquer quelques défauts qui ſe trouvent dans votre puiſſance légiſlative. Paſſons à l'exécutrice. Celle-ci eſt la force publique, comme l'autre eſt la volonté publique. Mais un ſeul corps, un ſeul homme, peut délibérer et décider pour toute une nation. Il ne peut tout ſeul agir pour elle. L'adminiſtration politique, compoſée d'un nombre infini de branches, veut qu'un grand nombre d'officiers, ſoumis les uns aux autres, s'employent à faire jouer la machine à laquelle le maître ne peut que donner le mouvement général. Les honneurs, et les avantages, que les loix attachent à ces emplois, doivent être ouverts à tous les citoyens, que leurs talens et leur éducation ont mis en état de les remplir. Les fardeaux leur ſont communs à tous, les recompenſes doivent l'etre auſſi. Un gouvernement monarchique ſatisfait aiſement à ces juſtes prétenſions.

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the letters written by very honeſt people to their patrons of Bern; and offices are often given or withheld according to the reports made of the religious tenets of the candidates.

Having made theſe ſtrictures on your legiſlature, which by no means exhauſt the ſubject, I proceed to conſider the defects of your executive power; which is the public force, as the legiſlature ought to be the public will. But a ſingle council, or a ſingle man, may deliberate and reſolve for a whole nation; the executive power, on the contrary, requires the exertions of many: as it is compoſed of a great variety of branches, many officers, ſubordinate one to the other, muſt actuate the different parts of the machine, to which the chief magiſtrate can only communicate the firſt general movement. The honours and emoluments legally attached to ſuch offices, ought to be open to all thoſe citizens who are properly qualified for diſcharging them. Each individual, as he bears a ſhare of the public burdens, is entitled alſo to a ſhare of the public rewards. This juſt arrangement is eaſily maintained in monarchies; where, with the exception of a few courtiers, who, by being continually

prétenſions. A l'exception de quelques courtiſans, qui approchent la perſonne du prince d'aſſez près, pour ſubſtituer la flatterie aux ſervices, tous ſes ſujets lui ſont égaux. Dèſqu'un homme a du mérite, ou, ſi l'on veut de la faveur, on ne lui demande point s'il eſt Normand ou Provençal. D'Epernon étoit Gaſcon; Richelieu, Champenois; Mazarin, Romain. Mais dans les républiques ariſtocratiques, les ſouverains compoſés de toute une ville veulent être légiſlateurs en corps, et partager entre eux en détail tous les emplois conſidérables. Les talens, les lumières, dans votre Pays, ſont inutiles pour quiconque n'eſt pas né Bernois, et dans un autre ſens ils ſont également inutiles pour qui l'eſt. Le ſujet ſe voit condamné par ſa naiſſance à ramper dans un honteuſe obſcurité. Le déſeſpoir le ſaiſit; il neglige ce qui ne le peut mener à rien, et le grand homme ne devient qu'un homme agréable. Si je parlais de faire participer les ſujets aux Bailliages, les Bernois crieroient au ſacrilege; les Bailliages ſont le patrimoine

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continually about the prince's perſon, have an opportunity of ſubſtituting flattery inſtead of real ſervices, all the inhabitants of the kingdom are treated with comparative equity. In France, provided a man has court-favour or merit, the queſtion is never aſked whether he comes from Provence or Normandy. D'Epernon was born in Gaſcony; Richelieu, in Champagne; Mazarine, in Rome. But in ariſtocratical republics, the citizens of one town are not contented with being ſovereigns collectively, unleſs they individually appropriate all offices of honour or emolument. In the canton of Bern talents and information are not of the ſmalleſt uſe to any one who is not born in the capital; and in another ſenſe they are uſeleſs to thoſe born there; becauſe they *muſt* make their way without them. Their ſubjects in the Païs de Vaud are condemned, by the circumſtances of their birth, to a condition of ſhameful obſcurity. They naturally become, therefore, a prey to deſpair; and neglecting to cultivate talents which they can never enjoy an opportunity to diſplay, thoſe who had capacities for becoming great men are contented with making themſelves agreeable companions. Should I propoſe that the ſubjects obtained a right to hold the lucrative employments of *Baillis*,

patrimoine de l'état, et nous ſommes l'état. Il eſt vrai qu'on vous laiſſe les Lieutenances Baillivales; mais vous ſavez aſſez qu'on y mêle certaines ſtipulations, de façon que, ſi le nouveau magiſtrat ne vit pas quelque tems, ſa famille perd au marché.

Privés de reſſources, que reſte il aux gentilhommes du Pays de Vaud? le ſervice étranger. Mais on n'a pas manqué de leur rendre cette carrière des plus épineuſes, et de leur y fermer l'accès des grades un peu élevés. Je ne dirai rien du brilliant ſervice de France. Les dépenſes ſont inévitables, et la paye ſi modique que l'enſeigne ſe ruine, le capitaine vit à peine, et même le colonel ne peut amaſſer. Ainſi vous devez bénir le ſoin paternel du ſouverain qui a dreſſé toutes les capitulations, de manière à ne vous point introduire en tentation. Ne parlons que du ſervice des Etats Généraux, ſervice plus utile que riant, ou l'on s'ennuye et s'enrichit. Par le traité de 1712, le Canton de Berne accorda vingt quatre compagnies à leurs Hautes Puiſſances,

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Baillis, or governors of diſtricts, the ariſtocratical families of Bern would think me guilty of a crime little leſs than ſacrilege. " The emoluments of " theſe offices form the patrimony of the ſtate; and we are the ſtate." It is true, that you in the Païs de Vaud may be deputies to the Baillis; but the advantages belonging to that ſubordinate magiſtracy are obtained on certain conditions, which, unleſs the holder of the office lives a certain number of years, renders his bargain a very bad one for his family.

What encouragement is then left for the gentlemen of the Païs de Vaud? That of foreign ſervice. But to them, even this road to preferment is extremely difficult, and to attain the higher ranks is impoſſible. I ſpeak not of the brilliant ſervice of France: in that country, expence is unavoidable; the enſign is ruined, the captain can ſcarcely live, and the colonel cannot ſave money. You are therefore obliged to the paternal care of the magiſtrates of Bern, whoſe treaties for ſupplying troops to France do not lead you into temptation. Let us only conſider the ſervice of Holland, a ſervice more profitable than ſhowy, where officers have nothing to do but to grow rich. By the treaty of 1712, the Canton of Bern granted the uſe of twenty-four

Puiſſances, et promit de permettre qu'on en fit toujours des recrues dans leurs états. Seize compagnies étoient deſtinées aux Bernois, et les ſouverains partageoient avec leurs ſujets les huit autres compagnies, dont on daignoit laiſſer l'entrée ouverte à ceux ci : ainſi à ne ſuppoſer le crédit des Bernois qu'égal à celui des ſujets, pour parvenir à ces huit dernières compagnies, ce peuple roi en poſſederoit toujours vingt, ſur vingt quatre. La proportion eſt honnête, ſi l'on fait attention qu'il y a dans le Canton près de cent mille hommes en état de porter les armes, dont il n'y en a pas huit cens, bourgeois de Berne. D'ailleurs les petits bourgeois, à qui ce nom ſeul inſpire de la fierté, aiment mieux croupir dans la miſère à Berne, que de ſe faire par leur travail un état vraiment reſpectable. Ainſi dans toutes ces troupes, je doute qu'on puiſſe trouver cinquante Bernois qui ne ſoient par officiers.

Ces malheurs, me dites vous, ne ſont que pour les gentilhommes ; c'eſt à dire, pour la partie la plus reſpectable, mais la moins nombreuſe,

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four companies to their High Mightineſſes, and promiſed that they ſhould always be allowed to recruit them in their territories. But the command of ſixteen of thoſe companies was appropriated by the citizens of Bern, and the remaining eight were left common between them and their ſubjects in the Païs de Vaud. On the ſuppoſition, then, that the intereſt of both claſſes of candidates for thoſe companies is equal, the ſovereign people will obtain four out of the eight, and twenty out of the whole twenty-four. This proportion appears the more unreaſonable, when it is conſidered that in the canton there are above an hundred thouſand men fit to bear arms, of whom ſcarcely eight hundred are citizens of Bern. Beſides, the poorer claſſes of citizens, proud merely of this title, prefer living in idleneſs at Bern to honourable exertions abroad, by which they might better their condition. I doubt, therefore, whether fifty citizens of Bern, who are not officers, will be found in the whole of the Swiſs Dutch troops.

Theſe inconveniencies, you will tell me, are only felt by men of family; that is to ſay, by the moſt reſpectable, but leaſt numerous, portion of the community;

breuſe, des citoyens. Ils s'évanouiſſent dans ces maximes générales et égales que vous venez d'établir. La tyrannie de vos Baillis s'y évanouit elle auſſi? Le peuple, nom ſi cher à l'humanité, en ſent tout le joug. Je ne vous conterai point des hiſtoires de leurs oppreſſions. Vous me chicaneriez ſur la vérité des faits, et puis vous me diriez, qu'il ne faut jamais conclure du particulier au général, et vous auriez raiſon. Il vaut mieux faire ſentir l'étendue de leur pouvoir, et laiſſer à votre connoiſſance du cœur humain, à juger de l'uſage qu'ils en font. Chaque Bailli eſt à la fois chef de la juſtice, de la milice, des finances, et de la réligion. Comme juge, il décide ſans appel juſqu'à la ſomme de cent francs, ſomme tres modique pour vous, mais qui fait la fortune d'un payſan; et il décide ſeul, car ſes aſſeſſeurs, n'ont pas voix pondérative. Il donne, ou plutôt il vend, preſque tous les emplois dans ſon bailliage. Si l'on veut appeller de ſes ſentences, il n'y a plus de tribunal à Moudon; il faut aller à Berne, et quel payſan veut ſe ruiner à la pourſuite de la juſtice?

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community; and they diſappear amidſt the general equity and impartiality of the public adminiſtration. But does the tyranny of the *bailiffs* diſappear alſo? The people, a name ſo dear to humanity, feel the full weight of their oppreſſion. I will not have recourſe to particular examples; becauſe you might call in queſtion the authenticity of facts, or object with reaſon, that general concluſions are not to be drawn from particular principles. I ſhall be contented with pointing out the extent of their power, and leave to your own knowledge of human nature to infer the abuſes with which it muſt be accompanied. In his own diſtrict every bailiff is at the head of religion, of the law, the army, and the finances. As judge, he decides, without appeal, all cauſes to the amount of an hundred franks; a ſum of little importance to a gentleman, but which often makes the whole fortune of a peaſant; and he decides alone, for the voice of his aſſeſſors has not any weight in the ſcale. He confers, or rather he ſells, all the employments in his diſtrict. When the injured party wiſhes to appeal from his ſentence, as there is no court of juſtice at Moudon, he is obliged to remove the cauſe to Bern; and

juſtice? S'il cherche encore à faire punir ſon tyran, il demande l'entrée en conſeil. L'Avoyer l'accorde, peut être avec beaucoup de difficulté, et à force de fatigues et de dépenſes il parvient à pouvoir plaider devant un tribunal lié avec ſon baillif par le ſang, et plus encore par une conformité de forfaits, ou d'intérêts.

Votre pays eſt épuiſé par les impots, tout modiques qu'ils ſont. Dévelopons cette idée. Pendant que les pays le plus riches de l'Europe s'abyment de dépenſes et de dettes, et mettent en œuvre des moyens qui feroient trembler le plus hardi diſſipateur, le Canton de Berne eſt le ſeul qui amaſſe des tréſors. Le ſecret de l'état eſt ſi bien gardé, qu'il eſt difficile de le deviner. Stanian, ambaſſadeur d'Angleterre à Berne, qui avoit un eſprit d'obſervation et de grandes facilités pour ſe bien informer, eſtimoit, il y a quarante ans, les ſommes qu'il avoit dans les fonds publics de Londres à trois cens milles livres ſterling, ou ſept millions, et tout ce qui étoit reſté dans le tréſor de Berne, ou diſpersé dans les autres banques de l' Europe, à dix huit cens

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how few peaſants can bear this expence? But if his eagerneſs to puniſh his tyrant carries him thither, it is not without many difficulties on his part that the Avoyer, or chief magiſtrate, grants him admiſſion into the council; where, after all his trouble and expence, he is finally allowed to plead his cauſe before a tribunal, the members of which are connected with his oppreſſor by the ties of blood, and ſtill more by a conformity of intereſts and crimes.

Your taxes, moderate as they are, exhauſt the country. This obſervation requires to be explained. While the great kingdoms of Europe, loaded with expences and debts, are driven to expedients which would alarm the wildeſt prodigal, Bern is the only ſtate which has amaſſed a large treaſure. The ſecret has been ſo well kept, that it is not eaſy to aſcertain its amount. Stanyan, the Britiſh envoy at Bern, a man inquiſitive and poſſeſſed of good means of information, eſtimated forty years ago the money belonging to that republic, in the Engliſh ſunds, at three hundred thouſand pounds, or ſeven millions of Swiſs livres; and the ſums remaining in the treaſury of Bern, or diſperſed through the other funds or banks of Europe, at eighteen hundred

cens mille livres ſterling, ou quarante trois millions. On peut croire que ces tréſors n'ont pas diminués depuis l'an 1722. Le moyen que le Canton employe pour s'enrichir eſt très ſimple. Il dépenſe beaucoup moins qu'il ne reçoit. Mais que reçoit il? Je l'ignore; mais je vais tacher de le deviner. Les douze bailliages du Pays de Vaud rendent dans leurs ſix ans, à peu pres cinq cens mille livres de Suiſſe, les uns portant les autres. Le revenu de douze, peut donc monter à un million de livres de rente. J'ai toujours entendu dire que les Baillis prennent le dix pour cent ſur les revenus du ſouverain. Le voilà donc ce revenu d'un million par année. En rabattant les cent mille livres des Baillis, je compterais encore cent mille écûs pour les charges de l'état, ce qui n'eſt point une ſuppoſition batie en l'air. Les autres deux cens mille ecûs, qui dans un autre pays, fourniroient à l'entretien d'une cour et d'une armée, dont les dépenſes feroient retomber ſur la terre la roſée qui en étoit tirée, vont ici s'enfouir dans les coffres du ſouverain, ou ſe diſperſer dans

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hundred thouſand pounds ſterling, or forty-three millions Swiſs. Theſe treaſures have not probably diminiſhed ſince the year 1722. The Canton enriches itſelf by the ſimple means of receiving much and expending little. But what is the amount of its receipts? I know not, but I will try to diſcover it. The twelve bailiwics, or diſtricts, of the Païs de Vaud pay, one with another, during the ſix years that they are governed by the ſame magiſtrate, five hundred thouſand Swiſs livres. The contributions, therefore, of all the twelve amount to a million of livres annually, I have always been told that the bailiffs, or governors, retain ten *per cent.* on the revenues raiſed within their reſpective juriſdictions. The million of revenue, diminiſhed by an hundred thouſand livres conſumed in the appointments of the *bailiffs*, is reduced to three hundred thouſand crowns; of which one hundred thouſand may be allowed for the expences of the ſtate, a ſum not choſen at random; and the other two hundred thouſand crowns, which in other countries would be employed in the maintenance of a court and army, whoſe incomes would circulate through the general maſs of the people on whom they had been raiſed, are here buried in the coffers of the ſovereignty,

dans les banques publiques, et précaires de l'Europe, pour etre un jour une proye à l'infidélité d'un commis, ou à l'ambition d'un conquerant. Cette peſte continuelle des eſpeces éteint l'induſtrie, empêche tout effort, qui ne ſe peut faire ſans argent, et appauvrit inſenſiblement le pays.

Tels ſont vos maux, Monſieur. Eh bien! me repondez vous, n'avez vous ſondé nos playes que pour en aigrir la douleur? Quel conſeil nous donnez vous? Aucun, ſi vous ne m'avez pas déja prévenu. Il y a une voye que je puis vous conſeiller, c'eſt celle de la remontrance. Mais il y a des maux tellement enracinés dans la conſtitution d'un état, que Platon lui même n'eut pas eſpéré du ſuccès pour une pareille députation. Ne tiendront ils pas contre les remontrances, eux qui ont pu tenir contre deux cens ans de fidélité et de ſervices? Il y a un autre remede plus prompt, plus entier, plus glorieux: Guillaume Tell vous l'eût conſeillé; mais je ne vous le conſeille point. Je ſais que l'eſprit du citoyen, comme celui de la charité, ſouffre beaucoup, et eſpere longtems. Il a raiſon. Il connoit les

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or diſperſed through the precarious banks of Europe, to become one day a prey to the knavery of a clerk, or the ambition of a conqueror. This continual abſorption of ſpecie extinguiſhes induſtry, deadens every enterpriſe that requires the aid of money, and gradually impoveriſhes the country.

Theſe, Sir, are your hardſhips. But I think you will ſay to me, "Have "you thus probed our wounds merely to make us feel their ſmart? What "advice do you give us?" None, unleſs you have already anticipated it. I would indeed adviſe you to remonſtrate. But there are evils ſo deeply rooted in governments, that Plato himſelf would deſpair of curing them. What could you expect to obtain from thoſe maſters by remonſtrances, who have remained during two centuries inſenſible to the merit of your faithful ſervice? There is another remedy, more prompt, more perfect, and more glorious. William Tell would have preſcribed it; I do not. I know that the ſpirit of a good citizen is, like that of charity, long-ſuffering, and hoping all things. The citizen is in the right; ſince he knows the evils reſulting from his ſub-

les malheurs attachés à la ſoumiſſion. Il ignore ceux que la réſiſtance pourroit entrainer. Vous, qui me connoiſſez, Monſieur, vous ſavez combien je reſpecte ces principes amis de la paix et des hommes. Tribun ſéditieux, je ne chercherai jamais à faire ſecouer au peuple le joug de l'autorité, pour le conduire du murmure, à la ſedition; de la ſedition, à l'anarchie; et de l'anarchie, peut être, au deſpotiſme.

Cependant avec la franchiſe, qui a partout conduit ma plume, je vais détruire quelques monſtres de Romans, qui vous peuvent effrayer. Que vous préfériez le parti de l'entrepriſe ou celui du répos, je voudrois que ce fut la raiſon, et non le préjuge, qui vous dictât ce parti.

Les Bernois ont les droits ſur votre obéiſſance; vous craignez de leur faire une injuſtice en la retirant.

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miſſion, but knows not the greater evils which might be produced by his reſiſtance. You know me too well to be ignorant how much I reſpect thoſe principles, ſo friendly to the intereſts of peace and of human kind. I will never, in the language of a ſeditious tribune, perſuade the people to ſhake off the yoke of authority, that they may proceed from murmur to ſedition, from ſedition to anarchy, and from anarchy perhaps to deſpotiſm.

Yet, with the freedom which has hitherto guided my pen, I will endeavour to deſtroy ſome giants of romance, which might otherwiſe inſpire you with vain terror. Whether you prefer the road of bold enterpriſe or cautious repoſe, I wiſh that reaſon, not prejudice, ſhould dictate your choice.

The magiſtrates of Bern have a right to expect your obedience: you fear to do them wrong in withholding it.

N° X.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mrs.* PORTEN.

DEAR MADAM, LAUSANNE, 1756.

FEAR no reproaches for your negligence, however great; for your ſilence, however long. I love you too well to make you any. Nothing, in my opinion, is ſo ridiculous as ſome kind of friends, wives, and lovers, who look on no crime as ſo heinous as the letting ſlip a poſt without writing. The charm of friendſhip is liberty; and he that would deſtroy the one, deſtroys, without deſigning it, the better half of the other. I compare friendſhip to charity, and letters to alms; the laſt ſignifies nothing without the firſt, and very often the firſt is very ſtrong, although it does not ſhew itſelf by the other. It is not good-will which is wanting, it is only opportunities or means. However, one month—two months—three months—four months—I began not to be angry, but to be uneaſy, for fear ſome accident had happened to you. I was often on the point of writing, but was always ſtopped by the hopes of hearing from you the next poſt. Beſides, not to flatter you, your excuſe is a very bad one. *You cannot entertain me by your letters.* I think I ought to know that better than you; and I aſſure you that one of *your plain ſincere letters* entertains me more than the moſt poliſhed one of Pliny or Cicero. 'Tis your heart ſpeaks, and I look on your heart as much better in its way than either of their heads.

Out of pure politeneſs I ought to talk of * * * * * * * * * * * * before myſelf. I was ſome hours with him in this place, that is to ſay, almoſt all the time he was here. I find him always * * * * * * * * , always good-natured, always amuſing, and always trifling. I aſked him ſome queſtions about Italy; he told me, he hurried out

of it as ſoon as he could, becauſe there was no French comedy, and he did not love the Italian opera. I let ſlip ſome words of the pleaſure he ſhould have of ſeeing his native country again, on account of the ſervices he could render her in parliament. " Yes " (ſays he), I want vaſtly to be at London; there are three years " ſince I have ſeen Garrick." He ſpoke to me of you, and indeed not only with conſideration, but with affection. Were there nothing elſe valuable in his character, I ſhould love him, becauſe he loves you. He told me he intended to ſee you as ſoon as he ſhould be in England; I am glad he has kept his word. I was ſo taken up with my old friend, that I could not ſpeak a word to * * * * * * *. He appeared, however, a good, ſenſible, modeſt young man. Poor Minorca indeed thus loſt! but poor Engliſhmen who have loſt it! I think the ſecond exclamation ſtill ſtronger than the firſt. Poor Lord Torrington! I can't help pitying him. What a ſhameful uncle he has! I ſhall loſe all my opinion of my countrymen, if the whole nation, Whigs, Tories, Courtiers, Jacobites, &c. &c. &c. &c. are not unanimous in deteſting that man. Pray, is there any truth in a ſtory we had here, of a brother of Admiral Byng's having killed himſelf out of rage and ſhame? I did not think he had any brothers alive. It is thought here that Byng will be acquitted. I hope not. Though I do not love raſh judgments, I cannot help thinking him guilty.

You aſk me, when I ſhall come into England? How ſhould I know it? The 14th of June I wrote to my father, and ſaying nothing of my return, which I knew would have been to no purpoſe, I deſired him to give me a fixed allowance of 200l. a-year, or, at leaſt, to allow me a ſervant. No anſwer. About a fortnight ago I renewed my requeſt; and I cannot yet know what will be my ſucceſs. I deſign to make a virtue of neceſſity, to keep quiet during this winter, and to put in uſe all my machines next ſpring, in order to come

over,

over *. I ſhall write the ſtrongeſt, and at the ſame time the moſt dutiful letter I can imagine to my father. If all that produces no effect, I don't know what I can do.

You talk to me of my couſin Elliſon's wedding; but you don't ſay a word of who ſhe is married to. Is it Elliot? Though you have not ſeen my father yet, I ſuppoſe you have heard of him. How was he in town? His wife, was ſhe with him? Has marriage produced any changement in his way of living? Is he to be always at Beriton, or will he come up to London in winter? Pray have you ever ſeen my mother-in-law, or heard any thing more of her character? Compliments to every body that makes me compliments: to the Gilberts, to the Comarques, to Lord Newnham, &c. When you ſee the Comarques again, aſk them if they did not know, at Putney, Monſieur la Vabre, and his daughters; perhaps you know them yourſelf. I ſaw them lately in this country; one of them very well married.

The Engliſhman who lodges in our houſe, is little ſociable at leaſt for a reaſonable perſon. My health always good, my ſtudies pretty good. I underſtand Greek pretty well. I have even ſome kind of correſpondence with ſeveral learned men, with Mr. Crevier of Paris, with Mr. Breitinger of Zurick, and with Mr. Allamand, a clergyman of this country, the moſt reaſonable divine I ever knew. Do you never read now? I am a little piqued that you ſay nothing of Sir Charles Grandiſon; if you have not read it yet, read it for my ſake. Perhaps Clariſſa does not encourage you; but, in my opinion, it is much ſuperior to Clariſſa. When you have read it, read the letters of Madame de Sevigné to her daughter; I don't doubt of their being tranſlated into Engliſh. They are properly what I called

* This Letter is a curious ſpecimen of the degree in which Mr. Gibbon had loſt the Engliſh language in a ſhort time.

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in the beginning of my letter, letters of the heart; the natural expreſſions of a mother's fondneſs; regret at their being at a great diſtance from one another, and continual ſchemes to get together again. All that, won't it pleaſe you? There is ſcarce any thing elſe in ſix whole volumes: and notwithſtanding that, few people read them without finding them too ſhort. Adieu: my paper is at an end. I don't dare to tell you to write ſoon. Do it, however, if you can. Yours affectionately,

E. GIBBON.

N° XI.

Rev. Dr. WALDGRAVE * *to* EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. junior.*

DEAR SIR, WASHINGTON, near STORRINGTON, Dec. 7th, 1758.

I HAVE read nothing for ſome time (and I keep reading on ſtill) that has given me ſo much pleaſure as your letter, which I received by the laſt poſt. I rejoice at your return to your country, to your father, and to the good principles of truth and reaſon. Had I in the leaſt ſuſpected your deſign of leaving us, I ſhould immediately have put you upon reading Mr. Chillingworth's Religion of Proteſtants; any one page of which is worth a library of Swiſs divinity. It will give me great pleaſure to ſee you at Waſhington; where I am, I thank God, very well and very happy. I deſire my reſpects to Mr. Gibbon; and am, with very great regard, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

THO. WALDGRAVE.

* Tutor to Mr. Gibbon when he firſt went to Magdalen College, Oxford.

N° XII.

Mr. GIBBON *to his* FATHER.

DEAR SIR, 1760.

AN addreſs in writing, from a perſon who has the pleaſure of being with you every day, may appear ſingular. However, I have preferred this method, as upon paper I can ſpeak without a bluſh, and be heard without interruption. If my letter diſpleaſes you, impute it, dear Sir, only to yourſelf. You have treated me, not like a ſon, but like a friend. Can you be ſurpriſed that I ſhould communicate to a friend, all my thoughts, and all my deſires? Unleſs the friend approve them, let the father never know them; or at leaſt, let him know at the ſame time, that however reaſonable, however eligible, my ſcheme may appear to me, I would rather forget it for ever, than cauſe him the ſlighteſt uneaſineſs.

When I firſt returned to England, attentive to my future intereſt, you were ſo good as to give me hopes of a ſeat in parliament. This ſeat, it was ſuppoſed would be an expence of fifteen hundred pounds. This deſign flattered my vanity, as it might enable me to ſhine in ſo auguſt an aſſembly. It flattered a nobler paſſion; I promiſed myſelf that by the means of this ſeat I might be one day the inſtrument of ſome good to my country. But I ſoon perceived how little a mere virtuous inclination, unaſſiſted by talents, could contribute towards that great end; and a very ſhort examination diſcovered to me, that thoſe talents had not fallen to my lot. Do not, dear Sir, impute this declaration to a falſe modeſty, the meaneſt ſpecies of pride. Whatever elſe I may be ignorant of, I think I know myſelf, and ſhall always endeavour to mention my good qualities without vanity, and my defects without repugnance. I ſhall ſay nothing of the moſt intimate acquaintance with his country and language, ſo ab-

ſolutely neceſſary to every ſenator. Since they may be acquired, to alledge my deficiency in them, would ſeem only the plea of lazineſs. But I ſhall ſay with great truth, that I never poſſeſſed that gift of ſpeech, the firſt requiſite of an orator, which uſe and labour may improve, but which nature alone can beſtow. That my temper, quiet, retired, ſomewhat reſerved, could neither acquire popularity, bear up againſt oppoſition, nor mix with eaſe in the crowds of public life. That even my genius (if you will allow me any) is better qualified for the deliberate compoſitions of the cloſet, than for the extemporary diſcourſes of the parliament. An unexpected objection would diſconcert me; and as I am incapable of explaining to others, what I do not thoroughly underſtand myſelf, I ſhould be meditating, while I ought to be anſwering. I even want neceſſary prejudices of party, and of nation. In popular aſſemblies, it is often neceſſary to inſpire them; and never orator inſpired well a paſſion, which he did not feel himſelf. Suppoſe me even miſtaken in my own character; to ſet out with the repugnance ſuch an opinion muſt produce, offers but an indifferent proſpect. But I hear you ſay, it is not neceſſary that every man ſhould enter into parliament with ſuch exalted hopes. It is to acquire a title the moſt glorious of any in a free country, and to employ the weight and conſideration it gives, in the ſervice of one's friends. Such motives, though not glorious, yet are not diſhonourable; and if we had a borough in our command, if you could bring me in without any great expence, or if our fortune enabled us to deſpiſe that expence, then indeed I ſhould think them of the greateſt ſtrength. But with our private fortune, is it worth while to purchaſe at ſo high a rate, a title, honourable in itſelf, but which I muſt ſhare with every fellow that can lay out fifteen hundred pounds? Beſides, dear Sir, a merchandiſe is of little value to the owner, when he is reſolved not to ſell it.

I ſhould affront your penetration, did I not ſuppoſe you now ſee the drift of this letter. It is to appropriate to another uſe the ſum

with which you deſtined to bring me into parliament; to employ it, not in making me great, but in rendering me happy. I have often heard you ſay yourſelf, that the allowance you had been ſo indulgent as to grant me, though very liberal in regard to your eſtate, was yet but ſmall, when compared with the almoſt neceſſary extravagancies of the age. I have indeed found it ſo, notwithſtanding a good deal of œconomy, and an exemption from many of the common expences of youth. This, dear Sir, would be a way of ſupplying theſe deficiencies, without any additional expence to you.—But I forbear.—If you think my propoſals reaſonable, you want no entreaties to engage you to comply with them; if otherwiſe, all will be without effect.

All that I am afraid of, dear Sir, is, that I ſhould ſeem not ſo much aſking a favour, as this really is, as exacting a debt. After all I can ſay, you will ſtill remain the beſt judge of my good, and your own circumſtances. Perhaps, like moſt landed gentlemen, an addition to my annuity would ſuit you better, than a ſum of money given at once; perhaps the ſum itſelf may be too conſiderable. Whatever you ſhall think proper to beſtow upon me, or in whatever manner, will be received with equal gratitude.

I intended to ſtop here; but as I abhor the leaſt appearance of art, I think it will be better to lay open my whole ſcheme at once. The unhappy war which now deſolates Europe, will oblige me to defer ſeeing France till a peace. But that reaſon can have no influence upon Italy, a country which every ſcholar muſt long to ſee; ſhould you grant my requeſt, and not diſapprove of my manner of employing your bounty, I would leave England this Autumn, and paſs the Winter at Lauſanne, with M. de Voltaire and my old friends. The armies no longer obſtruct my paſſage, and it muſt be indifferent to you, whether I am at Lauſanne or at London during the Winter, ſince I ſhall not be at Beriton. In the Spring I would croſs the Alps, and after ſome ſtay in Italy, as the war muſt then

be terminated, return home through France; to live happily with you and my dear mother. I am now two-and-twenty; a tour muſt take up a conſiderable time, and though I believe you have no thoughts of ſettling me ſoon, (and I am ſure I have not,) yet ſo many things may intervene, that the man who does not travel early, runs a great riſk of not travelling at all. But this part of my ſcheme, as well as the whole, I ſubmit entirely to you.

Permit me, dear Sir, to add, that I do not know whether the complete compliance with my wiſhes could increaſe my love and gratitude; but that I am very ſure, no refuſal could diminiſh thoſe ſentiments with which I ſhall always remain, dear Sir,

Your moſt dutiful and obedient ſon and ſervant,

E. GIBBON junior.

N° XIII.

Mr. MALLET *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, 1761.

I COULD not procure you a ticket for the coronation, without putting you to the expence of ten guineas. But I now ſend you ſomething much more valuable, which will coſt you only a groat. When will your father or you be in town? Deſire Becket to ſend me one of your books, well bound, for myſelf: all the other copies I gave away, as Duke Deſenany drunk out ten dozen of Lord Bolingbroke's Champagne in his abſence---to your honour and glory. I need not tell you that I am,

moſt affectionately,
the Major's and your
very humble ſervant,
D. MALLET.

Turn over, read, and be delighted.
Let your father too read.

J'ai lu avec autant d'avidité que de ſatisfaction le bon et agréable ouvrage, dont l'auteur m'a fait préſent. Je parle comme ſi M. Gibbon ne m'avoit pas loué, et même un peu trop fort. J'ai lu le livre d'un citoyen du monde, d'un véritable homme de lettres, qui les aime pour elles mêmes, ſans exception ni prévention, et qui joint à beaucoup

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I read with as much eagerneſs as pleaſure the excellent and agreeable work with which the author preſented me. I ſpeak as if Mr. Gibbon had not praiſed me, and that too warmly. His work is that of a real man of letters, who loves them for their own ſake, without exception or prejudice; and who unites with much talent the more precious gift of good ſenſe, and an impartiality

coup d'eſprit, le bon ſens plus rare que l'eſprit, ainſi qu'une impartialité qui le rend juſte et modeſte, malgré l'impreſſion qu'il a du reçevoir des auteurs ſans nombre qu'il a lus, et tres bien lus. J'ai donc dévoré ce petit ouvrage, auquel je deſirerois de bon cœur une plus grande étendue, et que je voudrois faire lire à tout le monde.

Je témoigne auſſi à My Lady Hervey, l'obligation que je lui ai, de m'avoir fait connoître un auteur qui prouve à chaque mot, que la littérature n'eſt ennemie que de l'ignorance et des travers, qui mérite d'avoir des Maty pour amis, et qui d'ailleurs honore et fortifie notre langue par l'uſage que ſon eſprit en ſait faire. Si j'étois plus ſavant, j'appuyerois ſur le mérite des diſcuſſions, et ſur la juſteſſe des obſervations.

CAYLUS.

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impartiality that diſplays his candour and juſtice, in ſpite of the bias that he muſt have received from the innumerable authors whom he has read and ſtudied. I have therefore peruſed, with the greateſt avidity, this little work; and wiſh that it was more extenſive, and read univerſally.

I would alſo expreſs my thanks to Lady Hervey, for making me acquainted with an author who proves in every page that learning is hoſtile only to ignorance and prejudice; who deſerves to have a Maty for his friend, and who adds honour and ſtrength to our language by the uſe which he ſo ably makes of it. Were I more learned I ſhould dwell on the merit of the diſcuſſions, and the juſtneſs of the obſervations.

CAYLUS.

N° XIV.

GEO. LEWIS SCOTT *Eſquire to* EDWARD GIBBON *junior.*

SUPPOSING you ſettled in quarters, dear Sir, I obey your commands, and ſend you my thoughts, relating to the purſuit of your mathematical ſtudies. You told me, you had read Clairaut's Algebra, and the three firſt books of l'Hopital's Conic Sections. You did not mention the Elements of Geometry you had peruſed. Whatever they were, whether Euclid's, or by ſome other, you will do well, if you have not applied yourſelf that way for ſome time paſt, to go over them again, and render the concluſions familiar to your memory. You may defer, however, a very critical inquiry into the principles and reaſoning of geometers, till Dr. Simpſon's new edition of Euclid (now in the preſs) appears. I would have you ſtudy that book well; in the mean time recapitulate Clairaut and l'Hopital, ſo far as you have gone, and then go through the remainder of the marquis's books with care. The fifth book will be an Introduction to the *Analyſe des Infiniment petits;*" to which I would adviſe you to proceed, after finiſhing the Conic Sections. The *Infiniment petits* may want a comment; Crouſaz has written one, but it is a wretched performance: he did not underſtand the firſt principles of the ſcience he undertook to illuſtrate; and his geometry ſhews, that he did not underſtand the firſt principles of geometry. There is a poſthumous work of M. Varignon's, called *Eclairciſſemens ſur l'Analyſe des Infiniment petits.* Paris, 1725, 4to. This will be often of uſe to you. However, it muſt be owned, that the notion of the *Infiniment petits*, or *Infiniteſimals*, as we call them, is too bold an aſſumption, and too remote from the principles of the ancients, our maſters in geometry; and has given a handle to an ingenious author

(Berkeley,

(Berkeley, late biſhop of Cloyne) to attack the logic of modern mathematicians. He has been anſwered by many, but by none ſo clearly as by Mr. Maclaurin, in his Fluxions, (2 vols. in 4to,) where you will meet with a collection of the moſt valuable diſcoveries in the mathematical and phyſico-mathematical ſciences. I recommend this author to you; but whether you ought to read him immediately after M. de l'Hopital, may be a queſtion. I think you may be ſatisfied at firſt with reading his introduction, and chap. 1. book I. of the grounds of the Method of Fluxions, and then proceed to chap. 12. of the ſame book, § 495 to § 505 incluſive, where he treats of the Method of Infiniteſimals, and of the Limits of Ratios. You may then read chap. 1. book II. § 697 to § 714 incluſive; and this you may do immediately after reading the firſt ſection of the *Analyſe des Infiniment petits:* or if you pleaſe, you may poſtpone a critical inquiry into the principles of Infiniteſimals and Fluxions, till you have ſeen the uſe and application of this doctrine in the drawing of Tangents, and in finding the Maxima and Minima of Geometrical Magnitudes. *Annal. des Infin. pet.* § 2 *and* 3.

When you have read the beginning of l'Hopital's 4th ſect. to ſect. 65 incluſive, you may read Maclaurin's chap. 2, 3, and 4; where he fully explains the nature of theſe higher orders of Fluxions, and applies the notion to geometrical figures. Your principles being then firmly eſtabliſhed, you may finiſh M. de l'Hopital.

Your next ſtep muſt be to the inverſe method of Fluxions, called by the French *calcul integral.* Monſieur de Bougainville has given us a treatiſe upon this ſubject, Paris, 1754, 4to. under the title *Traité du calcul integral pour ſervir de ſuite a l'Analyſe des Infiniment petits.* You ſhould have it; but though he explains the methods hitherto found out for the determination of Fluents from given Fluxions, or in the French ſtyle, *pour trouver les integrales des differences données;* yet as he has not ſhewn the uſe and application of this doctrine, as de l'Hopital did, with reſpect to that part which he

treats of, M. de Bougainville's book is, for that reaſon, not ſo well ſuited to beginners as could be wiſhed. You may therefore take Carré's book in 4to, printed at Paris, 1700, and entitled, *Methode pour la Meſure des Surfaces*, &c. *par l'Application du Calcul integral.* Only I muſt caution you againſt depending upon him in his fourth ſection, where he treats of the centre of oſcillation and percuſſion; he having made ſeveral miſtakes there, as M. de Mairan has ſhewn, p. 196. *Mem. de l'Acad. Royale des Sciences*, edit. Paris, 1735. After Carré, you may read Bougainville.

I have recommended French authors to you, becauſe you are a thorough maſter of that language, and becauſe, by their ſtudying ſtyle and clearneſs of expreſſion, they ſeem to me beſt adapted to beginners. Our authors are often profound and acute, but their laconiſms, and neglect of expreſſion, often perplex beginners. I except Mr. Maclaurin, who is very clear; but then he has ſuch a vaſt variety of matter, that a great part of his book is, on that account, too difficult for a beginner. I might recommend other authors to you, as a courſe of elements; for inſtance, you might read Mr. Thomas Simpſon's Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, and Fluxions; all which contain a great variety of good things. In his Geometry he departs from Euclid without a ſufficient reaſon. However, you may read him after Dr. Robert Simſon's Euclid, or together with it, and take notice of what is new in Thomas Simpſon. His Algebra you may join with Clairaut; and the rather that Clairaut has been ſparing of particular problems, and has, beſides, omitted ſeveral uſeful applications of Algebra. Simpſon's Fluxions may go hand in hand with l'Hopital, Maclaurin, Carré, and Bougainville. If you come to have a competent knowledge of theſe authors, you will be far advanced, and you may proceed to the works of Newton, Cotes, the Bernoulli's, Dr. Moivre, &c. as your inclination and time will permit. Sir Iſaac Newton's treatiſe of the Quadrature of Curves has been well commented by Mr. Stewart, and is of itſelf a good inſtitution

ſtitution of Fluxions. Sir Iſaac's Algebra is commented in ſeveral places by Clairaut, and in more in Maclaurin's Algebra; and Newton's famous Principia are explained by the *Minims Jacquirs et le Seur*, Geneva, 4 vols. 4to. Cotes is explained by Don Walmeſley, in his *Analyſe des Meſures*, &c. Paris, 4to. You ſee you may find work enough. But my paper bids me ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

LEICESTER-SQUARE,
May 7, 1762.

GEO. LEWIS SCOTT.

P. S. But I recollect, a little late, that the books I have mentioned, excepting Newton's Principia, and the occaſional problems in the reſt, treat only of the abſtract parts of the Mathematics; and you are, no doubt, willing to look into the concrete parts, or what is called Mixed Mathematics, and the Phyſico-mathematical Sciences. Of theſe the principal are, mechanics, optics, and aſtronomy. As to the principles of mechanics, M. d'Alembert has recommended M. Trabaud's *Principes du Mouvement et de l'Equilibre*, to beginners; and you cannot do better than to ſtudy this book. In optics we have Dr. Smith's Complete Syſtem, 2 vols. 4to. I wiſh though, we had a good inſtitution, ſhort and clear; the Doctor's book entering into too great details for beginners. However, you may conſider his firſt book, or popular Treatiſe, as an Inſtitution, and you will from thence acquire a good deal of knowledge. In aſtronomy I recommend M. le Monnier's *Inſtitutions Aſtronomiques*, in 4to. Paris, 1746. It is a tranſlation from Keil's Aſtronomical Lectures, but with conſiderable additions. You ſhould alſo have Caſſini's *Elemens d'Aſtronomie*, 2 vols. 4to. As to the phyſical cauſes of the celeſtial motions, after having read Maclaurin's account of Sir Iſaac Newton's philoſophical Diſcoveries, and Dr. Pemberton's View of Sir Iſaac's Philoſophy, you may read the great author himſelf, with the comment. But if you read Maclaurin's Fluxions throughout, you will find many points of Sir Iſaac's philoſophy well explained there.

The theory of light and colours ſhould be ſtudied in Sir Iſaac himſelf, in the Engliſh edition of his Optics, 8vo. there is a branch of the optical ſciences which I have not mentioned, that is, Perſpective. Dr. Brook Taylor's is the beſt ſyſtem, but his ſtyle and expreſſion is embarraſſed and obſcure. L'Abbé de la Caille has alſo given a good treatiſe of Perſpective, at the end of his *Optique:* theſe are of uſe to painters; but the theory of mathematical projection in general is more extenſive, and has been well treated of by old writers, Clavius, Aguillonius, Tacquet, and De Chules: and lately M. de la Caille has given a memoir among thoſe of the *Acad. Roy. des Sciences* of Paris, *anno* 1741, *ſur le calcul des projections en general.* This ſubject is neceſſary for the underſtanding of the theory of maps and planiſpheres. Mathematicians have alſo applied their art to the theory of ſounds and muſic. Dr. Smith's Harmonics is the principal book of the kind.

Thus have I given you ſome account of the principal elementary authors in the different branches of mathematical knowledge, and it were much to be wiſhed that we had a complete inſtitution, or courſe, of all theſe things of a moderate ſize, which might ſerve as an introduction to all the good original authors. Wolfius attempted this; his intention was laudable, but his book is ſo full of errors of the preſs, beſides ſome of his own, that I cannot recommend him to a beginner. He might be uſed occaſionally for the ſignification of terms, and for many hiſtorical facts relating to mathematics; and, beſides, may be conſidered as a collector of problems, which is uſeful.

Beſides the books I have mentioned, it might be of uſe to you to have M. Montucla's *Hiſtoire des Mathematiques*, in 4to. 2 vols. You will there find a hiſtory of the progreſs of the mathematical ſciences, and ſome account of the principal authors relating to this ſubject.

I mentioned to you in converſation, the ſuperior elegance of the antient method of demonſtration. If you incline to examine this point,

point, after being well verſed in Euclid, you may proceed to Dr. Simſon's Conic Sections; and to form an idea of the antient analyſis or method of inveſtigating the ſolution of geometrical problems, read Euclid's Data, which Dr. Simſon will publiſh, together with his new edition of Euclid; and then read his *Loci Plani*, in 4to. The elegance of the method of the ancients is confeſſed; but it ſeems to require the remembrance of a great multitude of propoſitions, and in complicated problems it does not ſeem probable that it can be extended ſo far as the algebraic method.

N° XV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Beriton.

DEAR MADAM, PARIS, February the 12th, 1763.

YOU remember our agreement,—ſhort and frequent letters. The firſt part of the treaty you have no doubt of my obſerving. I think I ought not to leave you any of the ſecond. *A propos* of treaty: our definitive one was ſigned here yeſterday, and this morning the Duke of Bridgewater and Mr. Neville went for London with the news of it. The plenipotentiaries ſat up till ten o'clock in the morning at the ambaſſador of Spain's ball, and then went to ſign this treaty, which regulates the fate of Europe.

Paris, in moſt reſpects, has fully anſwered my expectations. I have a number of very good acquaintance, which increaſe every day; for nothing is ſo eaſy as the making them here. Inſtead of complaining of the want of them, I begin already to think of making a choice. Next Sunday, for inſtance, I have only three invitations to dinner. Either in the houſes you are already acquainted,

you

you meet with people who aſk you to come and ſee them, or ſome of your friends offer themſelves to introduce you. When I ſpeak of theſe connections, I mean chiefly for dinner and the evening. Suppers, as yet, I am pretty much a ſtranger to, and I fancy ſhall continue ſo; for Paris is divided into two ſpecies, who have but little communication with each other. The one, who is chiefly connected with the men of letters, dine very much at home, are glad to ſee their friends, and paſs the evenings till about nine, in agreeable and rational converſation. The others are the moſt faſhionable, ſup in numerous parties, and always play, or rather game, both before and after ſupper. You may eaſily gueſs which ſort ſuits me beſt. Indeed, Madam, we may ſay what we pleaſe of the frivolity of the French, but I do aſſure you, that in a fortnight paſſed at Paris, I have heard more converſation worth remembering, and ſeen more men of letters among the people of faſhion, than I had done in two or three winters in London.

Amongſt my acquaintance I cannot help mentioning M. Helvetius, the author of the famous book *de l'Eſprit*. I met him at dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, where he took great notice of me, made me a viſit next day, has ever ſince treated me, not in a polite but a friendly manner. Beſides being a ſenſible man, an agreeable companion, and the worthieſt creature in the world, he has a very pretty wife, an hundred thouſand livres a year, and one of the beſt tables in Paris. The only thing I diſlike in him is his great attachment to, and admiration for, * * * *, whoſe character is indeed at Paris beyond any thing you can conceive. To the great civility of this foreigner, who was not obliged to take the leaſt notice of me, I muſt juſt contraſt the behaviour of * * * * * * *.

N° XVI.

Mr. GIBBON *to his* FATHER.

DEAR SIR, PARIS, February 24, 1763.

I RECEIVED your letter about twelve days after its date, owing, as I apprehend, to Mr. Foley's negligence. My direction is, *à Monſieur Monſieur* Gibbon, *Gentilhomme Anglois à l'Hotel de Londres, rue de Columbier, Fauxbourg St. Germains, à Paris.* You ſee I am ſtill in that part of the town; and indeed from all the intelligence I could collect, I ſaw no reaſon to change, either on account of cheapneſs or pleaſantneſs. Madame Bontems, Mrs. Mallet's friend, and a Marquis de Mirabeau, (I got acquainted with at her houſe,) have acted a very friendly part; though all their endeavours have only ſerved to convince me that Paris is unavoidably a very dear place. I am ſorry to find my Engliſh cloaths look very foreign. The French are now exceſſively long-waiſted. At preſent we are in mourning for the Biſhop of Liege, the king's uncle; and expect ſoon another of a ſingular nature, for the old Pretender, who is very ill. They mourn for him, not as a crowned head, but as a relation of the king's. I am doubtful how the Engliſh here will behave; indeed we can have no difficulties, ſince we need only follow the example of the Duke of Bedford.

I have now paſſed nearly a month in this place, and I can ſay with truth, that it has anſwered my moſt ſanguine expectations. The buildings of every kind, the libraries, the public diverſions, take up a great part of my time; and I have already found ſeveral houſes, where it is both very eaſy and very agreeable to be acquainted. Lady Harvey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a moſt excellent one. Her houſe is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wedneſday, and the beſt company of Paris, in men of letters and people of faſhion. It was at her houſe I connected myſelf with

M. Helvetius, who, from his heart, his head, and his fortune, is a moſt valuable man.

At his houſe I was introduced to the Baron d'Olbach, who is a man of parts and fortune, and has two dinners every week. The other houſes I am known in, are the Ducheſs d'Aiguillon's, Madame la Comteſſe de Froulay's, Madame du Bocage, Madame Boyer, M. le Marquis de Mirabeau, and M. de Foucemagn. All theſe people have their different merit; in ſome I meet with good dinners; in others, ſocieties for the evening; and in all, good ſenſe, entertainment, and civility; which, as I have no favours to aſk, or buſineſs to tranſact with them, is ſufficient for me. Their men of letters are as affable and communicative as I expected. My letters to them did me no harm, but were very little neceſſary. My book had been of great ſervice to me, and the compliments I have received upon it would make me inſufferably vain, if I laid any ſtreſs on them. When I take notice of the civilities I have received, I muſt take notice too of what I have ſeen of a contrary behaviour. You know how much I always built upon the Count de Caylus: he has not been of the leaſt uſe to me. With great difficulty I have ſeen him, and that is all. I do not, however, attribute his behaviour to pride, or diſlike to me, but ſolely to the man's general character, which ſeems to be a very odd one. De la Motte, Mrs. Mallet's friend, has behaved very drily to me, though I have dined with him twice. But I can forgive him a great deal, in conſideration of his having introduced me to M. d'Augny (Mrs. Mallet's ſon). Her men are generally angels or devils; but here I really think, without being very prone to admiration, that ſhe has ſaid very little too much of him. As far as I can judge, he has certainly an uncommon degree of underſtanding and knowledge, and, I believe, a great fund of honour and probity. We are very much together, and I think our intimacy ſeems to be growing into a friendſhip. Next Sunday we go to Verſailles; the king's guard is done by a detachment from

Paris, which is relieved every four days; and as he goes upon this command, it is a very good occaſion for me to ſee the palace. I ſhall not neglect, at the ſame time, the opportunity of informing myſelf of the French diſcipline.

The great news at preſent is the arrival of a very extraordinary perſon from the Iſle of France in the Eaſt Indies. An obſcure Frenchman, who was lately come into the iſland, being very ill, and given over, ſaid, that before he died he muſt diſcharge his conſcience of a great burden he had upon it, and declared to ſeveral people, he was the accomplice of Damien, and the very perſon who held the horſes. Unluckily for him, the man recovered after this declaration, was immediately ſent priſoner to Paris, and is juſt landed at Port l'Orient, from whence he is daily expected here, to unravel the whole myſtery of that dark affair. This ſtory (which at firſt was laughed at) has now gained entire credit, and I apprehend muſt be founded on real fact.

A lady of Miſs Caryll's acquaintance has deſired me to convey the incloſed letter to her. You will be ſo good as to ſend it over to Lady-holt. I hope I need ſay nothing of my ſentiments towards our friends at Beriton, nor of my readineſs to execute any of their commands here.

I am, dear Sir, moſt affectionately yours,

E. GIBBON.

N° XVII.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* HOLROYD *at* Lauſanne.

DEAR HOLROYD, BOROMEAN ISLANDS, May the 16th, 1764.

HURRY of running about, time taken up with ſeeing places, &c. &c. &c. are excellent excuſes; but I fancy you will gueſs that my lazineſs and averſion to writing to my beſt friend are the real motives, and I am afraid you will have gueſſed right.

We are at this minute in a moſt magnificent palace, in the middle of a vaſt lake; ranging about ſuites of rooms without a ſoul to interrupt us, and ſecluded from the reſt of the univerſe. We ſhall ſit down in a moment to ſupper, attended by all the Count's houſehold. This is the fine ſide of the medal: turn to the reverſe. We are got here wet to the ſkin; we have crawled about fine gardens which rain and fogs prevented our ſeeing; and if to-morrow does not hold up a little better, we ſhall be in ſome doubt whether we can ſay we have ſeen theſe famous iſlands. Guiſe ſays yes, and I ſay no. The Count is not here; we have our ſupper from a paultry hedge alehouſe, (excuſe the bull,) and the ſervants have offered us beds in the palace, purſuant to their maſter's directions.

I hardly think you will like Turin; the court is old and dull; and in that country every one follows the example of the court. The principal amuſement ſeems to be, driving about in your coach in the evening, and bowing to the people you meet. If you go while the Royal Family is there, you have the additional pleaſure of ſtopping to ſalute them every time they paſs. I had that advantage fifteen times one afternoon. We were preſented to a lady who keeps a public aſſembly, and a very mournful one it is; the few women that go to it are each taken up by their cicisbeo; and a poor Engliſhman, who can neither talk Piedmontois nor play at Faro,

ſtands by himſelf without one of their haughty nobility doing him the honour of ſpeaking to him. You muſt not attribute this account to our not having ſtaid long enough to form connections. It is a general complaint of our countrymen, except of Lord * * *, who has been engaged for about two years in the ſervice of a lady, whoſe long noſe is her moſt diſtinguiſhing fine feature. The moſt ſociable women I have met with are the king's daughters. I chatted for about a quarter of an hour with them, talked about Lauſanne, and grew ſo very free and eaſy, that I drew my ſnuff-box, rapped it, took ſnuff twice (a crime never known before in the preſence chamber), and continued my diſcourſe in my uſual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my fore finger ſtretched out *. As it might however have been difficult to keep up this acquaintance, I chiefly employ my time in ſeeing places, which fully repaid me in pleaſure the trouble of my journey. What entertained me the moſt, was the muſeum and the citadel. The firſt is under the care of a M. Bartoli, who received us, without any introduction, in the politeſt manner in the world, and was of the greateſt ſervice to us, as I dare ſay he will be to you. The citadel is a ſtupendous work; and when you have ſeen the ſubterraneous part of it, you will ſcarcely think it poſſible ſuch a place can ever be taken. As it is however a regular one, it does not pique my curioſity ſo much as thoſe irregular fortifications hewn out of the Alps, as Exiles, Feneſtrelles, and the Brunette would have done, could we have ſpared the time neceſſary. Our next ſtage from Turin has been Milan, where we were mere ſpectators, as it was not worth while to endeavour at forming connections for ſo very few days. I think you will be ſurpriſed at the great church, but infinitely more ſo at the regiment of Baden, which is in the citadel. Such ſteadineſs, ſuch alertneſs in the men, and ſuch

* This attitude continued to be characteriſtic of Mr. Gibbon. The engraving in the frontiſpiece of the Memoirs is taken from the figure of Mr. Gibbon cut with ſciſſars by Mrs. Brown thirty years after the date of this letter. The extraordinary talents of this lady have furniſhed as complete a likeneſs of Mr. Gibbon, as to perſon, face, and manner, as can be conceived; yet it was done in his abſence. S.

exactneſs in the officers, as exceeded all my expectations. Next Friday I ſhall ſee the regiment reviewed by General Serbelloni. Perhaps I may write a particular letter about it. From Milan we proceed to Genoa, and thence to Florence. You ſtare—But really we find it ſo inconvenient to travel like mutes, and to loſe a number of curious things for want of being able to aſſiſt our eyes with our tongues, that we have reſumed our original plan, and leave Venice for next year. I think I ſhould adviſe you to do the ſame.

MILAN, May 18th, 1764.

THE next morning was not fair, but however we were able to take a view of the iſlands, which, by the help of ſome imagination, we conclude to be a very delightful, though not an enchanted place. I would certainly adviſe you to go there from Milan, which you may very well perform in a day and half. Upon our return, we found Lord Tilney and ſome other Engliſh in their way to Venice. We heard a melancholy piece of news from them: Byng died at Bologna a few days ago of a fever. I am ſure you will be all very ſorry to hear it.

We expect a volume of news from you in relation to Lauſanne, and in particular to the alliance of the Ducheſs with the Frog. Is it already concluded? How does the bride look after her great revolution? Pray embrace her and the adorable, if you can, in both our names; and aſſure them, as well as all the *Spring**, that we talk of them very often, but particularly of a Sunday; and that we are ſo diſconſolate, that we have neither of us commenced cicisbeos as yet, whatever we may do at Florence. We have drank the Ducheſs's health, not forgetting the little woman on the top of Mount Cenis, in the middle of the Lago Maggiore, &c. &c. I expect ſome account of the ſaid little woman. Who is my ſucceſſor? I think * * * * had began to ſupplant me before I went. I expect your anſwer at Florence, and your perſon at Rome; which the Lord grant. Amen.

* The ſociety of young ladies mentioned in the Memoirs.

N° XVIII.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* HOLROYD *at* Berlin.

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, October 31ſt, 1765.

WHY did I not leave a letter for you at Marſeilles? For a very plain reaſon: becauſe I did not go to Marſeilles. But, as you have moſt judiciouſly added, why did not I ſend one? Humph. I own that nonpluſſes me a little. However, hearken to my hiſtory. After revolving a variety of plans, and ſuiting them as well as poſſible to time and finances, Guiſe and I at laſt agreed to paſs from Venice to Lyons, ſwim down the Rhone, wheel round the ſouth of France, and embark at Bourdeaux. Alas! At Lyons I received letters which convinced me that I ought no longer to deprive my country of one of her greateſt ornaments. Unwillingly I obeyed, left Guiſe to execute alone the remainder of our plan, paſſed about ten delicious days at Paris, and arrived in England about the end of June. Guiſe followed me about two months afterwards, as I was informed by an epiſtle from him, which, to his great aſtoniſhment, I immediately anſwered. You perceive there is ſtill ſome virtue amongſt men. *Exempli gratiâ*, your letter is dated Vienna, October 12th, 1765; it made its appearance at Beriton, Wedneſday evening, October the 29th. I am at this preſent writing, ſitting in my library, on Thurſday morning, between the hours of twelve and one. I have ventured to ſuppoſe you ſtill at Berlin; if not, I preſume you take care that your letters ſhould follow you. This ideal march to Berlin is the only one I can make at preſent. I am under command; and were I to talk of a third ſally as yet, I know ſome certain people who would think it juſt as ridiculous as the third ſally of the renowned Don Quixote. All I ever hoped for was, to be able to take

the field once more, after lying quiet a couple of years. I muſt own that your executing your tour in ſo complete a manner gives me a little ſelfiſh . If I make a ſummer's eſcape to Berlin, I cannot hope for the companion I flattered myſelf with. I am ſorry however I have ſaid ſo much; but as it is difficult to encreaſe your Honour's proper notions of your own perfections, I will e'en let it ſtand. Indeed I owed you ſomething for your account of the favourable reception my book has met with. I ſee there are people of taſte at Vienna, and no longer wonder at your liking it. Since the court is ſo agreeable, a thorough reformation muſt have taken place. The ſtiffneſs of the Auſtrian etiquette, and the haughty magnificence of the Hungarian princes, muſt have given way to more civilized notions. You have (no doubt) informed yourſelf of the forces and revenues of the empreſs. I think (however unfaſhionably) we always eſteemed her. Have you loſt or improved that opinion. Princes, like pictures to be admired, muſt be ſeen in their proper point of view, which is often a pretty diſtant one. I am afraid you will find it peculiarly ſo at Berlin.

I need not deſire you to pay a moſt minute attention to the Auſtrian and Pruſſian diſcipline. You have been bit by a mad ſerjeant as well as myſelf; and when we meet, we ſhall run over every particular which we can approve, blame, or imitate. Since my arrival, I have aſſumed the auguſt character of Major, received returns, iſſued orders, &c. &c. &c. I do not intend you ſhall have the honour of reviewing my troops next ſummer. Three fourths of the men will be recruits; and during my pilgrimage, diſcipline ſeems to have been relaxed. But I ſummon you to fulfil another engagement. Make me a viſit next ſummer. You will find here a bad houſe, a pleaſant country in ſummer, ſome books, and very little *ſtrange* company. Such a plan of life for two or three months muſt, I ſhould imagine, ſuit a man who has been for as many years ſtruck from one end of Europe to the other like a tennis-ball. At leaſt I judge of you by myſelf.

myſelf. I always loved a quiet, ſtudious, indolent life; but never enjoyed the charms of it ſo truly, as ſince my return from an agreeable but fatiguing courſe of motion and hurry. However I ſhall hear of your arrival, which can ſcarcely be ſo ſoon as January 1766, and ſhall probably have the misfortune of meeting you in town ſoon after. We may then ſettle any plans for the enſuing campaign.

En attendant, (admire me, this is the only ſcrap of foreign lingo I have imported into this epiſtle—if you had ſeen that of Guiſe to me!) let me tell you a piece of Lauſanne news. Nanette Grand is married to Lieutenant-colonel Prevot. Grand wrote to me; and by the next poſt I congratulated both father and daughter. There is exactneſs for you. The Curchod (Madame Necker) I ſaw at Paris. She was very fond of me, and the huſband particularly civil. Could they inſult me more cruelly? Aſk me every evening to ſupper; go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife—what an impertinent ſecurity! it is making an old lover of mighty little conſequence. She is as handſome as ever, and much genteeler; ſeems pleaſed with her fortune rather than proud of it. I was (perhaps indiſcreetly enough) exalting Nanette d'Illens's good luck and the fortune. What fortune? (ſaid ſhe, with an air of contempt)—not above twenty thouſand livres a-year. I ſmiled, and ſhe caught herſelf immediately.—"What airs I give myſelf in deſpiſing twenty thouſand livres a-year, "who a year ago looked upon eight hundred as the ſummit of my "wiſhes."

I muſt end this tedious ſcrawl. Let me hear from you: I think I deſerve it. Believe me, Dear Holroyd, I ſhare in all your pleaſures, and feel all your misfortunes. Poor Bolton! I ſaw it in the newſpaper. Is Ridley with you? I ſuſpect not: but if he is, aſſure him I do not forget him though he does me. Adieu; and believe me, moſt affectionately yours,

E. Gibbon Junior.

N° XIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq.* *to* J. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, April 29, 1767.

I HAPPENED to-night to ſtumble upon a very odd piece of intelligence in the St. James's Chronicle; it related to the marriage of a certain Monſieur Olroy *, formerly Captain of Huſſars. I do not know how it came into my head that this Captain of Huſſars was not unknown to me, and that he might poſſibly be an acquaintance of yours. If I am not miſtaken in my conjecture, pray give my compliments to him, and tell him from me, that I am at leaſt as well pleaſed that he is married as if I were ſo myſelf. Aſſure him, however, that though as a philoſopher I may prefer celibacy, yet as a politician I think it highly proper that the ſpecies ſhould be propagated by the uſual method; aſſure him even that I am convinced, that if celibacy is expoſed to fewer miſeries, marriage can alone promiſe real happineſs, ſince domeſtic enjoyments are the ſource of every other good. May ſuch happineſs, which is beſtowed on few, be given to him; the tranſient bleſſings of beauty, and the more durable ones of fortune, good ſenſe, and an amiable diſpoſition.

I can eaſily conceive, and as eaſily excuſe you, if you have thought mighty little this winter of your poor ruſticated friend. I have been confined ever ſince Chriſtmas, and confined by a ſucceſſion of very melancholy occupations. I had ſcarcely arrived at Beriton, where I propoſed ſtaying only about a fortnight, when a brother of Mrs. Gibbon's died unexpectedly, though after a very long and painful illneſs. We were ſcarcely recovered from the confuſion which ſuch an event muſt produce in a family, when my father was taken dan-

* The name was ſo ſpelt in the newſpapers.

geroufly

gerouſly ill, and with ſome intervals has continued ſo ever ſince. I can aſſure you, my dear Holroyd, that the ſame event appears in a very different light when the danger is ſerious and immediate; or when, in the gaiety of a tavern dinner, we affect an inſenſibility that would do us no great honour were it real. My father is now much better; but I have ſince been aſſailed by a ſevere ſtroke—the loſs of a friend. You remember, perhaps, an officer of our militia, whom I ſometimes uſed to compare to yourſelf. Indeed, the compariſon would have done honour to any one. His feelings were tender and noble, and he was always guided by them: his principles were juſt and generous, and he acted up to them. I ſhall ſay no more, and you will excuſe my having ſaid ſo much, of a man with whom you were unacquainted; but my mind is juſt now ſo very full of him, that I cannot eaſily talk, or even think, of any thing elſe. If I know you right, you will not be offended at my *weakneſs*.

What rather adds to my uneaſineſs, is the neceſſity I am under of joining our militia the day after to-morrow. Though the lively hurry of ſuch a ſcene might contribute to divert my ideas, yet every circumſtance of it, and the place itſelf, (which was that of his reſidence,) will give me many a painful moment. I know nothing would better raiſe my ſpirits than a viſit from you; the requeſt may appear unſeaſonable, but I think I have heard you ſpeak of *an uncle* you had near Southampton. At all events, I hope you will ſnatch a moment to write to me, and give me ſome account of your preſent ſituation and future deſigns. As you are now fettered, I ſhould expect you will not be ſuch a *hic et ubique* *, as you have been ſince your arrival in England. I ſtay at Southampton from the firſt to the twenty-eighth of May, and then propoſe making a ſhort viſit to town: if you are any where in the neighbourhood of it, you may depend upon ſeeing me. I ſhall then concert meaſures for ſeeing a

* The motto of the regiment called Royal Foreſters, in which Mr. Holroyd had been Captain.

little more of you next winter, than I have lately done, as I hope to take a pretty long ſpell in town. I ſuppoſe Guiſe has often fallen in your way: he has never once written to me, nor I to him: in the country we want materials, and in London we want time. I ought to recollect, that you even want time to read my unmeaning ſcrawl. Believe, however, my dear Holroyd, that it is the ſincere expreſſion of a heart entirely yours.

N° XX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, October 16, 1769.

I RECEIVED your agreeable miſſive about two days ago; and am glad to find that, after all your *errors*, you are at laſt a ſettled man. I do moſt ſincerely regret that it is not in my power to obey your immediate ſummons. Some very particular buſineſs will not at preſent permit me to be long abſent from Beriton. The ſame buſineſs will carry me to town, about the ſixth of next month, for ſome days. On my return, I do really hope and intend to ſtorm your caſtle before Chriſtmas, as I preſume you will hardly remove ſooner. I ſhould be glad to meet Cambridge; but the plain diſh of friendſhip will ſatisfy me, without the ſeaſoning of Attic wit. Do you know any thing of Guiſe? Have you no inclination to look at the Ruſſians? We have a bed at your ſervice. *Vale.*

Preſent my ſincere reſpects to thoſe who are dear to you; believe me, they are ſo to me.

N° XXI.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, PALL-MALL, Dec. 25, 1769.

SOME dæmon, the enemy of friendſhip, ſeems to have determined that we ſhall not meet at Sheffield-Place. I was fully reſolved to make amends for my lazy ſcruples, and to dine with you to-morrow; when I received a letter this day from my father, which irreſiſtibly draws me to Beriton for about ten days. The above-mentioned dæmon, though he may defer my projects, ſhall not however diſappoint them. Since you intend to paſs the winter in retirement, it will be a far greater compliment to quit active, gay, political London, than the drowſy deſart London of the holidays. But I retract. What is both pleaſing and ſincere, is above that proſtituted word *compliment*. Believe me

Moſt ſincerely yours.

A propos, I forgot the compliments of the ſeaſon, &c. &c.

N° XXII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, October 6, 1771.

I SIT down to anſwer your epiſtle, after taking a very pleaſant ride.—A ride! and upon what?—Upon a horſe.—*You lie!*—I don't.—I have got a droll little poney, and intend to renew the long forgotten practice of equitation, as it was known in the world before

the ſecond of June of the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-three. As I uſed to reaſon againſt riding, ſo I can now argue for it; and indeed the principal uſe I know in human reaſon is, when called upon, to furniſh arguments for what we have an inclination to do.

What do you mean by preſuming to affirm, that I am of no uſe here? Farmer Gibbon of no uſe? *Laſt week* I ſold all my hops, and I believe well, at nine guineas a hundred, to a very reſponſible man. Some people think I might have got more at Weyhill Fair, but that would have been an additional expence, and a great uncertainty. Our quantity has diſappointed us very much; but I think, that beſides hops for the family, there will not be leſs than 500 l.;—no contemptible ſum off thirteen ſmall acres, and two of them planted laſt year only. *This week* I let a little farm in Petersfield by auction, and propoſe raiſing it from 25l. to 35l. *per annum:* and Farmer Gibbon of no uſe?

To be ſerious; I have but one reaſon for reſiſting your invitation, and my own wiſhes; that is, Mrs. Gibbon I left nearly alone all laſt winter, and ſhall do the ſame this. She ſubmits very cheerfully to that ſtate of ſolitude; but, on ſounding her, I am convinced that ſhe would think it unkind were I to leave her at preſent. I know you ſo well, that I am ſure you will acquieſce in this reaſon; and let me make my next viſit to Sheffield-Place from town, which I think may be a little before Chriſtmas. I ſhould like to hear ſomething of the preciſe time, duration, and extent of your intended tour into Bucks. Adieu.

N° XXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq.* *to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

MOST RESPECTABLE SOUTH SAXON, BERITON, Nov. 18, 1771.

IT would ill become me to reproach a dilatory correſpondent;

Quis tulerit Gracchos de ſeditione querentes?

eſpecially when that correſpondent had given me hopes of undertaking a very troubleſome expedition for my ſole advantage. Yet thus much I may ſay, that I am obliged very ſoon to go to town upon other buſineſs, which, in that hope, I have hitherto deferred. If by next Sunday I have no anſwer, or if I hear that your journey to Denham is put off *ſine die*, or to a long day, I ſhall on Monday ſet off for London, and wait your future will with *faith*, *hope*, *and charity*. Adieu.

N° XXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq.* *to* JOHN BAKER HOLROYD *Eſq.*
Sheffield-Place.

DEAR HOLROYD, LONDON, 1772.

THE ſudden change from the ſobriety of Sheffield-Place to the irregularities of this town, and to the wicked company of Wilbraham, Clarke, Damer, &c. having deranged me a good deal, I am forced to employ one of my ſecretaries to acquaint you with a piece of news I know nothing about myſelf. It is certain, ſome extraordinary intelligence is arrived this morning from Denmark, and as certain that the levee was ſuddenly prevented by it. The particulars of

of that intelligence are variouſly and obſcurely told. It is ſaid, that the king had raiſed a little phyſician to the rank of miniſter and Ganymede; ſuch a mad adminiſtration had ſo diſguſted all the nobility, that the fleet and army had roſe, and ſhut up the king in his palace. *La Reine ſe trouve mêlée la dedans;* and it is reported that ſhe is confined, but whether in conſequence of the inſurrection, or ſome other cauſe, is not agreed. Such is the rough draft of an affair that nobody yet underſtands. *Embraſſez de ma part Madame, et le reſte de la chere famille.*

GIBBON.

Et plus bas—WILBRAHAM, Sec.

N° XXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

BOODLE'S, 10 o'clock, Monday night, Feb. 3, 1772.

I LOVE, honour, and reſpect, every member of Sheffield-Place; even my great enemy * Datch, to whom you will pleaſe to convey my ſincere wiſhes, that no *ſimpleton* may wait on him at dinner, that his wiſe papa may not ſhew him any pictures, and that his much wiſer mamma may chain him hand and foot, in direct contradiction to Magna Charta and the bill of rights.

It is difficult to write news, becauſe there is none. Parliament is perfectly quiet; and I think that Barré, who is juſt now playing at whiſt in the room, will not have exerciſe of the lungs, except, perhaps, on a meſſage much talked of, and ſoon expected, to recommend it to the wiſdom of the Houſe of Commons to provide a proper future remedy againſt the improper marriages of the younger branches of the Royal Family. The noiſe of * * * * is ſubſided, but there was ſome foundation for it. * * * * *'s expences in his bold enterprize were yet unpaid by government. The hero threat-

* The name by which the child called himſelf.

ened, aſſumed the patriot, received a ſop, and again ſunk into the courtier. As to Denmark, it ſeems now that the king, who was totally unfit for government, has only paſſed from the hands of his queen wife, to thoſe of his queen mother-in-law. * * * * is ſaid to have indulged a very *vague* taſte in her amours. She would not be admitted into the Pantheon, whence the *gentlemen proprietors* exclude all beauty, unleſs unſpotted and immaculate (tautology by the bye). *The gentlemen proprietors*, on the other hand, are friends and patrons of the leopard beauties. Advertiſing challenges have paſſed between the two great factions, and a bloody battle is expected Wedneſday night. *A propos*, the Pantheon, in point of ennui and magnificence, is the wonder of the eighteenth century and of the Britiſh empire. Adieu.

N° XXVI.

The Same to the Same.

Boodle's, Saturday night, Feb. 8, 1772.

THOUGH it is very late, and the bell tells me that I have not above ten minutes left, I employ them with pleaſure in congratulating you on the late victory of our dear mamma the Church of England. She had laſt Thurſday ſeventy-one rebellious ſons, who pretended to ſet aſide her will on account of inſanity: but two hundred and ſeventeen worthy champions, headed by Lord North, Burke, Hans Stanley, Charles Fox, Godfrey Clarke, &c. though they allowed the thirty-nine clauſes of her teſtament were abſurd and unreaſonable, ſupported the validity of it with infinite humour. By the bye, * * * * * * prepared himſelf for that holy war, by paſſing twenty-two hours in the pious exerciſe of hazard; his devotions coſt him only about 500 l. *per* hour—in all 11,000 l. * * * *

loſt

loſt 5000 l. This is from the beſt authority. I hear too, but will not warrant it, that * * * *, by way of paying his court to * * * *, has loſt this winter 12,000 l. How I long to be ruined!

There are two county conteſts, Sir Thomas Egerton and Colonel Townley in Lancaſhire, after the county had for ſome time gone a-begging. In Salop, Sir Watkin, ſupported by Lord Gower, happened by a punctilio to diſoblige Lord Craven, who told us laſt night, that he had not quite 9000 l. a-year in that county, and who has ſet up Pigot againſt him. You may ſuppoſe we all wiſh for Got Amighty againſt that black devil.

I am ſorry your journey is deferred. Compliments to Datch. As he is now in durance, great minds forgive their enemies, and I hope he may be releaſed by this time.——Coming, Sir. Adieu.

You ſee the Princeſs of W. is gone. Hans Stanley ſays, it is believed the Empreſs Queen has taken the ſame journey.

N° XXVII.

Edward Gibbon *Eſq.* *to* J. B. Holroyd *Eſq.*

DEAR HOLROYD, London, Feb. 13, 1772.

The papers and plans arrived ſafe in town laſt night, and will be in your hands in their intact virgin ſtate in a day or two. Conſider them at leiſure, if that word is known in the rural life. Unite, divide, but (above all) *raiſe*. Bring them to London with you: I wait your orders; nor ſhall I, for fear of tumbling, take a ſingle ſtep till your arrival, which, on many accounts, I hope will not be long deferred.

Clouds ſtill hover over the horizon of Denmark. The public circumſtances of the revolution are related, and, I underſtand, very exactly,

exactly, in the foreign papers. The ſecret ſprings of it ſtill remain unknown. The town indeed ſeems at preſent quite tired of the ſubject. The Princeſs's death, her character, and what ſhe left, engroſs the converſation. She died without a will; and as her ſavings were generally diſpoſed of in charity, the ſmall remains of her perſonal fortune will make a trifling object when divided among her children. Her favourite the Princeſs of B. very properly inſiſted on the king's immediately ſealing up all the papers, to ſecure her from the idle reports which would be ſo readily ſwallowed by the great Engliſh monſter. The buſineſs of Lord and Lady * * * * * is finally compromiſed, by the arbitration of the Chancellor and Lord * * * * *. He gives her 1200 l. a-year ſeparate maintenance, and 1500 l. to ſet out with: but as her Ladyſhip is now a new face, her huſband, who has already beſtowed on the public ſeventy young beauties, has conceived a violent but hopeleſs paſſion for his chaſte moiety. * * * * *

ceſs, time will diſcover. Yeſterday he reſigned the Admiralty. The ſtory is, that he could not prevail on miniſtry to join with him in his intended repeal of the marriage act, (a favourite meaſure of his father, who oppoſed it from its origin,) and that Charles very judiciouſly thought Lord Holland's friendſhip imported him more than Lord North's.

2. Yeſterday the marriage meſſage came to both Houſes of Parliament. You will ſee the words of it in the papers: and, thanks to the ſubmiſſive piety of this ſeſſion, it is hoped that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

3. To-day the Houſe of Commons was employed in a very odd way. Tommy Townſhend moved, that the ſermon of Dr. Knowell, who preached before the Houſe on the 30th of January, (*id eſt*, before the Speaker and four members,) ſhould be burnt by the common hangman, as containing arbitrary, tory, high-flown doctrines. The Houſe was nearly agreeing to the motion, till they recollected that they had already thanked the Preacher for his excellent diſcourſe, and ordered it to be printed. Knowell's bookſeller is much obliged to the Right Honourable Tommy Townſhend.

When do you come to town? I want money, and am tired of ſticking to the earth by ſo many roots. *Embraſſez de ma part*, &c. Adieu.

Ever yours.

N° XXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Beriton.

DEAR MADAM, LONDON, March 21, 1772.

I HAVE advanced with ſome care and ſome ſucceſs in gaining an idea of the Lenborough eſtate. The tenants are at will, and, from a compariſon of my rents with the neigbouring ones, particularly Lord * * * *, there is great probability that my eſtate is very much under-let. My friend Holroyd, who is a moſt invaluable counſellor, is ſtrongly of that opinion. Sir * * * * * * is juſt come home. I am ſorry to ſee many alterations, and little improvement. From an honeſt wild Engliſh buck, he is grown a *philoſopher*. Lord * * * * diſpleaſes every body by the affectation of conſequence: the young baronet diſguſts no leſs by the affectation of wiſdom. He ſpeaks in ſhort ſentences, quotes Montagne, ſeldom ſmiles, never laughs, drinks only water, profeſſes to command his paſſions, and intends to marry in five months. The two lords, his uncle, as well as * * * *, attempt to ſhew him, that ſuch behaviour, even were it reaſonable, does not ſuit this country. He remains incorrigible, and is every day loſing ground in the good opinion of the public, which at his firſt arrival ran ſtrongly in his favour. Deyverdun is probably on his journey towards England, but is not yet come.

I am, dear Madam, &c. &c. &c.

N° XXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, PALL-MALL, May 26, 1772.

I WISH you lived nearer, or even that you could paſs a week at Beriton. When ſhall you be at Richmond, or would there be any *uſe* in my going down to Sheffield for a day or two? In you alone I put my truſt, and without you I ſhould be perplexed, diſcouraged, and frightened; for not a ſingle fiſh has yet bit at the Lenborough bait.

I dined the other day with Mr. Way at Boodle's. He told me, that he was juſt going down to Sheffield Place. As he has probably unladen all the politics, and Mrs. Way all the ſcandal of the town, I ſhall for *the preſent only* ſatisfy myſelf with the needful; among which I ſhall always reckon my ſincere compliments to Madame, and my profound reſpects for Mr. Datch.

I am, dear H.

Truly yours.

It is confidently aſſerted that the Emperor and King of Pruſſia are to run for very deep ſtakes over the Poliſh courſe. If the news be true, I back Auſtria againſt the aged horſe, provided little Laudohn rides the match.

N. B. Croſſing and joſtling allowed.

N° XXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* HOLROYD, *Senior.*

MADAM, BERITON, near PETERSFIELD, HAMPSHIRE, July the 17th, 1772.

THERE is not any event which could have affected me with greater ſurpriſe and deeper concern, than the news in laſt night's paper, of the death of our poor little amiable friend Maſter Holroyd, whom I loved, not only for his parents' ſake, but for his own. Should the news be true, (for even yet I indulge ſome faint hopes,) what muſt be the diſtreſs of our friends at Sheffield! I ſo truly ſympathiſe with them, that I know not how to write to Holroyd; but muſt beg to be informed of the ſtate of the family by a line from you. I have ſome company and buſineſs here, but would gladly quit them, if I had the leaſt reaſon to think that my preſence at Sheffield would afford comfort or ſatisfaction to the man in the world whom I love and eſteem moſt. I am, Madam, your moſt obedient humble Servant, &c.

N° XXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

MY DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, July the 30th, 1772.

IT was my intention to ſet out for Sheffield as ſoon as I received your affecting letter, and I hoped to have been with you as to-day; but walking very careleſsly yeſterday morning, I fell down, and put out a ſmall bone in my ancle. I am now under the ſurgeon's hands, but think, and moſt earneſtly hope, that this little accident will not delay my journey longer than the middle of next week. I ſhare, and wiſh I could alleviate, your feelings. I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Holroyd. I am, my dear Holroyd, moſt truly yours.

N° XXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Beriton.

DEAR MADAM, SHEFFIELD-PLACE, Auguſt 7th, 1772.

I SET out at ſix yeſterday morning from Uppark, and got to Brighthelmſtone about two; a very thin ſeaſon, every body gone to Spa. In the evening I reached this place. My friend appears, as he ever will, in a light truly reſpectable; concealing the moſt exquiſite ſufferings under the ſhow of compoſure, and even cheerfulneſs, and attempting, though with little ſucceſs, to confirm the weaker mind of his partner. I find, my friend expreſſes ſo much uneaſineſs at the idea of my leaving him again ſoon, that I cannot refuſe to paſs the month here. If Mr. Scott, as I ſuppoſe, is at Beriton, he has himſelf too high a ſenſe of friendſhip not to excuſe my neglecting him. I had ſome hopes of engaging Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd to make an excurſion to Portſmouth, Iſle of Wight, Southampton, &c. in which caſe they would ſpend a few days at Beriton. A ſudden reſolution was taken laſt night in favour of the tour. We ſet out, Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd, Mr. Fauquier, and myſelf, next Thurſday, and ſhall dine at Beriton the following day, and ſtay there, moſt probably, three or four days. A farm-houſe, without either cook or houſekeeper, will afford but indifferent entertainment; but we muſt *exert*, and they muſt *excuſe*. Our tour will laſt about a fortnight; after which my friend preſſes me to return with him; and in his preſent ſituation I ſhall be at a loſs how to refuſe him.

I am, dear Madam, &c. &c. &c.

N° XXXIV.

Dr. HURD (*now Biſhop of* Worceſter) *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, THURCASTON, Auguſt 29th, 1772.

YOUR very elegant letter on the antiquity and authenticity of the book of Daniel, (juſt now received,) finds me here, if not without leiſure, yet without books, and therefore in no condition to enter far into the depths of this controverſy; which indeed is the leſs neceſſary, as every thing that relates to the ſubject will come of courſe to be conſidered by my learned ſucceſſors in the new lecture. For as the prophecies of Daniel make an important link in *that chain*, *which*, as you ſay, *has been let down from heaven to earth*, (but not by the author of the late ſermons, who brought into view only what he had not invented,) the grounds on which their authority reſts will, without doubt, be carefully examined, and, as I ſuppoſe, firmly eſtabliſhed.

But in the mean time, and to make at leaſt ſome ſmall return for the civility of your addreſs to me, I beg leave to trouble you with two or three ſhort remarks, ſuch as occur to me on reading your letter.

Your main difficulties are theſe two: 1. That the author of the book of Daniel is too clear for a prophet; as appears from his prediction of the Perſian and Macedonian affairs; and, 2. too fabulous for a contemporary hiſtorian; as is evident, you ſuppoſe, from his miſtakes, particularly in the ſixth chapter.

1. The firſt of theſe difficulties is an extraordinary one. For why may not prophecy, if the inſpirer think fit, be as clear as hiſtory? Scriptural prophecy, whence your idea of its obſcurity is

taken, is *occaſionally* thus clear, I mean after the event; and Daniel's prophecy of the revolutions in the Grecian empire, would have been obſcure enough to Porphyry himſelf before it.

But your opinion, after all, when you come to explain yourſelf, really is, as one ſhould expect, that, as a prophet, Daniel is not clear enough; for you enforce the old objection of Porphyry, by obſerving, that where a pretended prophecy is clear to a certain point of time, and afterwards obſcure and ſhadowy, there common ſenſe leads one to conclude that the author of it was an impoſtor.

This reaſoning is plauſible, but not concluſive, unleſs it be taken for granted, that a prophecy muſt, in all its parts, be equally clear and preciſe: whereas, on the ſuppoſition of real inſpiration, it may be fit, I mean it may ſuit with the views of the inſpirer, to predict ſome things with more perſpicuity, and in terms more obviouſly and directly applicable to the events in which they were fulfilled, than others. But further, this reaſoning, whatever force it may have, has no place here; at leaſt you evidently beg the queſtion when you urge it; becauſe the perſons you diſpute againſt maintain, that the ſubſequent prophecies of Daniel are equally diſtinct with thoſe preceding ones concerning the Perſian and Macedonian empires, at leaſt ſo much of them as they take to have been fulfilled; and that to judge of the reſt, we muſt wait for the concluſion of them.

However, you admit that the ſuſpicion ariſing from the cleareſt prophecy may be removed by direct poſitive evidence that it was compoſed before the event. But then you carry your notions of that evidence very far, when you require, "that the exiſtence of "ſuch a prophecy, prior to its accompliſhment, ſhould be proved "by the knowledge of its being generally diffuſed amongſt an en-"lightened nation previous to that period, and its public exiſtence "atteſted by an unbroken chain of authentic writers."

What you here claim as a matter of *right*, is, without queſtion, very deſirable, but ſhould, I think, be accepted, if it be given at all, as a

matter of *favour*. For what you deſcribe is the utmoſt evidence that the caſe admits: but what right have we in this, or any other ſubject whatever of natural or revealed religion, to the utmoſt evidence? Is it not enough that the evidence be ſufficient to induce a reaſonable aſſent? and is not that aſſent reaſonable, which is given to real evidence, though of an inferior kind, when uncontrolled by any greater? And ſuch evidence we clearly have for the authenticity of the book of Daniel, in the reception of it by the Jewiſh nation down to the time of Jeſus, whoſe appeal to it ſuppoſes and implies that reception to have been conſtant and general: not to obſerve, that the teſtimony of Jeſus is further ſupported by all the conſiderations that are alleged for his own divine character. To this evidence, which is poſitive ſo far as it goes, you have nothing to oppoſe but ſurmiſe and conjectures; that is, nothing that deſerves to be called evidence. But I doubt, Sir, you take for granted that the claim of inſpiration is never to be allowed, ſo long as there is a poſſibility of ſuppoſing that it was not given.

II. In the ſecond diviſion of your letter, which is longer, and more elaborate, than the firſt, you endeavour to ſhew that the *hiſtorical* part of the book of Daniel, chiefly that of the ſixth chapter, is falſe and fabulous, and as ſuch, confutes and overthrows the *prophetical*. What you advance on this head, is contained under *five* articles:

1. You think it ſtrange that Daniel, or any other man, ſhould be promoted to a ſecret office of ſtate, *for his ſkill in divination*.

But here, firſt, you forget that Joſeph was thus promoted for the ſame reaſon. Or, if you object to this inſtance, what ſhould hinder the promotion either of Joſeph or Daniel, (when their ſkill in divination had once brought them to the notice and favour of their ſovereign,) for what you call *mere human accompliſhments?* For ſuch

aſſuredly both theſe great men poſſeſſed, if we may believe the plain part of their ſtory, which aſſerts of Joſeph, and indeed proves, that he was in no common degree *diſcreet and wiſe;* and of Daniel, that *an excellent ſpirit was found in him*; nay, that *he had knowledge and ſkill in all learning and wiſdom*, over and above his *underſtanding in all viſions and dreams*. In ſhort, Sir, though princes of old might not make it a rule to chuſe their miniſters out of their ſoothſayers, yet neither would their being ſoothſayers, if they were otherwiſe well accompliſhed, prevent them from being miniſters. Juſt as in modern times, though churchmen have not often, I will ſuppoſe, been made officers of ſtate, even by bigotted princes, becauſe they were churchmen; yet neither have they been always excluded from ſerving in thoſe ſtations when they have been found eminently qualified for them.

2. Your next exception is, that a combination could ſcarce have been formed in the court of Babylon againſt the favourite miniſter, (though ſuch factions are common in other courts,) becauſe the courtiers of Darius *muſt have apprehended that the piety of Daniel would be aſſerted by a miraculous interpoſition;* of which they had ſeen a recent inſtance. And here, Sir, you expatiate with a little too much complacency on the ſtrange indifference which the ancient world ſhewed to the gift of miracles. You do not, I dare ſay, expect a ſerious anſwer to this charge; or if you do, it may be enough to obſerve, what I am ſure your own reading and experience muſt have rendered very familiar to you, that the ſtrongeſt belief, or conviction of the mind, perpetually gives way to the inflamed ſelfiſh paſſions; and that, when men have any ſcheme of intereſt or revenge much at heart, they are not reſtrained from purſuing it, though the ſcaffold and the axe ſtand before them in full view, and have perhaps been ſtreaming but the day before with the blood of other ſtate-criminals. I aſk not, whether miracles have ever *actually* exiſted,

exiſted, but whether you do not think that multitudes have been firmly *perſuaded* of their exiſtence; and yet their indifference about them, is a fact which I readily concede to you.

3. Your third criticiſm is directed againſt what is ſaid of *the law of the Medes and Perſians, that it altereth not;* where I find nothing to admire, but the extreme rigour of Aſiatic deſpotiſm. For I conſider this irrevocability of the law, when once promulgated by the ſovereign, not as contrived to be a check on his will, but rather to ſhew the irreſiſtible and fatal courſe of it. And this idea was ſo much cheriſhed by the deſpots of Perſia, that, rather than revoke the iniquitous law, obtained by ſurprize, for exterminating the Jews, Ahaſuerus took the part, as we read in the book of Eſther, (and as Baron Monteſquieu, I remember, obſerves,) to permit the Jews to defend themſelves againſt the execution of it; whence we ſee how conſiſtent this law is with the determination of the judges, quoted by you from Herodotus, "that it was lawful for the king to do "whatever he *pleaſed*:" for we underſtand that he did *not* pleaſe that this law, when once declared by him, ſhould be altered.

You add under this head, "May I not aſſert that the Greek "writers, who have ſo copiouſly treated of the affairs of Perſia, "have not left us the ſmalleſt veſtige of a reſtraint, equally inju-"rious to the monarch and prejudicial to the people." I have not the Greek writers by me to conſult, but a common book I chance to have at hand refers me to one ſuch veſtige, in a very eminent Greek hiſtorian, Diodorus Siculus. *Lowth's Comment. in loc.*

4. A fourth objection to the hiſtoric truth of the book of Daniel is taken, with more plauſibility, from the matter of this law, which, as you truly obſerve, was very ſtrange for the king's counſellor to adviſe, and for any deſpot whatever to enact.

But, 1. I a little queſtion whether prayer was ſo conſtant and conſiderable a part of Pagan worſhip as is ſuppoſed; and if it was not, the prejudices of the people would not be ſo much ſhocked by

this interdict as we are ready to think. Daniel indeed prayed three times a day; but the idolaters might content themſelves with praying now and then at a ſtated ſolemnity. It is clear, that when you ſpeak of *depriving men of the comforts, and prieſts of the profits, of religion*, you have Chriſtian, and even modern principles and manners in your eye: perhaps in the *comforts*, you repreſented to yourſelf a company of poor inflamed Huguenots under perſecution; and in the *profits*, the lucrative trade of popiſh maſſes. But be this as it may, it ſhould be conſidered, 2. That this law could not, in the nature of the thing, ſuppreſs all prayer, if the people had any great propenſity to it. It could not ſuppreſs *mental* prayer; it could not even ſuppreſs *bodily* worſhip, if performed, as it eaſily might be, in the night, or in ſecret. Daniel, it was well known, was uſed to pray in open day-light, and in a place expoſed to inſpection, from his uſual manner of praying; which manner, it was eaſily concluded, ſo zealous a votary as he was, would not change or diſcontinue, on account of the edict. Laſtly, though the edict paſſed for thirty days, to make ſure work, yet there was no doubt but the end propoſed would be ſoon accompliſhed, and then it was not likely that much care would be taken about the obſervance of it.

All this put together, I can very well conceive that extreme envy and malice in the courtiers might ſuggeſt the idea of ſuch a law, and that an impotent deſpot might be flattered by it. Certainly, if what we read in the third chapter be admitted, that *one* of theſe deſpots required all people, nations, and languages, to worſhip his image on pain of death, there is no great wonder that *another* of them ſhould demand the excluſive worſhip of himſelf for a month; nay, perhaps, he might think himſelf civil, and even bounteous to his gods, when he left them a ſhare of the other eleven. For as to the preſumption,

" Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe
Non poſſit, cum laudatur diis æqua poteſtas.—

5. A fifth, and what you ſeem to think the ſtrongeſt, objection to the credit of the book of Daniel is, that "no ſuch perſon as "Darius the Mede is to be found in the ſucceſſion of the Babyloniſh "princes," (you mean as given in Ptolemy's canon and the Greek writers,) "between the time of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Cyrus." In ſaying this, you do not forget or diſown what our ableſt chronologers have ſaid on the ſubject; but then you object that Xenophon's Cyaxares (to ſerve a turn) has been made to perſonate Darius the Mede; and yet that Xenophon's book, whether it be a romance or a true hiſtory, overturns the uſe which they have made of this hypotheſis.

I permit myſelf perhaps to be too much flattered by your civility in referring me to my own taſte, rather than to the authority of Cicero: but the truth is, I am much diſpoſed to agree with you, that, "if we unravel with any care the fine texture of the Cyro-"pœdia, we ſhall diſcover in every thread the Spartan diſcipline "and the philoſophy of Socrates." But then, as the judicious author choſe to make ſo recent a ſtory as that of Cyrus, and one ſo well known, the vehicle of his political and moral inſtructions, he would be ſure to keep up to the truth of the ſtory as far as might be; eſpecially in the leading facts, and in the principal perſons, as we may ſay, of the drama. This obvious rule of decorum ſuch a writer as Xenophon could not fail to obſerve; and therefore, on the ſuppoſition that his Cyropœdia is a romance, I ſhould conclude certainly that the outline of it was genuine hiſtory. But,

2. If it be ſo, you conclude that there is no ground for thinking that Darius the Mede ever reigned at Babylon, becauſe Cyaxares himſelf never reigned there.

Now, on the idea of Xenophon's book being a romance, there might be good reaſon for the author's taking no notice of the ſhort reign of Cyaxares, which would break the unity of his work, and divert the reader's attention too much from the hero of it: while yet the

the omiſſion could hardly ſeem to violate hiſtoric truth, ſince the luſtre of his hero's fame, and the real power, which, out of queſtion, he reſerved to himſelf, would make us forget or overlook Cyaxares. But, as to the fact, it ſeems no way incredible that Cyrus ſhould concede to his royal ally, his uncle, and his father-in-law, (for he was all theſe,) the *nominal* poſſeſſion of the ſovereignty; or that he ſhould *ſhare* the ſovereignty with him; or, at leaſt, that he ſhould leave the *adminiſtration*, as we ſay, in his hands at Babylon, while he himſelf was proſecuting his other conqueſts at a diſtance. Any of theſe things is ſuppoſable enough; and I would rather admit any of them than reject the expreſs, the repeated, the circumſtantial teſtimony of a not confeſſedly fabulous hiſtorian.

After all, Sir, I ſhould forfeit, I know, your good opinion, if I did not acknowledge that ſome, at leaſt, of theſe circumſtances are ſuch as one ſhould not, perhaps, expect at firſt ſight. But then ſuch is the condition of things here; and what is true in human life, is not always, I had almoſt ſaid, not often, that which was previouſly to be expected; whence an ordinary romance is, they ſay, more *probable* than the beſt hiſtory.

But ſhould any or all of theſe circumſtances convince you perfectly, that ſome degree of error or fiction is to be found in the book of Daniel, it would be too precipitate to conclude that therefore the whole book was of no authority: for, at moſt, you could but infer, that the hiſtorical part, in which thoſe circumſtances are obſerved, namely, the 6th chapter, is not genuine; juſt as you know has been judged of ſome other hiſtorical tracts which had formerly been inſerted in the book of Daniel. For it is not with theſe collections, which go under the names of the Prophets, as with ſome regularly connected ſyſtem, where a charge of falſehood, if made good againſt one part, ſhakes the credit of the whole. Fictitious hiſtories may have been joined to true prophecies, when all that bore the name of the ſame perſon, or any way related to him, came to be put together

in

in the ſame volume: but the detection of ſuch miſalliance could not affect the prophecies; certainly not thoſe of Daniel, which reſpect *the latter times;* for theſe have an intrinſic evidence in themſelves, and aſſert their own authenticity, in proportion as we ſee, or have reaſon to admit the accompliſhment of them.

And now, Sir, I have only to commit theſe haſty reflections to your candour; a virtue which cannot be ſeparated from the love of truth, and of which I obſerve many traces in your agreeable letter; and if you ſhould indulge this quality ſtill further, ſo as to conceive the poſſibility of that being *true and reaſonable*, in matters of religion, which may ſeem ſtrange, or, to ſo lively a fancy as yours, even ridiculous, you would not hurt the credit of your excellent underſtanding, and would thus remove one, perhaps a principal, occaſion of thoſe miſts which, as you complain, *hang over theſe nice and difficult ſubjects.* I am with true reſpect, SIR, yours, &c.

(Signed) R. H.

The following Fragment was found with the foregoing Letter, in Mr. GIBBON'*s handwriting.*

YOUR anſwers to my five objections againſt the 6th chapter of Daniel come next to be conſidered.

1. With regard to Daniel's promotion, I conſent to withdraw my oppoſition, and to allow the caſes of Ximenes, Wolſey, and Richlieu as parallel inſtances; though there is ſurely ſome difference between a young foreign ſoothſayer being *ſuddenly* rewarded, for the interpretation of a dream, with the government of Babylon, and a prieſt of the eſtabliſhed church, riſing gradually to the great offices of ſtate.

2. You apprehend, Sir, that my ſecond objection ſcarcely deſerves a ſerious anſwer; and that it is quite ſufficient to appeal to my own reading and experience, whether *the ſtrongeſt conviction of the mind*

does not perpetually give way to the inflamed and ſelfiſh paſſions. Since you appeal to me, I ſhall fairly lay before you the reſult of my obſervations on that ſubject. 1. It muſt be confeſſed that the drunkard often ſinks into the grave, and the prodigal into a gaol, without a poſſibility of deceiving or of checking themſelves. But they ſink by ſlow degrees; and, whilſt they indulge the ruling paſſion, attend only to the trifling moment of each guinea, or of each bottle, without calculating their accumulated weight, till they feel themſelves irretrievably cruſhed under it. 2. In moſt of the hazardous interprizes of life there is a mixture of chance and good fortune; what is called good fortune, is often the effect of ſkill: and as our vanity flatters us into an opinion of our ſuperior merit, we are neither ſurpriſed nor diſmayed by the miſcarriage of our raſh predeceſſors. *The conſpirator turns his eyes from the axe and ſcaffold, perhaps ſtill ſtreaming with blood*, to the ſucceſsful boldneſs of Sylla, of Cæſar, and of Cromwell; and convinces himſelf that on ſuch a golden purſuit it is even *prudent* to ſtake a precarious and inſipid life. We may add, that the moſt daring flights of ambition are as often the effects of neceſſity as of choice. The princes of Hindoſtan muſt either reign or periſh; and when Cæſar paſſed the Rubicon, it was ſcarcely poſſibly for him to return to a private ſtation. 3. You think, Sir, we may learn from our own experience, that an indifference concerning miracles is very compatible with a full conviction of their truth; and ſo it undoubtedly is with ſuch a conviction as we have an opportunity of obſerving.

N° XXXV.

E. GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, Oct. 13, 1772.

I AM juſt arrived, as well as yourſelf, at my *dii penates*, but with very different intention. You will ever remain a bigot to thoſe ruſtic deities; I propoſe to abjure them ſoon, and to reconcile myſelf to the catholic church of London.

I am ſo happy, ſo exquiſitely happy, at feeling ſo many mountains taken off my ſhoulders, that I can brave your indignation, and even the three-forked lightning of Jupiter himſelf. My reaſons for taking ſo unwarrantable a ſtep (approved of by Hugonin) were no unmanly deſpondency, (though it daily became more apparent how much the farm would ſuffer, both in reality and in reputation, by another year's management). *. I ſee pleaſure but not uſe in a congreſs, therefore decline it. I know nothing as yet of a purchaſer, and can only give you full and unlimited powers. If you think it neceſſary, let me know when you ſell; but, however, do as you pleaſe.

I am ſincerely glad to hear Mrs. H. is better. Still think Bath would ſuit her. She, and you too, I fear, rather want the phyſic of the mind, than of the body. Tell me ſomething about yourſelf. If, among a crowd of acquaintances, one friend can afford you any comfort, I am quite at your ſervice. Once more, adieu.

N° XXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, PALL-MALL, 11th Dec. 1772.

BY this time, I ſuppoſe you returned to the Elyſian fields of Sheffield. The country (I do not mean any particular reflections on Suſſex) muſt be vaſtly pleaſant at this time of the year! For my own part, the puniſhment of my ſins has at length overtaken me. On Thurſday the third of December, in the preſent year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-two, between the hours of one and two in the afternoon, as I was croſſing St. James's church-yard, I ſtumbled, and *again ſprained my foot;* but, alas! after two days pain and confinement, a horrid monſter, *ycleped the gout*, made me a ſhort viſit; and though he has now taken his leave, I am full of apprehenſions that he may have liked my company well enough to call again.

The parliament, after a few ſoft murmurs, is gone to ſleep, to awake again after Chriſtmas, ſafely folded in Lord North's arms. The town is gone into the country, and I propoſe *viſiting Sheffield* about Sunday ſe'nnight, if by that time I can get my houſehold preparations (I have as good as taken Lady Rous's leaſe in Bentinck-ſtreet) in any forwardneſs. Shall I *angle for Batt?* No news ſtirring, except the Ducheſs of G.'s pregnancy certainly declared. * * * * called on me the other day, and has taken my plan with him to conſider it; he ſtill wiſhes to defer to ſpring; talks of bad roads, &c. and is very abſolute. I remonſtrated, *but want to know whether I am to ſubmit.* Adieu. *Godfrey Clarke*, who is writing near me, begs to be remembered. The ſavage is going to hunt foxes in Northamptonſhire, Oxfordſhire, Glouceſterſhire, &c.

Yours ſincerely.

N° XXXVII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, BOODLE's, Ten o'Clock, Thurſday Evening, Dec. 1772.

MY ſchemes with regard to you have been entirely diſappointed. The buſineſs that called me to town was not ready before the 20th of laſt month, and the ſame buſineſs has kept me here till now. I have however a very ſtrong inclination to eat a Chriſtmas mince pie with you; and let me tell you that inclination is no ſmall compliment. What are the trees and waters of Sheffield-Place, compared with the comfortable ſmoke, lazy dinners, and inflammatory Junius's, which we can every day enjoy in town? You have ſeen the laſt Junius? He calls on the diſtant legions to march to the Capitol, and free us from the tyranny of the Prætorian guards. I cannot anſwer for the ghoſt of the *hic et ubique*, but the Hampſhire militia are determined to keep the peace for fear of a broken head. After all, do I mean to make you a viſit next week? Upon my ſoul, I cannot tell. I tell every body that I ſhall: I know that I cannot paſs the week with any man in the world with whom the pleaſure of ſeeing each other will be more ſincere or more reciprocal. Yet, *entre nous*, I do not believe that I ſhall be able to get out of this town before you come into it. At all events I look forwards, with great impatience, to Bruton-ſtreet * and the Romans †.

Believe me moſt truly yours.

* Where Mr. Holroyd's family paſſed a winter. † The Roman Club.

N° XXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, January 12, 1773.

LENBOROUGH is no more! * * * * * acted like a Jew, and I dare ſay now repents it. In his room * * * * * found me a better man, a rich, brutiſh, honeſt horſe-dealer, who has got a great fortune by ſerving the cavalry. On Thurſday he ſaw Lenborough, on Friday came to town with * * * * *, and this morning at nine o'clock we ſtruck at 20,000 l. after a very hard battle. As times go, I am not diſſatisfied. * * * * and the new Lord of Lenborough (by name * * * *) dined with me; and though we did not ſpeak the ſame language, yet by the help of ſigns, ſuch as that of putting about the bottle, the natives ſeemed well ſatisfied.

The whole world is going down to Portſmouth, where they will enjoy the pleaſures of ſmoke, noiſe, heat, bad lodgings, and expenſive reckonings. For my own part, I have firmly reſiſted importunity, declined parties, and mean to paſs the buſy week in the ſoft retirement of my *bocage* de Bentinck-ſtreet. Yeſterday the Eaſt India Company poſitively refuſed the loan: a noble reſolution, could they get money any where elſe. They are violent; and it was moved, and the motion heard with ſome degree of approbation, that they ſhould inſtantly abandon India to Lord North, Sujah Dowlah, or the Devil, if he choſe to take it.

Adieu.

N° XXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, BOODLE'S, May 11, 1773.

I AM full of worldly cares, anxious about the great twenty-fourth, plagued with the Public Advertiſer, diſtreſſed by the moſt diſmal diſpatches from Hugonin. Mrs. Lee claims a million of repairs, which will coſt a million of money.

The Houſe of Commons ſat late laſt night. Burgoyne made ſome ſpirited motions—"That the territorial acquiſitions in India "belonged to the ſtate (that was the word); that grants to the "ſervants of the company (ſuch as jaghires) were illegal; and that "there would be no true repentance without reſtitution." Wedderburne defended the nabobs with great eloquence, but little argument. The motions were carried without a diviſion; and the hounds go out again next Friday. They are in high ſpirits; but the more ſagacious ones have no idea they ſhall kill. Lord North ſpoke for the inquiry, but faintly and reluctantly. Lady * * * * * is ſaid to be in town at her mother's, and a ſeparation is unavoidable; but there is nothing certain.

Adieu.

Sincerely yours.

N° XL.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire at* Edinburgh.

DEAR HOLROYD, BENTINCK-STREET, Aug. 7, 1773.

I BEG ten thouſand pardons for not being dead, as I certainly ought to be. But ſuch is my abject nature, that I had rather live in Bentinck-ſtreet, attainted and convicted of the ſin of lazineſs, than enjoy your applauſe either at old Nick's or even in the Elyſian Fields. After all, could you expect that I ſhould honour with my correſpondence a wild barbarian of the Bogs of Erin? Had the natives intercepted my letter, the terrors occaſioned by ſuch unknown magic characters might have been fatal to you. But now you have eſcaped the fury of their hoſpitality, and are arrived among a cee-vi-leezed nation, I may venture to renew my intercourſe.

You tell me of a long liſt of dukes, lords, and chieftains of renown to whom you are introduced; were I with you, I ſhould prefer one *David* to them all. When you are at Edinburgh, I hope you will not fail to viſit the ſtye of that fatteſt of Epicurus's hogs, and inform yourſelf whether there remains no hope of its recovering the uſe of its right paw. There is another animal of *great*, though not perhaps of *equal*, and certainly not of *ſimilar* merit, one Robertſon; has he almoſt created the new world? Many other men you have undoubtedly ſeen, in the country where you are at preſent, who muſt have commanded your eſteem: but when you return, if you are not very honeſt, you will poſſeſs great advantages over me in any diſpute concerning Caledonian merit.

Boodle's and Atwood's are now no more. The laſt ſtragglers, and Godfrey Clarke in the rear of all, are moved away to their ſeveral

ſeveral caſtles; and I now enjoy, in the midſt of London, a delicious ſolitude. My library, Kenſington Gardens, and a few parties with new acquaintance who are chained to London, (among whom I reckon Goldſmith and Sir Joſhua Reynolds,) fill up my time, and the monſter *Ennui* preſerves a very reſpectful diſtance. By the bye, your friends Batt, Sir John Ruſſell, and Laſcelles, dined with me one day before they ſet off; for I ſometimes give the prettieſt little dinner in the world. But all this compoſure draws near its concluſion. About the ſixteenth of this month Mr. Eliot carries me away, and after picking up Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, ſets me down at Port Eliot: there I ſhall certainly remain ſix weeks, or, in other words, to the end of September. My future motions, whether to London, Derbyſhire, or a longer ſtay in Cornwall, (pray is not "motion to ſtay" rather in the Hibernian ſtyle?) will depend on the life of Port Eliot, the time of the meeting of parliament, and perhaps the impatience of Mr. * * * * * *, Lord of Lenborough. One of my pleaſures in town I forgot to mention, the unexpected viſit of Deyverdun, who accompanies his young lord (very young indeed!) on a two months tour to England. He took the opportunity of the Earl's going down to the Duke of * * * * * * *, to ſpend a fortnight (nor do I recollect a more pleaſant one) in Bentinck-ſtreet. They are now gone together into Yorkſhire, and I think it doubtful whether I ſhall ſee him again before his return to Leipſic. It is a melancholy reflection, that while one is plagued with acquaintance at the corner of every ſtreet, real friends ſhould be ſeparated from each other by unſurmountable bars, and obliged to catch at a few tranſient moments of interview. I deſire that you and my Lady (whom I moſt reſpectfully greet) would take your ſhare of that very new and acute obſervation, not ſo large a ſhare indeed as my Swiſs friend, ſince nature and fortune give *us* more frequent opportunities of being together. You cannot expect news from a deſart, and ſuch is

London at preſent. The papers give you the full harveſt of public intelligence; and I imagine that the eloquent nymphs of Twickenham * communicate all the tranſactions of the polite, the amorous, and the marrying world. The great pantomime of Portſmouth was univerſally admired; and I am angry at my own lazineſs in neglecting an excellent opportunity of ſeeing it. Foote has given us the Bankrupt, a ſerious and ſentimental piece, with very ſevere ſtrictures on the licence of ſcandal in attacking private characters. Adieu. Forgive and epiſtolize me. I ſhall not believe you ſincere in the former, unleſs you make Bentinck-ſtreet your inn. I fear I ſhall be gone; but Mrs. Ford † and the parrot will be proud to receive you and my Lady after your long peregrination, from which I expect great improvements. Has ſhe got the brogue upon the tip of her tongue ‡?

N° XLI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, PORT ELIOT, September 10th, 1773.

BY this time you have ſurely finiſhed your tour, touched at Edinburgh, where you found a letter, which you have not anſwered, and are now contemplating the beauties of the Weald of Suſſex. I ſhall demand a long and particular account of your peregrinations, but will excuſe it till we meet; and for the preſent expect only a ſhort memorandum of your health and ſituation, together with that of my much-honoured friend Mrs. Abigail Holroyd. A word too, if you pleaſe, concerning father and ſiſter; to

* Miſs Cambridges. † His houſekeeper.

‡ Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd made a tour to Ireland and Scotland this ſummer.

the latter I encloſe a receipt from Mrs. G. who is now with me at Port Eliot.

Blind as you accuſe me of being to the beauties of nature, I am wonderfully pleaſed with this country. Of her three dull notes, *ground*, *plants*, and *water*, Cornwall poſſeſſes the firſt and laſt in very high perfection. Think of a hundred ſolitary ſtreams peacefully gliding between amazing cliffs on one ſide, and rich meadows on the other, gradually ſwelling by the aid of the tide into noble rivers, ſucceſſively loſing themſelves in each other, and all at length terminating in the harbour of Plymouth, whoſe broad expanſe is irregularly *dotted* with two-and-forty line of battle ſhips. In plants indeed we are deficient; and though all the gentlemen now attend to poſterity, the country will for a long time be very naked. We have ſpent ſeveral days agreeably enough in little parties; but in general our time rolls away in complete uniformity. Our landlord poſſeſſes neither a pack of hounds, nor a ſtable of running horſes, nor a large farm, nor a good library. The laſt only could intereſt me; but it is ſingular that a man of fortune, who chooſes to paſs nine months of the year in the country, ſhould have none of them.

According to our preſent deſign, Mrs. G. and myſelf return to Bath about the beginning of next month. I ſhall probably make but a ſhort ſtay with her, and defer my Derbyſhire journey till another year. Sufficient for the ſummer is the evil thereof, *viz.* one diſtant country excurſion. Natural inclination, the proſecution of my great work, and the concluſion of my Lenborough buſineſs, plead ſtrongly in favour of London. However I deſire, and one always finds time for what one really deſires, to viſit Sheffield-Place before the end of October, ſhould it only be for a few days. I know ſeveral houſes where I am invited to think myſelf at home, but I know no other where I ſeem inclined to accept of the invita-

tion. I forgot to tell you, that I have declined the publication of Lord Chefterfield's Letters. The public will fee them, and upon the whole, I think, with pleafure; but the family were ftrongly bent againft it; and efpecially on Deyverdun's account, I deemed it more prudent to avoid making them my perfonal enemies.

N° XLII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Efquire to* J. HOLROYD *Efquire.*

January 1774.

I HAVE a letter from Hugonin, a *dreadful* one I believe, but it has lain four days unperufed in my drawer. Let me turn it over to you.

Fofter is playing at what he calls whift; his partner fwearing inwardly. He would write to you to-night, but he thinks he had rather write *next* poft; he will think fo a good while. Every thing public, ftill as death. Our Committee of the Catch Club has done more bufinefs this morning than all thofe of the Houfe of Commons fince their meeting. Roberts does not petition. This from the beft authority, and yet perhaps totally falfe. Hare married to Sir Abraham Hume's daughter. You fee how hard preffed I am for news. Befides, at any time, I had rather talk an hour, than write a page. Therefore adieu. I am glad to hear of your fpeedy removal. Remember Bentinck-ftreet.

N° XLIII.

The Same to the Same.

January 29th, 1774.

I AM now getting acquainted with authors, managers, &c. good company to know, but not to live with. Yeſterday I dined at the Britiſh Coffee-houſe, with Garrick, Coleman, Goldſmith, Macpherſon, John Hume, &c. I am this moment come from Coleman's Man of Buſineſs. We dined at the Shakeſpeare, and went in a body to ſupport it. Between friends, though we got a verdict for our client, his cauſe was but a bad one. It is a very confuſed miſcellany of ſeveral plays and tales; ſets out brilliantly enough, but as we advance the plot grows thicker, the wit thinner, till the lucky fall of the curtain preſerves us from total chaos.

Bentinck-ſtreet has viſited Welbeck-ſtreet. Sappho is very happy that ſhe is there yet: on Sheffield-place ſhe ſquints with regret and gratitude. Mamma conſulted me about buying coals; we cannot get any round ones. Quintus is gone to head the civil war. Of Mrs. * * * * I have nothing to ſay. I have got my intelligence for inſuring, and will immediately get the preſervative againſt fire. Foſter has ſent me eight-and-twenty pair of Paris ſilk ſtockings, with an intimation that my lady wiſhed for half-a-dozen. They are much at her ſervice; but if ſhe will look into David Hume's Eſſay on National Characters, ſhe will ſee that I durſt not offer them to a Queen of Spain. *Sachez qu'une reine d'Eſpagne n'a point de jambes.* Adieu.

N° XLIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

1774.

WE have conquered; * * * was amazed at the tempeſt juſt ready to break over his head. He does not deſire to go to law, wiſhes to live in peace, has no complaints to make, hopes for a little indulgence. *Hugouin is now in the attitude* of St. Michael trampling upon Satan; he holds him down, till Andrews has prepared *a little chain of adamant* to bind the foul fiend. In return, receive my congratulation on your Iriſh victory. Batt told me yeſteday, as from good authority, that adminiſtration deſigned a ſecond attempt this ſeſſion; but to-day I have it from much better, that they always diſcouraged it, and that it was *totally an Hibernian ſcheme.* You remark that I ſaw Batt. He paſſed two hours with me; a pleaſant man! He and Sir John Ruſſel dine with me *next week*: you will *have both their portraits; the originals are engaged.*

N° XLV.

The Same to the Same.

February 1774.

DID you get down ſafe and early? Is my lady in good ſpirits and humour? You do not deſerve that ſhe ſhould, for hurrying her away. Does Maria coquet with Divedown *? Adieu. Bentinck-ſtreet looks very diſmal. You may ſuppoſe that nothing very important can have occurred ſince you left town: but I will ſend you ſome account of America after Monday, though indeed my anxiety

* Dr. Downes.

about

about an old manor takes away much of my attention from a new continent. The mildneſs of Godfrey Clarke is rouſed into military fury; but he is an old Tory, and you only ſuppoſe yourſelf an old Whig. I alone am a true Engliſhman, Philoſopher, and Whig.

N° XLVI.

The Same to the Same.

BOODLES, Wedneſday Evening, March 16th, 1774.

I WAS this morning with * * *. He was poſitive that the attempt to ſettle the preliminaries of arbitration by letters, would lead us on to the middle of the ſummer, and that a meeting was the only practicable meaſure. I acquieſced, and we blended his epiſtle and yours into one, which goes by this poſt. If you can contrive to ſuit to it your Oxford journey, your preſence at the meeting would be received as the deſcent of a guardian angel.

Very little that is ſatisfactory has tranſpired of America. On Monday Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill to remove the cuſtoms and courts of juſtice from Boſton to New Salem; a ſtep ſo detrimental to the former town, as muſt ſoon reduce it to your own terms; and yet of ſo mild an appearance, that it was agreed to, without a diviſion, and almoſt without a debate. Something more is, however, intended, and a committee is appointed to enquire into the general ſtate of America. But adminiſtration keep their ſecret as well as that of free maſonry, and, as Coxe profanely ſuggeſts, for the ſame reaſon.

Don't you remember that in our pantheon walks we admired the *modeſt beauty* of Mrs. * * * *? *Eh bien*, alas! ſhe is * * *. You aſk me with whom? With * * * *, of the guards; both the * * * *'s; * * * *, a ſteward of * * * *'s, her firſt love, and half the town beſides. A meeting of * * * *'s friends

aſſembled about a week ago, to conſult of the beſt method of acquainting him with his frontal honours. Edmund Burke was named as the orator, and communicated the tranſaction in a moſt eloquent ſpeech.

N. B. The ſame lady, who at public dinners appeared to have the moſt delicate appetite, was accuſtomed in her own apartment to feaſt on pork-ſteaks and ſauſages, and to ſwill porter till ſhe was dead drunk. * * * is abuſed by the * * * family, has been bullied by * * *, and can prove himſelf a Cornuto, to the ſatisfaction of every one but a court of juſtice. Oh rare matrimony!

N° XLVII.

Edward Gibbon *Eſquire to* J. Holroyd *Eſquire.*

March 29th, 1774.

America. Had I written Saturday night, as I once intended, fire and ſword, oaths of allegiance and high treaſon tried in England, in conſequence of the refuſal, would have formed my letter. Lord North, however, opened a moſt lenient preſcription laſt night; and the utmoſt attempt towards a new ſettlement ſeemed to be no more than inveſting the governors with a greater ſhare of executive power, nomination of civil officers, (judges, however, for life,) and ſome regulations of juries. The Boſton port bill paſſed the Lords laſt night; ſome lively converſation, but no diviſion.

Bentinck-ſtreet. Roſe Fuller was againſt the Boſton port bill, and againſt his niece's going to Boodle's maſquerade. He was laughed at in the firſt inſtance, but ſucceeded in the ſecond. Sappho and Fanny very indifferent (as mamma ſays) about going. They ſeem of a different opinion. Adieu.

N° XLVIII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, April 2d, 1774.

YOU owe me a letter; ſo this extra goes only to acquaint you with a misfortune that has juſt happened to poor Clarke, and which he really conſiders as ſuch, the loſs of a very excellent father. The blow was ſudden; a thin little man, as abſtemious as a hermit, was deſtroyed by a ſtroke of apoplexy in his coach as he was going to dinner. He appeared perfectly well, and only two days before had very good-naturedly dined with us at a tavern, a thing he had not done for many years before. I am the only perſon Clarke wiſhes to ſee, except his own family; and I paſs a great part of the day with him. A line from you would be kindly received.

Great news, you ſee, from India. Tanjour four hundred thouſand pounds to the company. Suja Dowla ſix hundred thouſand. Adieu.

N° XLIX.

The Same to the Same.

April 13th, 1774.

AT length I am a little more at liberty. Godfrey Clarke went out of town this morning. Inſtead of going directly into Derbyſhire, where he would have been overwhelmed with viſits, &c. he has taken his ſiſter, brother, and aunts to a villa near Farnham, in which he has the happineſs of having no neighbourhood. If my eſteem and friendſhip for Godfrey had been capable of any addition, it would have been very much increaſed by the manner in which he felt

felt and lamented his father's death. He is now in very different circumſtances than before; inſtead of an eaſy and ample allowance, he has taken poſſeſſion of a great eſtate, with low rents and high incumbrances. I hope the one may make amends for the other: under your conduct I am ſure they would, and I have freely offered him your aſſiſtance, in caſe he ſhould wiſh to apply for it.

In the mean time I muſt not forget my own affairs, which ſeem to be covered with inextricable perplexity. * * *, as I mentioned about a century ago, promiſed to ſee * * * and his attorney, and to oil the wheels of the arbitration. As yet I have not heard from him. I have ſome thoughts of writing *myſelf* to the jockey, ſtating the various ſteps of the affair, and offering him, with polite firmneſs, the *immediate* choice of Chancery or arbitration.

For the time, however, I forgot all theſe difficulties, in the preſent enjoyment of Deyverdun's company; and I glory in thinking, that although my houſe is ſmall, it is juſt of a ſufficient ſize to hold my real friends, male and *female;* among the latter my Lady holds the very firſt place.

We are all quiet.—American buſineſs is ſuſpended and almoſt forgot. The other day we had a briſk report of a Spaniſh war. It was ſaid they had taken one of our Leward Iſlands. It ſince turns out, that we are the invaders, but the invaſion is trifling.

Bien obligé non (at preſent) for your invitation. I wiſh my Lady and you would come up to our maſquerade the third of May. The fineſt thing ever ſeen. We ſup in a tranſparent temple that coſts four hundred and fifty pounds.

N° L.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, April 21ſt, 1774.

I BEGIN to flag, and though you already reproach me as a bad correſpondent, I much fear that I ſhall every week become a more hardened ſinner. Beſides the occaſional obſtructions of Clarke and Deyverdun, I muſt intreat you to conſider, with your uſual candour, 1. The averſion to epiſtolary converſation, which it has pleaſed the dæmon to implant in my nature. 2. That I am a very fine gentleman, a ſubſcriber to the maſquerade, where you and my Lady ought to come, and am now writing at Boodle's, in a fine velvet coat, with ruffles of my lady's chooſing, &c. 3. That the aforeſaid fine gentleman is likewiſe an hiſtorian; and in truth, when I am writing a page, I do not only think it a ſufficient reaſon for delay, but even conſider myſelf as writing for you, and that, much more to the purpoſe than if I were ſending you the little tattle of the town, of which indeed there is none ſtirring. With regard to America, the Miniſter ſeems moderate, and the Houſe obedient.

* * *'s laſt letter, by ſome unaccountable accident, had never reached me; ſo that your's, in every inſtance, amazed me. I immediately diſpatched to him groans and approbation. * * *, however, gives me very little uneaſineſs. I ſee that he is a bully, and that I have a ſtick. But the curſed buſineſs of Lenborough, in the midſt of ſtudy, diſſipation, and friendſhip, at times almoſt diſtracts me. I am ſurely in a worſe ſituation than before I ſold the eſtate, and what diſtreſſes me is, that

His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.——

Both Deyverdun and Clarke wiſh to be remembered to you. The former, who has more taſte for the country than * * * *, could wiſh to viſit you, but he ſets out in a few days for the continent with Lord Midleton. Adieu.

N° LI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, May 4th, 1774.

LAST night was the triumph of Boodle's. Our maſquerade coſt two thouſand guineas; a ſum that might have fertiliſed a province, (I ſpeak in your own ſtyle,) vaniſhed in a few hours, but not without leaving behind it the fame of the moſt ſplendid and elegant *fête* that was perhaps ever given in a ſeat of the arts and opulence. It would be as difficult to deſcribe the magnificence of the ſcene, as it would be eaſy to record the humour of the night. The one was above, the other below, all relation. I left the Pantheon about five this morning, roſe at ten, took a good walk, and returned home to a more rational entertainment of Batt, Sir John Ruſſell, and Laſcelles, who dined with me. They have left me this moment; and were I to enumerate the things ſaid of Sheffield, it would form a much longer letter than I have any inclination to write. Let it ſuffice, that Sir John means to paſs in Suſſex the interval of the two terms. Every thing, in a word, goes on very pleaſantly, except the terreſtrial buſineſs of Lenborough. Laſt Saturday ſe'nnight I wrote to * * * *, to preſs him to ſee * * *, and urge the arbitration. He has not *condeſcended* to anſwer me. All is a dead calm, ſometimes more fatal than a ſtorm. For God's ſake ſend me advice.

Adieu.

N° LII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, BOODLE'S, May 24th, 1774.

DO you remember that there exiſts in the world one Edward G ibbon, a houſekeeper in Bentinck-ſtreet? If the ſtandard of writing and of affection were the ſame, I am ſure he would ill-deſerve it. I do not wiſh to diſcover, how many days (I am afraid I ought to uſe another word) have elapſed ſince the date of my laſt, or even of your laſt letter, and yet ſuch is the ſluggiſh nature of the beaſt, that I am afraid nothing but the arrival of Mrs. Bonfoy, and the expectation of Mr. Eliot, could have rouſed me from my lethargy. The Lady gave me great ſatisfaction, by her general account of your health and ſpirits, but communicated ſome uneaſineſs, by the mention of a little encounter, in the ſtyle of one of Don Quixote's, but which proved, I hope, as trifling as you at firſt imagined it. For my own part, I am well in mind and body, buſy with my books, (which may perhaps produce ſomething next year, either to tire or amuſe the world,) and every day more ſatisfied with my preſent mode of life, which I always believed was calculated to make me happy. My only remaining uneaſineſs is Lenborough, which is not terminated. By Holroyd's advice, I rather try what may be obtained by a little more patience, than ruſh at once into the horrors of Chancery. But let us talk of ſomething elſe. Mrs. Porten grows younger every day. You remember, I think, in Newman-ſtreet, an agreeable woman, Miſs W * * * *. The Under-ſecretary is ſeriouſly in love with her, and ſeriouſly uneaſy that his precarious ſituation precludes him from happineſs. We ſhall ſoon ſee which will get the better, love or reaſon. I bet three to two on love.

Gueſs my ſurpriſe, when Mrs. Gibbon of Northamptonſhire ſuddenly communicated her arrival. I immediately went to Surrey-ſtreet, where ſhe lodged, but though it was no more than half an hour after nine, the Saint had finiſhed her evening devotions, and was already retired to reſt. Yeſterday morning (by appointment) I breakfaſted with her at eight o'clock, dined with her to-day at two in Newman-ſtreet, and am juſt returned from ſetting her down. She is, in truth, a very great curioſity: her dreſs and figure exceed any thing we had at the maſquerade: her language and ideas belong to the laſt century. However, in point of religion ſhe was rational; that is to ſay, ſilent. I do not believe that ſhe aſked a ſingle queſtion, or ſaid the leaſt thing concerning it. To me ſhe behaved with great cordiality, and *in her way* expreſſed a great regard.

Mrs. Porten tells me, that ſhe has juſt written to you. She ought to go to a maſquerade once a year. Did you think her ſuch a girl?

I am, dear Madam, moſt truly yours.

N° LIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

BOODLE'S, May 24th, 1774.

I WROTE three folio pages to you this morning, and yet you complain. Have reaſon, and have mercy; conſider all the excellent reaſons for ſilence which I gave you in one of my laſt, and expect my arrival in Suſſex, when I ſhall talk more in a quarter of an hour than I could write in a day. *A propos* of that arrival; never pretend to allure me, by painting in odious colours the duſt of London. I love the duſt, and whenever I move into the Weald, it is to viſit

you and my Lady, and not your trees. About this-day-month I mean to give you *a viſitation*. I leave it to Guiſe, Clarke, and the other light horſe, to prance down for a day or two. They all talk of mounting, but will not fix the day. Sir John Ruſſell, whom I ſalute, has brought you, I ſuppoſe, all the news of Verſailles. Let me only add, that the Meſdames, by attending their father, have both got the ſmall-pox. I can make nothing of * * *, or his lawyer. You will ſwear at the ſhortneſs of this letter.—Swear.

N° LIV.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Evening, Auguſt 27th, 1774.

BY your ſubmiſſion to the voice of reaſon, you eaſed me of a heavy load of anxiety. I did not like your enterpriſe. * * * * * * * * * *. As to papers, I will ſhew you that I can keep them ſafe till we meet. What think you of the Turks and Ruſſians? Romanzow is a great man. He wrote an account of his amazing ſucceſs to Mouſkin Pouſkin here, and declared his intention of retiring as ſoon as he had conducted the army home; deſiring that Pouſkin would ſend him the beſt plan he could procure of an Engliſh gentleman's farm. In his anſwer, Pouſkin promiſed to get it; but added, that at the ſame time he ſhould ſend the Empreſs *a plan of Bleuheim*. A handſome compliment, I think. My Lady and Maria, as uſual.

N° LV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to* J. HOLROYD *Esquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, Sept. 10th, 1774.

SINCE Heberden is returned, I think the road lies plain before you, I mean the turnpike road; the only party which in good ſenſe can be embraced is, without delay, to bring my Lady to Bentinck-ſtreet, where you may inhabit two or three nights, and have any advice (Turton, Heberden, &c.) which the town may afford, in a caſe that moſt aſſuredly ought not to be trifled with. Do this as you value our good opinion. The Cantabs are ſtrongly in the ſame ſentiments. There can be no apprehenſions of late hours, &c. as none of Mrs. H.'s raking acquaintance are in town. * * * * * You give me no account of the works. When do you inhabit the library? *Turn over---great things await you.*

It is ſurely infinite condeſcenſion for a ſenator to beſtow his attention on the affairs of a juryman. A ſenator? Yes, Sir, at laſt

——*Quod . . . . Divûm promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en attulit ultro.——

Yeſterday morning, about half an hour after ſeven, as I was deſtroying an army of Barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door, and my friend * * * * * was ſoon introduced. After ſome idle converſation he told me, that if I was deſirous of being in parliament, he had an *independent* ſeat very much at my ſervice. * * * * This is a fine proſpect opening upon me, and if next ſpring I ſhould take my ſeat, and publiſh my book, it will be a very memorable æra in my life. I am ignorant whether my borough will be * * *. You deſpiſe boroughs, and fly at nobler game. Adieu.

N° LVI.

The Same to the Same.

December 2d, 1774.

I SEND you incloſed a diſmal letter from Hugonin. Return it without delay, with obſervations. A manifeſto has been ſent to * * *, which muſt, I think, produce immediate peace or war. Adieu. We ſhall have a warm day on the addreſs next Monday. A number of young members! Whitſhed, *a dry man*, aſſured me, that he heard one of them aſk, whether the king always ſat in that chair, pointing to the Speaker's. Adieu.

N° LVII.

The Same to the Same.

Boodle's, Jan. 31ſt, 1775.

SOMETIMES people do not write becauſe they are too idle, and ſometimes becauſe they are too buſy. The former was uſually my caſe, but at preſent it is the latter. The fate of Europe and America ſeems fully ſufficient to take up the time of one man; and eſpecially of a man who gives up a great deal of time for the purpoſe of public and private information. I think I have ſucked Mauduit and Hutcheſon very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable ſpeaker. At all events, I fancy I ſhall try to expoſe myſelf.

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam?

For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our ſide, and that, though the effort may be accompanied with ſome melancholy circumſtances, we are now arrived at the deciſive moment of preſerving, or of loſing for ever,

both our trade and empire. We expect next Thurſday or Friday to be a very great day. Hitherto we have been chiefly employed in reading papers, and rejecting petitions. Petitions were brought from London, Briſtol, Norwich, &c. framed by party, and deſigned to delay. By the aid of ſome parliamentary quirks, they have been all referred to a ſeparate inactive committee, which Burke calls a committee of oblivion, and are now conſidered as dead in law. I could write you fifty little Houſe of Commons ſtories, but from their number and nature they ſuit better a conference than a letter. Our general diviſions are about two hundred and fifty to eighty or ninety. Adieu.

N° LVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, LONDON, Jan. 31ſt, 1775.

AN idle man has no time, and a buſy man very little. As yet the Houſe of Commons turns out very well to me, and though it ſhould never prove of any real benefit to me, I find it at leaſt a very agreeable coffee-houſe. We are plunging every day deeper and deeper into the great buſineſs of America; and I have hitherto been a zealous, though ſilent, friend to the cauſe of government, which, *in this inſtance*, I think the cauſe of England. I paſſed about ten days, as I deſigned, at Uppark. I found Lord * * * and fourſcore fox-hounds.

The troubles of Beriton are perfectly compoſed, and the inſurgents reduced to a ſtate, though not a temper of ſubmiſſion. You may ſuppoſe I heard a great deal of Petersfield. L* * * * * means to convict your friend of bribery, to tranſport him for uſing a ſecond time old ſtamps, and to prove that Petersfield is ſtill a part of the manor of Beriton. I remain an impartial ſpectator. I am, dear Madam, moſt truly yours.

N° LIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

February 8th, 1775.

I AM not d——d, according to your charitable wiſhes, becauſe I have not acted; there was ſuch an inundation of ſpeakers, young ſpeakers in every ſenſe of the word, both on Thurſday in the grand committee, and Monday on the report to the Houſe, that neither Lord George Germaine nor myſelf could find room for a ſingle word. The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on the oppoſite ſides; the latter diſplayed his uſual talents; the former, taking the vaſt compaſs of the queſtion before us, diſcovered powers for regular debate, which neither his friends hoped, nor his enemies dreaded. We voted an addreſs, (three hundred and four to one hundred and five,) of lives and fortunes, declaring Maſſachuſſets Bay in a ſtate of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of ten thouſand men at Boſton; three generals, Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. In a few days we ſtop the ports of New England. I cannot write volumes; but I am more and more convinced, that with firmneſs all may go well; yet I ſometimes doubt. I am now writing with ladies, (Sir S. Porten and his bride,) and two card-tables, in the library. As to my ſilence, judge of my ſituation by laſt Monday. I am on the Grenvillian committee of Downton. We always ſit from ten to three and a half; after which, that day, I went into the Houſe, and ſat till three in the morning. Adieu.

N° LX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

February 25th, 1775

WE go on with regard to America, if we can be ſaid to go on; for on laſt Monday a conciliatory motion of allowing the Colonies to tax themſelves, was introduced by Lord North, in the midſt of lives and fortunes, war and famine. We went into the Houſe in confuſion, every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into rebellion againſt thoſe meaſures. Lord North roſe ſix times to appeaſe the ſtorm, but all in vain; till at length Sir Gilbert declared for adminiſtration, and the troops all rallied under their proper ſtandard. On Wedneſday we had the Middleſex election. I was a patriot; ſat by the Lord Mayor, who ſpoke well, and with temper, but before the end of the debate fell faſt aſleep. I am ſtill a mute; it is more tremendous than I imagined; the great ſpeakers fill me with deſpair, the bad ones with terror.

When do you move? My Lady anſwered like a woman of ſenſe, ſpirit, and good nature. Neither ſhe nor I could bear it. She was right, and the Ducheſs of Braganza would have made the ſame anſwer.

Adieu.

N° LXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON.

DEAR MADAM, March 30th, 1775.

I HARDLY know how to take up the pen. I talked in my laſt of two or three poſts, and I am almoſt aſhamed to calculate how many have elapſed. I will endeavour for the future to be leſs ſcandalous. Only believe that my heart is innocent of the lazineſs of my hand. I do not mean to have recourſe to the ſtale and abſurd excuſe of buſineſs, though I have really had a very conſiderable hurry of new parliamentary buſineſs: one day, for inſtance, of ſeventeen hours, from ten in the morning till between three and four the next morning. It is, upon the whole, an agreeable improvement in my life, and forms juſt the mixture of buſineſs, of ſtudy, and of ſociety, which I always imagined I ſhould, and now find I do like. Whether the Houſe of Commons may ever prove of benefit to myſelf or country, is another queſtion. As yet I have been mute. In the courſe of our American affairs, I have ſometimes had a wiſh to ſpeak, but though I felt tolerably prepared as to the matter, I dreaded expoſing myſelf in the manner, and remained in my ſeat ſafe, but inglorious. Upon the whole, (though I ſtill believe I ſhall try,) I doubt whether Nature, not that in ſome inſtances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an orator, and I feel that I came into parliament much too late to exert them. Do you hear of Port Eliot coming to Bath? and, above all, do you hear of Charles-ſtreet * coming to Bentinck-ſtreet, in its way to Eſſex, &c.

Adieu. Dear Madam,

I am moſt truly yours.

* Mrs. Gibbon's reſidence at Bath.

N° LXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON.

DEAR MADAM, HOUSE of COMMONS, May 2d, 1775.

I ACCEPT of the Pomeranian Lady with gratitude and pleaſure, and ſhall be impatient to form an acquaintance with her. My preſentations at St. James's paſſed graciouſly. My dinner at Twickenham was attended with leſs ceremony and more amuſement. If they turned out Lord North to-morrow, they would ſtill leave him one of the beſt companions in the kingdom. By this time I ſuppoſe the Eliots are with you. I am ſure you will ſay every thing kind and proper on the occaſion. I am glad to hear of the approbation of my conſtituents for my vote on the Middleſex election. On the ſubject of America, I have been ſomething more of a courtier. You know, I ſuppoſe, that Holroyd is juſt ſtepped over to Ireland for a fortnight. He paſſed three days with me on his way. Deyverdun had left me juſt before your letter arrived, which I ſhall ſoon have an opportunity of conveying to him. Though, I flatter myſelf, he broke from me with ſome degree of uneaſineſs, the engagement could no, be declined. At the end of four years he has an annuity of one hundred pounds for life, and may for the remainder of his days enjoy a decent independence in that country, which a philoſopher would perhaps prefer to the reſt of Europe. For my own part after the hurry of the town and of parliament, I am now retired to my villa in Bentinck-ſtreet, which I begin to find a very pleaſing ſolitude, at leaſt as well as if it were two hundred miles from London; becauſe when I am tired of the Roman Empire, I can laugh away the evening at Foote's theatre, which I could not do in Hampſhire or Cornwall. I am, dear Madam, moſt truly yours.

N° LXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, Auguſt 1ſt, 1775.

YOUR apprehenſions of a precipitate work, &c. are perfectly groundleſs. I ſhould be much more addicted to a contrary extreme. The *head* is now printing: true, but it was written laſt year and the year before. The firſt chapter has been compoſed *de nouveau three times*; the ſecond *twice*, and all the others have undergone reviews, corrections, &c. As to the tail, it is perfectly formed and digeſted, (and were I ſo much given to ſelf-content and haſte,) it is almoſt all written. The eccleſiaſtical part, for inſtance, is written out in fourteen ſheets, which I mean to *refondre* from beginning to end. As to the friendly critic, it is very difficult to find one who has leiſure, candour, freedom, and knowledge ſufficient. However, Batt and Deyverdun have read and obſerved. After all, the public is the beſt critic. I print no more than five hundred copies of the firſt edition; and the ſecond (as it happens frequently to my betters) may receive many improvements. So much for Rome. We have nothing new from America. But I can venture to aſſure you, that adminiſtration is now as unanimous and decided as the occaſion requires. Something will be done this year; but in the Spring the force of the country will be exerted to the utmoſt. Scotch Highlanders, Iriſh Papiſts, Hanoverians, Canadians, Indians, &c. will all in various ſhapes be employed. Parliament meets the firſt week in November. I think his Catholic Majeſty may be ſatisfied with his Summer's amuſement. The Spaniards fought with great bravery, and made a fine retreat; but our Algerine friends ſurpaſſed them as much in conduct as in number. Adieu.

The Ducheſs has ſtopped Foote's piece. She ſent for him to Kingſton-houſe, and threatened, bribed, argued, and wept for about two hours. He aſſured her, that if the Chamberlain was obſtinate, he ſhould publiſh it, with a dedication to her Grace.

N° LXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, LONDON, Auguſt, 1775.

WILL you accept my preſent literary buſineſs as an excuſe for my not writing? I think you will be in the wrong if you do, ſince I was juſt as idle before. At all events, however, it is better to ſay three words, than to be totally a dumb dog. *A propos* of dog, but not of dumb: your Pomeranian is the comfort of my life; pretty, impertinent, fantaſtical, all that a young lady of faſhion ought to be. I flatter myſelf that our paſſion is reciprocal. I am juſt at preſent engaged in a great hiſtorical work; no leſs than a Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; with the firſt volume of which I may very poſſibly oppreſs the public next winter. It would require ſome pages to give a more particular idea of it; but I ſhall only ſay in general, that the ſubject is curious, and never yet treated as it deſerves; and that during ſome years it has been in my thoughts, and even under my pen. Should the attempt fail, it muſt be by the fault of the execution.

Adieu. Dear Madam, believe me moſt truly yours.

N° LXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, October 14th, 1775.

I SEND you two pieces of intelligence from the beſt authority, and which, unleſs you hear them from ſome other quarter, I do not wiſh you ſhould talk much about. 1ſt, When the Ruſſians arrive, (if they refreſh themſelves in England or Ireland,) will you go and ſee their camp? We have great hopes of getting a body of theſe Barbarians. In conſequence of ſome very plain advances, King George, with his own hand, wrote a very polite epiſtle to ſiſter Kitty, requeſting her friendly aſſiſtance. Full powers and inſtructions were ſent at the ſame time to Gunning, to agree for any force between five, and twenty thouſand men, *carte blanche* for the terms; on condition, however, that they ſhould ſerve, not as auxiliaries, but as mercenaries, and that the Ruſſian general ſhould be abſolutely under the command of the Britiſh. They daily and hourly expect a meſſenger, and hope to hear that the buſineſs is concluded. The worſt of it is, that the Baltic will ſoon be frozen up, and that it muſt be late next year before they can get to America. 2. In the mean time we are not quite eaſy about Canada; and even if it ſhould be ſafe from an attack, we cannot flatter ourſelves with the expectation of bringing down that martial people on the Back Settlements. The prieſts are ours; the gentlemen very prudently wait the event, and are diſpoſed to join the ſtronger party; but the ſame lawleſs ſpirit and impatience of government which have infected our Colonies, are gone forth among the Canadian peaſants, over whom, ſince the conqueſt, the nobleſſe have loſt much of their ancient influence. Another thing which will pleaſe and ſurpriſe, is the aſſurance which

I received from a man who might tell me a lie, but who could not be miſtaken, that no arts, no management whatſoever, have been uſed to procure the addreſſes which fill the Gazette, and that Lord North was as much ſurpriſed at the firſt that came up, as we could be at Sheffield. We ſhall have, I ſuppoſe, ſome briſk ſkirmiſhing in parliament, but the buſineſs will ſoon be decided by our ſuperior weight of fire. *A propos*, I believe there has been ſome vague but ſerious converſation about *calling out the militia*. The new levies go on very ſlowly in Ireland. The Diſſenters, both there and here, are violent and active. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria.

N° LXVI.

GEORGE LEWIS SCOTT *Eſquire to* EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire.*

DEAR SIR, December 29th, 1775.

I AM obliged to you for the liberty of peruſing part of your work. What I have read, has given me a great deal of pleaſure. I have found but few ſlips of the preſs, or the pen.

The ſtyle of the work is clear, and every way agreeable; and I dare ſay you will be thought to have written with all due moderation and decency with reſpect to received (at leaſt once received) opinions. The notes and quotations will add not a little to the value of the work. The authority of French writers, ſo familiar to you, has not infected you, however, with the fault of ſuperficial and careleſs quotations. I find, ſince I ſaw you, that I muſt be in the chair at the Exciſe Office to-morrow; which ſervice will confine me too much for a week, to permit me to wait upon you ſo ſoon as I could wiſh.

I am very truly, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient and moſt humble Servant.

N° LXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

LONDON, January 18th, 1776.

HOW do you do? Are you alive? Are you buried under mountains of ſnow? I write merely to triumph in the ſuperiority of my own ſituation, and to rejoice in my own prudence, in not going down to Sheffield-place, as I ſeriouſly, but fooliſhly, intended to do laſt week. We proceed triumphantly with the Roman Empire, and ſhall certainly make our appearance before the end of next month. I have nothing public. You know we have got eighteen thouſand Germans from Heſſe, Brunſwick, and Heſſe Darmſtadt. I think our meeting will be lively; a ſpirited minority, and a deſponding majority. The higher people are placed, the more gloomy are their countenances, the more melancholy their language. You may call this cowardice, but I fear it ariſes from their knowledge (a late knowledge) of the difficulty and magnitude of the buſineſs. Quebec is not *yet* taken. I hear that Carleton is determined never to capitulate with rebels. A glorious reſolution, if it were ſupported with fifty thouſand men! Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria. Make my excuſes to the latter, for having neglected her birth-day.

N° LXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

January 29th, 1776.

HARES, &c. arrived ſafe; were received with thanks, and devoured with appetite. Send more *(id eſt)* of hares. I believe, in my laſt I forgot ſaying any thing of the ſon of Fergus; his letters reached him. What think you of the ſeaſon? Siberia, is it not? A pleaſant campaign in America. I read and pondered your laſt, and think that, in the place of Lord G. G. you might perhaps ſucceed;

but I much fear that our Leaders have not a genius which can act at the diſtance of three thouſand miles. You know, that a large draught of guards are juſt going to America; poor dear creatures! We are met; but no buſineſs. Next week may be buſy; Scotch militia, &c. Roman Empire (firſt part) will be finiſhed in a week, or fortnight. At laſt, I have heard Texier; wonderful! Embrace my Lady. The weather too cold to turn over the page. Adieu.

Since this, I received your laſt, and honour your care of the old women; a reſpectable name, which, in ſpite of my Lady, may ſuit Judges, Biſhops, Generals, &c. I am rejoiced to hear of Maria's inoculation. I know not when you have done ſo wiſe a thing. You may depend upon getting an excellent houſe. Adieu.

N° LXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, February 9th, 1776.

YOU are miſtaken about your dates. It is to-morrow *ſeven-night*, the ſeventeenth, that my book will decline into the world.

I am glad to find, that by degrees you begin to underſtand the advantage of a civilized city. Adieu. No public buſineſs; parliament has ſat every day, but we have not had a ſingle debate. I think you will have *the book* on Monday. The parent is not forgot, though I had not a ſingle one to ſpare.

N° LXX.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. ROBERTSON *to Mr.* STRAHAN, *dated* Edinburgh College, March 15, 1776.

* * * * SINCE my laſt I have read Mr. Gibbon's Hiſtory with much attention, and great pleaſure. It is a work of very high merit indeed. He poſſeſſes that induſtry

of reſearch, without which no man deſerves the name of an Hiſtorian. His narrative is perſpicuous and intereſting; his ſtyle is elegant and forcible, though in ſome paſſages I think rather too laboured, and in others too quaint. But theſe defects are amply compenſated by the beauty of the general flow of language, and a very peculiar happineſs in many of his expreſſions. I have traced him in many of his quotations, (for experience has taught me to ſuſpect the accuracy of my brother pen-men,) and I find he refers to no paſſage but what he has ſeen with his own eyes. I hope the book will be as ſucceſsful as it deſerves to be. I have not yet read the two laſt chapters, but am ſorry, from what I have heard of them, that he has taken ſuch a tone in them as will give great offence, and hurt the ſale of the book.

N° LXXI.

Mr. FERGUSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, EDINBURGH, March 19th, 1776.

I RECEIVED, about eight days ago, after I had been reading your Hiſtory, the copy which you have been ſo good as to ſend me, and for which I now trouble you with my thanks. But even if I had not been thus called upon to offer you my reſpects, I could not have refrained from congratulating you on the merit, and undoubted ſucceſs, of this valuable performance. The perſons of this place whoſe judgment you will value moſt, agree in opinion, that you have made a great addition to the claſſical literature of England, and given us what Thucydides propoſed leaving with his own countrymen, a *poſſeſſion in perpetuity*. Men of a certain modeſty and merit always exceed the expectations of their friends; and it is with very great pleaſure I tell you, that although you muſt have obſerved in me every mark of conſideration and regard, that this is, nevertheleſs, the caſe, I receive your inſtruction, and ſtudy your model,

with great deference, and join with every one elſe, in applauding the extent of your plan, in hands ſo well able to execute it. Some of your readers, I find, were impatient to get at the fifteenth chapter, and began at that place. I have not heard much of their criticiſm, but am told that many doubt of your orthodoxy. I wiſh to be always of the charitable ſide, while I own you have proved that the cleareſt ſtream may become foul when it comes to run over the muddy bottom of human nature. I have not ſtayed to make any particular remarks. If any ſhould occur on the ſecond reading, I ſhall not fail to lay in my claim to a more needed, and more uſeful admonition from you, in caſe I ever produce any thing that merits your attention. And am, with the greateſt reſpect, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged, and moſt humble Servant,

ADAM FERGUSON.

N° LXXII.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. DAVID HUME *to Mr.* STRAHAN, *dated* Edinburgh, April *8th*, 1776.

* * * * * I AM very much taken with Mr. Gibbon's Roman Hiſtory, which came from your preſs, and am glad to hear of its ſucceſs. There will no books of reputation now be printed in London but through your hands and Mr. Cadell's. The Author tells me, that he is already preparing a ſecond edition. I reſolved to have given him my advice with regard to the manner of printing it; but as I am now writing to you, it is the ſame thing. He ought certainly to print the number of the chapter at the head of the margin; and it would be better if ſomething of the contents could alſo be added. One is alſo plagued with his notes, according to the preſent method of printing the book: when a note is announced, you turn to the end of the volume; and there you often

often find nothing but a reference to an authority. All theſe authorities ought only to be printed at the margin, or the bottom of the page. I deſire a copy of my new edition ſhould be ſent to Mr. Gibbon; as wiſhing that gentleman, whom I ſo highly value, ſhould peruſe me in a form the leaſt imperfect to which I can bring my work.

* * * * * Dr. Smith's performance is another excellent work that has come from your preſs this winter; but I have ventured to tell him, that it requires too much thought to be as popular as Mr. Gibbon's.

N° LXXIII.

Mr. Ferguson *to Mr.* Gibbon.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, April 18th, 1776.

I should make ſome apology for not writing you ſooner an anſwer to your obliging letter: but if you ſhould honour me frequently with ſuch requeſts, you will find, that, with very good intentions, I am a very dilatory and irregular correſpondent. I am ſorry to tell you, that our reſpectable friend † is ſtill declining in his health; he is greatly emaciated, and loſes ſtrength. He talks familiarly of his near proſpect of dying. His mother, it ſeems, died under the ſame ſymptoms; and it appears ſo little neceſſary, or proper, to flatter him, that no one attempts it. I never obſerved his underſtanding more clear, or his humour more pleaſant and lively. He has a great averſion to leave the tranquillity of his own houſe, to go in ſearch of health among inns and hoſtlers. And his friends here gave way to him for ſome time; but now think it neceſſary that he ſhould make an effort to try what change of place and air, or any thing elſe Sir John Pringle may adviſe, can do for

† Mr. Hume.

him.

him. I left him this morning in the mind to comply in this article, and I hope that he will be prevailed on to ſet out in a few days. He is juſt now ſixty-five.

I am very glad that the pleaſure you give us recoils a little on yourſelf, through our feeble teſtimony. I have, as you ſuppoſe, been employed, at any intervals of leiſure or reſt I have had for ſome years, in taking notes, or collecting materials, for a Hiſtory of the diſtractions that broke down the Roman Republic, and ended in the eſtabliſhment of Auguſtus and his immediate ſucceſſors. The compliment you are pleaſed to pay, I cannot accept of, even to my ſubject. Your ſubject now appears with advantages it was not ſuppoſed to have had; and I ſuſpect that the magnificence of the mouldering ruin will appear more ſtriking, than the ſame building when the view is perplexed with ſcaffolding, workmen, and diſorderly lodgers, and the ear is ſtunned with the noiſe of deſtructions and repairs, and the alarms of fire. The night which you begin to deſcribe is ſolemn, and there are gleams of light ſuperior to what is to be found in any other time. I comfort myſelf, that as my trade is the ſtudy of human nature, I could not fix on a more intereſting corner of it, than the end of the Roman Republic. Whether my compilations ſhould ever deſerve the attention of any one beſides myſelf, muſt remain to be determined after they are farther advanced. I take the liberty to trouble you with the incloſed for Mr. Smith, whoſe uncertain ſtay in London makes me at a loſs how to direct for him. You have both ſuch reaſon to be pleaſed with the world juſt now, that I hope you are pleaſed with each other.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble Servant,

ADAM FERGUSON.

N° LXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

LONDON, May 20th, 1776.

I AM angry that you ſhould impede my noble deſigns of viſiting foreign parts, more eſpecially as I have an advantage which Sir Wilful had not, that of underſtanding your foreign lingos. With regard to Mrs. Gibbon, her intended viſit, to which I was not totally a ſtranger, will do me honour; and, though it ſhould delay my emigration till the end of July, there will ſtill remain the months of Auguſt, September, and October. Above all, abſtain from giving the leaſt hint to any Bath correſpondent, and perhaps, if I am not provoked by oppoſition, the thing may not be abſolutely certain. At all events, you may depend on a previous viſit. At preſent, I am very buſy with the Neckers. I live with her, juſt as I uſed to do twenty years ago, laugh at her Paris varniſh, and oblige her to become a ſimple reaſonable Suiſſeſſe. The man who might read Engliſh huſbands' leſſons of proper and dutiful behaviour, is a ſenſible good-natured creature. In about a fortnight I launch again into the world in the ſhape of a quarto volume. Cadell aſſures me, that he never remembered ſo eager and impatient a demand for a ſecond edition. The town is beginning to break up; the day after to-morrow we have our laſt day in the Houſe of Commons, to inquire into the inſtructions of the commiſſioners. I like the man, and the motion appears plain. Adieu. I dined with Lord Palmerſtone to-day; great dinner of catches. I embrace my Lady and the Maria.

N° LXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

To tell you any thing of the change, or rather changes, of governors, I muſt have known ſomething of them myſelf; but all is darkneſs, confuſion, and uncertainty, to ſuch a degree, that people do not even know what lies to invent. The news from America have indeed diverted the public attention into another, and far greater, channel. All that you ſee in the papers, of the repulſe at Quebec, as well as the capture of Lee, reſts on the authority (a very unexceptionable one) of the provincial papers, as they have been tranſmitted by Governor Tryon from New York. Howe is well, and eats plentifully; and the weather ſeems to clear up ſo faſt, that, according to the Engliſh cuſtom, we have paſſed from the loweſt deſpondency to a full aſſurance of ſucceſs. My new birth happened laſt Monday; ſeven hundred of the fifteen hundred were gone yeſterday. I now underſtand, from pretty good authority, that Dr. * * * *, the friend and chaplain of * * * *, is actually ſharpening his gooſe quill againſt the two laſt chapters. Adieu.

June the 6th, 1776, from Almack's, where I was choſen laſt week.

N° LXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

ALMACK's, June 24th, 1776.

YES, yes, I am alive, and well; but what ſhall I ſay? Town grows empty, and this houſe, where I have paſſed very agreeable hours, is the only place which ſtill unites the flower of the Engliſh youth. The ſtile of living, though *ſomewhat* expenſive, is exceedingly pleaſant, and, notwithſtanding the rage of play, I have found more entertaining, and even rational ſociety here, than in any other club to which I belong. Mrs. Gibbon ſtill hangs in ſuſpenſe, and ſeems to conſider a town-expedition with horror. I think, however, that ſhe will be ſoon in motion; and when I have her in Bentinck-ſtreet, we ſhall perhaps talk of a Sheffield excurſion. I am now deeply engaged in the reign of Conſtantine, and, from the ſpecimens which I have already ſeen, I can venture to promiſe, that the ſecond volume will not be leſs intereſting than the firſt. The fifteen hundred copies are moving off with decent ſpeed, and the obliging Cadell begins to mutter ſomething of a third edition for next year. No news of Deyverdun, or his French tranſlation. What a lazy dog! Madame Necker has been gone a great while. I gave her, *en partant*, the moſt ſolemn aſſurances of following her *paws* in leſs than two months; but the voice of indolence begins to whiſper a thouſand difficulties, and unleſs your abſurd policy ſhould thoroughly provoke me, the Pariſian journey may poſſibly be deferred. I rejoice in the progreſs of * * * * towards light. We are in expectation of American news. Carleton is made a Knight of the Bath. The old report of Waſhington's reſignation, and quarrel with the Congreſs, ſeems to revive. Adieu.

N° LXXVII.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, *Profeſſor at* Aberdeen, *to Mr.* STRAHAN, *dated* Aberdeen, June 25, 1776.

I HAVE lately read over one of your laſt winter's publications with very great pleaſure, and I hope ſome inſtruction. My expectations were indeed high when I began it; but, I aſſure you, the entertainment I received greatly exceeded them. What made me fall to it with the greater avidity was, that it had in part a pretty cloſe connection with a ſubject I had occaſion to treat ſometimes in my Theological Lectures; to wit, the Riſe and Progreſs of the Hierarchy: and you will believe that I was not the leſs pleaſed to diſcover, in an hiſtorian of ſo much learning and penetration, ſo great a coincidence with my own ſentiments, in relation to ſome obſcure points in the Chriſtian antiquities. I ſuppoſe I need not now inform you, that the book I mean is Gibbon's Hiſtory of the Fall of the Roman Empire; which, in reſpect of the ſtyle and manner, as well as the matter, is a moſt maſterly performance.

N° LXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

Saturday, Auguſt, 1776.

WE expect you at five o'clock Tueſday, without a ſore throat. You have ere this heard of the ſhocking accident which takes up the attention of the town. Our old acquaintance * * * * * * * * * * * *. By his own indolence, rather than

than extravagance, his circumſtances were embarraſſed, and he had frequently declared himſelf tired of life. No public news, nor any material expected, till the end of this, or the beginning of next month, when Howe will probably have collected his whole force. A tough buſineſs indeed. You ſee by their declaration, that they have now paſſed the Rubicon, and rendered the work of a treaty infinitely more difficult. You will perhaps ſay, ſo much the better; but I do aſſure you, that the *thinking* friends of Government are by no means ſanguine. I take the opportunity of eating turtle with Garrick at Hampton. Adieu.

N° LXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday, ¾ paſt Eleven, 1776.

FOR the preſent I am ſo deeply engaged, that you muſt renounce the haſty apparition at Sheffield-place; but if you ſhould be very impatient, I will try (after the meeting) to run down, between the Friday and Monday, and bring you the laſt editions of things. At preſent *nought* but expectation. The attack on me is begun; an anonymous eighteen-penny pamphlet, which will get the author more glory in the next world than in this. The heavy troops, Watſon and another, are on their march. Adieu.

N° LXXX.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. WALLACE *to Mr.* STRAHAN, *dated* Edinburgh, Auguſt 30, 1776.

ALAS, for David Hume *! His friends have ſuſtained a great loſs in his death. He was interred yeſterday, at a place he lately purchaſed in the burying-ground on the Calton.

" For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
" This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
" Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
" Nor caſt one longing, lingering look behind ?"

A monument on that airy elevated cemetery, which, on account of a magnificent terrace now carried round the hill, is greatly frequented, will be extremely conſpicuous, and muſt often call his name to remembrance. It has been remarked, that the ſame day on which Lucretius died, gave birth to Virgil; and amidſt their late ſevere loſs, philoſophy and literature will probably find themſelves not wholly diſconſolate, on reflecting that the ſame year in which they were deprived of Hume, Gibbon aroſe; his ſuperior in ſome reſpects. This Gentleman's Hiſtory of the Decline of the Roman Empire appears to me, in point of compoſition, incomparably the fineſt production in Engliſh, without any exception. I hardly thought the language capable of arriving at his correctneſs, perſpicuity, and ſtrength.

* Mr. Hume died at Edinburgh, Auguſt 25, 1776.

N° LXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

1776.

I HOPE you bark and growl at my ſilence; growl and bark. This is not a time for correſpondence. Parliament, viſits, dinners, ſuppers, and an hour or two ſtolen with difficulty for the Decline, leave but very little leiſure. I ſend you the Gazette, and have ſcarcely any thing to add, except that about five hundred of them have deſerted to us, and that the New York incendiaries were immediately, and very juſtifiably, deſtined to the cord. Lord G. G. with whom I had a long converſation laſt night, was in high ſpirits, and hopes to reconquer Germany in America. On the ſide of Canada, he only fears Carleton's *ſlowneſs*, but entertains great expectations that the light troops and Indians, under Sir William Johnſon, who are ſent from Oſwego down the Mohawk River to Albany, will oblige the Provincials to give up the defence of the Lakes, for fear of being cut off. The report of a foreign war ſubſides. Houſe of Commons dull, and oppoſition talk of ſuſpending hoſtilities from deſpair.

An anonymous pamphlet and Dr. Watſon out againſt me; (in my opinion,) the former feeble, and very illiberal; the latter uncommonly genteel. At laſt I have had a letter from Deyverdun; wretched excuſes; nothing done; vexatious enough. To-morrow I write to Suard, a very ſkilful tranſlator of Paris, who was here in the ſpring with the Neckers, to get him (if not too late) to undertake it. Adieu.

N° LXXXII.

Mr. GIBBON *to the Reverend Dr.* WATSON (*now Biſhop of* Landaff).

BENTINCK-STREET, November 2d, 1776.

MR. Gibbon takes the earlieſt opportunity of preſenting his compliments and thanks to Dr. Watſon, and of expreſſing his ſenſe of the liberal treatment which he has received from ſo candid an adverſary. Mr. Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr. Watſon, that as their different ſentiments, on a very important period of hiſtory, are now ſubmitted to the Public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more uſeful, as well as agreeable, than they could poſſibly do by exhibiting a ſingle combat in the amphitheatre of controverſy. Mr. Gibbon is therefore determined to reſiſt the temptation of juſtifying, in a profeſſed reply, any paſſages of his Hiſtory, which might perhaps be eaſily cleared from cenſure and miſapprehenſion; but he ſtill reſerves to himſelf the privilege of inſerting in a future edition ſome occaſional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleaſure or buſineſs ſhould bring Dr. Watſon to town, Mr. Gibbon would think himſelf happy in being permitted to ſolicit the honour of his acquaintance.

N° LXXXIII.

Dr. WATSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

CAMBRIDGE, November 4th, 1776.

DR. Watſon accepts with pleaſure Mr. Gibbon's polite invitation to a perſonal acquaintance. If he comes to town this winter, will certainly do himſelf the honour to wait upon him. Begs, at the ſame time, to aſſure Mr. Gibbon, that he will be very happy to have an opportunity of ſhewing him every civility, if curioſity, or other motives, ſhould bring him to Cambridge. Dr. Watſon can have ſome faint idea of Mr. Gibbon's difficulty in reſiſting the temptation he ſpeaks of, from having been of late in a ſituation ſomewhat ſimilar himſelf. It would be very extraordinary, if Mr. Gibbon did not feel a parent's partiality for an offspring which has juſtly excited the admiration of all who have ſeen it; and Dr. Watſon would be the laſt perſon in the world to wiſh him to ſuppreſs any explanation which might tend to exalt its merits.

N° LXXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

ALMACK's, November 7th, 1776.

LETTERS from Burgoyne. They embarked on the Lakes the thirtieth September, with eight hundred Britiſh ſailors, ſix thouſand regulars, and a naval force ſuperior to any poſſible oppoſition: but the ſeaſon was ſo far advanced, that they expected only to occupy and ſtrengthen Ticonderoga, and afterwards to return and take up their

their winter quarters in Canada. Yeſterday we had a ſurprize in the Houſe, from a proclamation of the Howes, which made its firſt appearance in the Morning Poſt, and which nobody ſeems to underſtand. By this time, my Lady may ſee that I have not much reaſon to fear my antagoniſts. Adieu, till next Thurſday.

N° LXXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

Friday Evening, November 22d.

NEWS from the Lakes. A naval combat, in which the Provincials were repulſed with conſiderable loſs. They burnt and abandoned Crown Point. Carleton is beſieging Ticonderoga. Carleton, I ſay; for he is there, and it is apprehended that Burgoyne is coming home. We diſmiſſed the Nabobs without a diviſion. Burke and the Attorney General ſpoke very well. Adieu.

N° LXXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, January 18th, 1777.

AS I preſume, my Lady does not make a practice of tumbling down ſtairs every day after dinner, by this time the colours muſt have faded, and the high places (I mean the temples) are reduced to a proper level. But what, in the name of the great prince, is the meaning of her declining the Urban expedition? Is it the ſpontaneous reſult of her own proud ſpirit? or does it proceed

from the ſecret machinations of her domeſtic tyrant? At all events, I expect you will both remember your engagement of next Saturday in Bentinck-ſtreet, with Donna Catherina, the Mountaineer*, &c. Things go on very proſperouſly in America. Howe is himſelf in the Jerſeys, and will puſh at leaſt as far as the Delawar River. The continental (perhaps *now* the rebel) army is in a great meaſure diſperſed, and Waſhington, who wiſhes to cover Philadelphia, has not more than ſix or ſeven thouſand men with him. Clinton deſigns to conquer Rhode Iſland in his way home. But, what *I* think of much greater conſequence, a province made its ſubmiſſion, and deſired to be reinſtated in the peace of the King. It is indeed only poor little Georgia; and the application was made to Governor Tonyn of Florida. Some diſguſt at a violent ſtep of the Congreſs, who removed the Preſident of their Provincial Aſſembly, a leading and popular man, co-operated with the fear of the Indians, who began to amuſe themſelves with the exerciſe of ſcalping on their Back Settlements. Town fills, and we are mighty agreeable. Laſt year, on the Queen's birth-day, Sir G. Warren had his diamond ſtar cut off his coat; this day the ſame accident happened to him again, with another ſtar worth ſeven hundred pounds. He had better compound by the year. Adieu.

* The Honourable General Simon Fraſer.

N° LXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

ALMACK'S, Wedneſday Evening.

IN due obedience to thy dread commands I write.

But what ſhall I ſay? My life, though more lively than yours, is almoſt as uniform. A very little reading and writing in the morning, bones or guts * from two to four, pleaſant dinners from five to eight, and afterwards clubs, with an occaſional aſſembly, or ſupper. America affords nothing very ſatisfactory; though we have many flying reports, you may be aſſured that we are ignorant of the conſequences of Trenton, &c. Charles Fox is now at my elbow, declaiming on the impoſſibility of keeping America, ſince a victorious army has been unable to maintain any extent of poſts in the ſingle province of Jerſey. Lord North is out of danger (we trembled for his important exiſtence). I now expect that my Lady and you ſhould fix the time for the promiſed viſitation to Bentinck-ſtreet. March and April are open, chuſe. Adieu.

N° LXXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

1777.

YOU deſerve, and we exult in your weather and diſappointments.

Why would you bury yourſelf? I dined in Downing-ſtreet Thurſday laſt; and I think Wedderburne was at leaſt as agreeable a companion as your timber-ſurveyor could be. Lee is certainly taken, but Lord North does not apprehend he is coming home.

* Mr. Gibbon at this time attended Dr. Hunter's Anatomical Lectures.

We

We are not clear whether he behaved with courage or puſilanimity when he ſurrendered himſelf; but Colonel Keene told me to-day, that he had ſeen a letter from Lee ſince his confinement. "He im-
"putes his being taken, to the alertneſs of Harcourt, and cowardice
"of his own guard; hopes he ſhall meet his fate with fortitude;
"but laments that freedom is not likely to find a reſting-place in any
"part of the globe." It is ſaid, he was to ſucceed Waſhington. We know nothing certain of the Heſſians; but there *has* been a blow. Adieu.

N° LXXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Night, April 12th, 1777.

YOUR diſpatch is gone to * * *, and I flatter myſelf that by your aſſiſtance I ſhall be enabled to loſe a thouſand a year upon Lenborough before I return from Paris. The day of my departure is not abſolutely fixed; Sunday ſeven-night, the twenty-ſeventh inſtant, is talked of: But if any India buſineſs ſhould come on after the Civil Liſt, it will occaſion ſome delay, otherwiſe things are in great forwardneſs. Mrs. Gibbon is an enemy to the whole plan; and I muſt anſwer, in a long letter, two very ingenious objections which ſhe has ſtarted. 1ſt, That I ſhall be confined, or put to death by the prieſts; and, 2dly, That I ſhall ſully my *moral* character, by making love to Necker's wife. Before I go, I will conſult Newton, about a power of attorney for you. By the bye, I wiſh you would remember a ſort of promiſe, and give me one day before I go. We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with an hundred and thirty thouſand livres a year; the nephew of Noailles, who is ambaſſador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingſton's yatch, and is gone to join the Americans. The Court *appear* to be angry with him. Adieu.

N° XC.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to* J. HOLROYD *Esquire.*

ATWOOD'S, Saturday Night, April 19th, 1777.

IT is not poſſible as yet to fix the day of my departure. That circumſtance depends on the ſtate of India, and will not be determined till the General Court of next Wedneſday. I know from the *firſt* authority, if the violence of the Proprietors about the Pigot, can be checked in the India-houſe by the influence of a Government majority, the Miniſter does not wiſh to exert the omnipotence of Parliament; and I ſhall be diſmiſſed from hence time enough to ſet forwards on Thurſday the firſt of May. On the contrary, ſhould we be involved in thoſe perplexing affairs, they may eaſily detain me till the middle of next month. But as all this is very uncertain, I direct you and my Lady to appear in town to-morrow ſeven-night. I have many things to ſay. We have been animated this week, and, notwithſtanding the ſtrict œconomy recommended by Charles Fox and John Wilkes, we have paid the Royal debts. Adieu.

N° XCI.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Night, April 21ſt, 1777.

BAD news from Hampſhire.———Support Hugonin, comfort me; correct or expel * * * *; ſell Lenborough, and remove my temporal cares. When do you arrive?

N° XCII.

The Same to the Same.

Wedneſday Night, April 23d, 1777.

IT is uncertain whether India comes to Weſtminſter this year, and it is certain that Gibbon goes to Paris next Saturday ſeven-night. Therefore Holroyd muſt appear in town the beginning of next week. Gibbon wants the cordial of his preſence before the journey. My Lady *muſt* come.

N° XCIII.

The Same to the Same.

DOVER, Tueſday Evening, May 6th, 1777.

MY expedition does not begin very auſpiciouſly. The wind, which for ſome days had been fair, paid me the compliment of changing on my arrival; and, though I immediately ſecured a veſſel, it has been impoſſible to make the leaſt uſe of it during the whole of this tedious day. It ſeems doubtful, whether I ſhall get out to-morrow morning; and the Captain aſſures me, that the paſſage will have the double advantage of being both cold and rough. Laſt night a ſmall privateer, fitted out at Dunkirk, with a commiſſion from Dr. Franklin, attacked, took, and has carried into Dunkirk Road, the Harwich Packet. The King's meſſenger had juſt time to throw his diſpatches over-board. He paſſed through this town about four o'clock this afternoon, in his return to London. As the alarm is now given, our American friend will probably remain quiet, or will be

ſoon caught; ſo that I have not *much* apprehenſion for my perſonal ſafety; but if ſo daring an outrage is not followed by puniſhment and reſtitution, it may become a very ſerious buſineſs, and may poſſibly ſhorten my ſtay at Paris.

Adieu. I ſhall write by the firſt opportunity, either from Calais or Philadelphia.

N° XCIV.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* HOLROYD.

CALAIS, Wedneſday, May 7th, 1777.

Post nubila Phœbus. A pleaſant paſſage, an excellent houſe, a good dinner, with Lord * * * *, whom I found here. Eaſy Cuſtom-houſe officers, fine weather, &c. I am detained to-night by the temptation of a French comedy, in a theatre at the end of Deſſein's garden; but ſhall be in motion to-morrow early, and hope to dine at Paris Saturday. Adieu. I think I am a punctual correſpondent; but this beginning is too good to laſt.

N° XCV.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, June 5th, 1777.

I HAVE deſired Mr. Strahan to take the liberty of ſending you, in my name, a copy of the Hiſtory of America, which I hope you will do me the honour of accepting, as a teſtimony, not only of my reſpect, but of my gratitude, for the inſtruction which I have re-

ceived from your writings, as well as the credit you have done me, by the moſt obliging manner in which you have mentioned my name. I wiſh the preſent work may not diminiſh ſentiments ſo flattering to me. I have taken much pains to obtain the approbation of thoſe whoſe good opinion one ought to be ſolicitous to ſecure, and I truſt that my induſtry at leaſt will be applauded.

An unlucky indiſpoſition prevented me from executing a ſcheme which I had formed, of paſſing two months of laſt ſpring in London. The honour of being made known to you, was one of the pleaſures with which I had flattered myſelf. But I hope to be more fortunate next year; and beg that you will believe that I am, with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant.

N° XCVI.

Mr. GIBBON *to Dr.* ROBERTSON.

SIR, PARIS, 1777.

WHEN I ventured to aſſume the character of Hiſtorian, the firſt, the moſt natural, but at the ſame time the moſt ambitious, wiſh which I entertained, was to obtain the approbation of Dr. Robertſon and of Mr. Hume; two names which friendſhip united, and which poſterity will never ſeparate. I ſhall not therefore attempt to diſſemble, though I cannot eaſily expreſs, the pleaſure which I received from your obliging letter, as well as from the intelligence of your moſt valuable preſent. The ſatisfaction which I ſhould otherwiſe have enjoyed, in common with the public, will now be heightened by a ſentiment of a more perſonal and flattering nature; and I ſhall frequently whiſper to myſelf, that I have in ſome meaſure deſerved the eſteem of the writer whom I admire.

A ſhort

A ſhort excurſion which I have made to this place, during the ſummer months, has occaſioned ſome delay in my receiving your letter, and will prevent my poſſeſſing, till my return, the copy of your Hiſtory, which you ſo politely deſired Mr. Strahan to ſend me. But I have already gratified the eagerneſs of my impatience; and although I was obliged to return the book much ſooner than I could have wiſhed, I have ſeen enough to convince me, that the preſent publication will ſupport, and, if poſſible, will extend the fame of the Author; that the materials are collected with diligence, and arranged with ſkill; that the firſt book contains a learned and ſatisfactory account of the progreſs of diſcovery; that the achievements, the dangers, and the crimes, of the Spaniſh adventurers are related with a temperate ſpirit; and that the moſt original, perhaps the moſt curious, portion of the hiſtory of human manners is at length reſcued from the hands of ſophiſts and declaimers. Lord Stormont, and the few in this Capital, who have had an opportunity of peruſing the Hiſtory of America, unanimouſly concur in the ſame ſentiments. Your work is already become a favourite topic of public converſation; and Mr. Suard is repeatedly preſſed, in my hearing, to fix the time when his tranſlation will appear.

I flatter myſelf you will not abandon your deſign of viſiting London next winter; as I already anticipate, in my own mind, the advantages which I ſhall derive from ſo pleaſing and ſo honourable a connection. In the mean while, I ſhould eſteem myſelf happy, if you could think of any literary commiſſion, in the execution of which I might be uſeful to you at Paris, where I propoſe to ſtay till very near the meeting of Parliament. Let me, for inſtance, ſuggeſt an enquiry, which cannot be indifferent to you, and which might perhaps be within my reach. A few days ago I dined with Bagnioufky, the famous adventurer, who eſcaped from his exile at Kamſchatſka, and returned into Europe by Japan and China. His narrative

rative was amuſing, though I know not how far his veracity, in point of circumſtances, may ſafely be truſted. It was his original deſign to penetrate through the North Eaſt Paſſage; and he actually followed the coaſt of Aſia as high as the latitude of 67° 35′, till his progreſs was ſtopped by the ice, in a Streight between the two Continents, which was only ſeven leagues broad. Thence he deſcended along the coaſt of America, as low as Cape Mendocin; but was repulſed by contrary winds, in his attempts to reach the port of Acapulco. The Journal of his Voyage, with his original Charts, is now at Verſailles, in the *Depôt des Affaires Etrangers*; and if you conceived that it would be of any uſe to you for a ſecond edition, I would try what might be obtained; though I am not ignorant of that mean jealouſy which you yourſelf have experienced, and ſo deſervedly ſtigmatiſed. I am, &c.

N° XCVII.

Dr. ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of your obliging Letter, and I ſhould be a very proud man indeed, if I were not vain of the approbation which you are pleaſed to beſtow upon me. As you will now have had an opportunity to peruſe the book, which you had only ſeen when you wrote to me, I indulge myſelf in the hopes, that the favourable opinion you had formed of it, is not diminiſhed. I am much pleaſed with your mentioning my friendſhip with Mr. Hume; I have always conſidered that as one of the moſt fortunate and honourable circumſtances of my life. It is a felicity of the age and country in which we live, that men of letters can enter the ſame walk of ſcience, and go on ſucceſsfully, without feeling one ſentiment of envy or

rivalſhip. In the intercourſe between Mr. Hume and me, we always found *ſomething to blame*, as well as *ſomething to commend.* I have received frequently very valuable criticiſms on my performances from him; and I have ſometimes ventured to offer him my ſtrictures on his works. Permit me to hope for the ſame indulgence from you. If, in reading the Hiſtory of America, any thing, either in the matter or ſtyle, has occurred to you as reprehenſible, I will deem it a moſt obliging favour if you will communicate it freely to me. I am certain of profiting by ſuch a communication.

I return you thanks for your frank offer of executing any literary commiſſion for me. I accept of it without ceremony, and am flattered with the idea of receiving ſuch aid from your hands. I know nothing of Bagnioufki's Adventures, but what was publiſhed in ſome Newſpaper. If one can rely on his veracity, what he relates muſt be very intereſting to me. If you had been writing the Hiſtory of America, the queſtion concerning the mode of peopling it, might not perhaps have occupied your attention very much. But it was proper for me to conſider it more fully. Bagnioufki (if he may be credited) has ſeen what it may be uſeful for me to know. I can ſee no reaſon why the Court of France ſhould be ſhy about communicating his Journal, and the Charts which illuſtrate it; poſſibly my name may operate ſomewhat towards obtaining a copy of both; your interpoſition, I am confident, will do a great deal. It will be very illiberal indeed, if ſuch a communication were refuſed. My Lord Stormont (by whoſe attention I have been much honoured) would not decline to give his aid, were that neceſſary. But if your Court reſembles that of Spain, I am afraid every propoſal from an ambaſſador is received with ſome degree of jealouſy. Your own private application will, I apprehend, be more effectual. As it is probable that a ſecond edition may go to preſs early in the winter, it will add to the favour, if you can ſoon inform me concerning the ſucceſs of your negociation. As this is ſomething in the ſtyle of

the

the *Corps Diplomatique*, allow me to recommend one of its members to you. Mr. Fullarton, the new ſecretary of the embaſſy, is a particular friend of mine. He is a young man of ſuch qualities both of head and heart, that I am ſure you will eſteem and love him. Pleaſe remember me to him. I have the honour to be, with great reſpect,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° XCVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

PARIS, June 16, 1777.

I TOLD you what would infallibly happen, and you know enough of the nature of the beaſt not to be ſurpriſed at it. I have now been at Paris exactly five weeks; during which time I have not written to any perſon whatſoever within the Britiſh dominions, except two lines of notification to Mrs. Gibbon. The dæmon of procraſtination has at length yielded to the genius of friendſhip, aſſiſted indeed by the powers of fear and ſhame. But when I have ſeated myſelf before a table, and begin to revolve all that I have ſeen and taſted during this buſy period, I feel myſelf oppreſſed and confounded; and I am very near throwing away the pen, and reſigning myſelf to indolent deſpair. A complete hiſtory would require a volume, at leaſt, as corpulent as the Decline and Fall; and if I attempt to ſelect and abridge, beſides the difficulty of the choice, there occur ſo many things which cannot properly be entruſted to paper, and ſo many others of too ſlight a texture to ſupport the journey, that I am almoſt tempted to reſerve for our future converſations the detail of my pleaſures and occupations. But as I am ſenſible that you are *rigid* and impatient, I will try to convey, in a few words, a general idea of my ſituation as a man of the world, and as

a man of letters. You remember that the Neckers were my principal dependance; and the reception which I have met with from them very far ſurpaſſed my moſt ſanguine expectations. I do not indeed lodge in their houſe, (as it might incite the jealouſy of the huſband, and procure me a lettre de cachet,) but I live very much with them, and dine and ſup whenever they have company, which is almoſt every day, and whenever I like it, for they are not in the leaſt *exigeans*. Mr. Walpole gave me an introduction to Madame du Deffand, an agreeable young lady of eighty-two years of age, who has conſtant ſuppers, and the beſt company in Paris. When you ſee the Duke of Richmond, he will give you an account of that houſe, where I meet him almoſt every evening. Aſk him about Madame de Cambis. I have met the Duke of Choiſeul at his particular requeſt, dined by *accident* with Franklin, converſed with the Emperor, been preſented at court, and gradually, or rather rapidly, I find my acquaintance ſpreading over the moſt valuable parts of Paris. They pretend to like me, and whatever you may think of French profeſſions, I am convinced that ſome at leaſt are ſincere. On the other hand, I feel myſelf eaſy and happy in their company, and only regret that I did not come over two or three months ſooner. Though Paris throughout the ſummer promiſes me a very agreeable ſociety, yet I am hurt every day by the departure of men and women whom I begin to know with ſome familiarity, the departure of officers for their governments and garriſons, of biſhops for their dioceſes, and even of country gentlemen for their eſtates, as a rural taſte gains ground in this country. So much for the general idea of my acquaintance; details would be endleſs, yet unſatisfactory. You may add, to the pleaſures of ſociety thoſe of the ſpectacles and promenades, and you will find that I lead a very agreeable life; let me juſt condeſcend to obſerve, that it is not extravagant. After decking myſelf out with ſilks and ſilver, the ordinary eſtabliſhment of coach, lodging, ſervants, eating, and pocket expences, does not exceed ſixty pounds *per* month.

month. Yet I have two footmen in handſome liveries behind my coach, and my apartment is hung with damaſk. Adieu for the preſent: I have more to ſay, but were I to attempt any farther progreſs, you muſt wait another poſt; and you have already waited long enough, of all conſcience.

Let me juſt in two words give you an idea of my day. I am now going (nine o'clock) to the King's library, where I ſhall ſtay till twelve; as ſoon as I am dreſſed, I ſet out to dine with the Duke de Nivernois; ſhall go from thence to the French comedy, into the Princeſs de Beauveau's loge grillée, and cannot quite determine whether I ſhall ſup at Madame du Deffand's, Madame Necker's, or the Sardinian Ambaſſadreſs's. Once more adieu.

I embrace my Lady and *Bambini*. I ſhall with cheerfulneſs execute any of her commiſſions.

N° XCIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

PARIS, Auguſt 13, 1777.

WELL, and who is the culprit now?—Thus far had I written in the pride of my heart, and fully determined to inflict an epiſtle upon you, even before I received any anſwer to my former; I was very near a bull. But this forward half line lay ten days barren and inactive, till its generative powers were excited by the miſſive which I received yeſterday. What a wretched piece of work do we ſeem to be making of it in America? The greateſt force which any European power ever ventured to tranſport into that continent, is not ſtrong enough even to attack the enemy; the naval ſtrength of Great Britain is not ſufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almoſt loſt the appellation of Rebels) from receiving every aſſiſtance that they

wanted; and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coaſts againſt their privateers. You poſſibly may expect from me ſome account of the deſigns and policy of the French court, but I chooſe to decline that taſk for two reaſons: 1ſt, Becauſe you may find them laid open in every newſpaper; and 2dly, Becauſe I live too much with their courtiers and miniſters to know any thing about them. I ſhall only ſay, that I am not under any immediate apprehenſions of a war with France. It is much more pleaſant as well as profitable to view in ſafety the raging of the tempeſt, occaſionally to pick up ſome pieces of the wreck, and to improve their trade, their agriculture, and their finances, while the two countries are *lento colliſa duello*. Far from taking any ſtep to put a ſpeedy end to this aſtoniſhing diſpute, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if next ſummer they were to lend their cordial aſſiſtance to England, as to the weaker party. As to my perſonal engagement with the D. of R. I recollect a few ſlight ſkirmiſhes, but nothing that deſerves the name of a general engagement. The extravagance of ſome diſputants, both French and Engliſh, who have eſpouſed the cauſe of America, ſometimes inſpires me with an extraordinary vigour. Upon the whole, I find it much eaſier to defend the juſtice than the policy of our meaſures; but there are certain caſes, where whatever is repugnant to ſound policy ceaſes to be juſt.

The more I ſee of Paris, the more I like it. The regular courſe of the ſociety in which I live is eaſy, polite, and entertaining; and almoſt every day is marked by the acquiſition of ſome new acquaintance, who is worth cultivating, or who, at leaſt, is worth remembering. To the great admiration of the French, I regularly dine and regularly ſup, drink a diſh of ſtrong coffee after each meal, and find my ſtomach a citizen of the world. The ſpectacles, (particularly the Italian, and above all the French Comedies,) which are open the whole ſummer, afford me an agreeable relaxation from company; and to ſhew you that I frequent them from taſte, and not from

idleneſs, I have not yet ſeen the Coliſee, the Vauxhall, the Boulvards, or any of thoſe places of entertainment which conſtitute Paris to moſt of our countrymen. Occaſional trips to dine or ſup in ſome of the thouſand country-houſes which are ſcattered round the environs of Paris, ſerve to vary the ſcene. In the mean while the ſummer inſenſibly glides away, and the fatal month of October approaches, when I muſt change the houſe of Madame Necker for the Houſe of Commons. I regret that I could not chooſe the winter, inſtead of the ſummer, for this excurſion: I ſhould have found many valuable perſons, and ſhould have preſerved others whom I have loſt as I began to know them. The Duke de Choiſeul, who deſerves attention both for himſelf, and for keeping the beſt houſe in Paris, paſſes ſeven months of the year in Touraine; and though I have been tempted, I conſider with horror a journey of ſixty leagues into the country. The Princeſs of Beauveau, who is a moſt ſuperior woman, has been abſent above ſix weeks, and does not return till the 24th of this month. A large body of recruits will be aſſembled by the Fontainbleau journey; but in order to have a thorough knowledge of this ſplendid country, I ought to ſtay till the month of January; and if I could be ſure that Oppoſition would be as tranquil as they were laſt year— I think your life has been as animated, or, at leaſt, as tumultuous, and I envy you Lady Payne, &c. much more than either the Primate, or the Chief-juſtice. Let not the generous breaſt of my Lady be torn by the black ſerpents of envy. She ſtill poſſeſſes the firſt place in the ſentiments of her ſlave: but the adventure of the fan was a mere accident, owing to Lord Carmarthen. Adieu. I think you may be ſatisfied. I ſay nothing of my terreſtrial affairs.

N° C.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

BENTINCK-STREET, Saturday, November, 1777.

HAD you four horns as well as four eyes and four hands, I ſhould ſtill maintain that you are the moſt unreaſonable monſter in the creation. My pain is lively, my weakneſs exceſſive, the ſeaſon cold, and only twelve days remain to the meeting. Far from thinking of trips into the country, I ſhall be well ſatisfied if I am on my legs the 20th, in the medical ſenſe of the word. At preſent I am a corpſe, carried about by four arms which do not belong to me. Yet I try to ſmile: I ſalute the hen and chickens. Adieu. Writing is really painful.

N° CI.

The Same to the Same.

Friday, November 14th, 1777.

I DO not like this diſorder on your eyes: and when I conſider your temperance and activity, I cannot underſtand why any ſpring of the machine ſhould ever be deranged. With regard to myſelf, the gout has behaved in a very honourable manner; after a complete conqueſt, and after making me feel his power for ſome days, the generous enemy has diſdained to abuſe his victory, or to torment any longer an unreſiſting victim. He has already ceaſed to torture the lower extremities of your humble ſervant; the ſwelling is ſo amazingly diminiſhed, that they are no longer above twice their ordinary ſize. Yeſterday I moved about the room with the laborious majeſty of crutches;

crutches; to-day I have exchanged them for a ſtick; and by the beginning of next week, I hope, with due precaution, to take the air, and to inure myſelf for the intereſting repreſentation of Thurſday. How curſedly unlucky; I wanted to ſee you both: a thouſand things to ſay and to hear, and every thing of that kind broken to pieces. If you are not able to come to Bentinck-ſtreet, I muſt contrive to ſteal three or four vacant days during the ſeſſion, and run down to Sheffield. The town fills, and I begin to have numerous levees, and couchees; more properly the latter. We are ſtill in expectation, but in the mean while we believe (I mean miniſters), that the news of Howe's victory and the taking of Philadelphia are true. Adieu.

N° CII.

The Same to the Same.

December 2d, 1777.

BY the incloſed you will ſee that America is not *yet* conquered. Oppoſition are very lively; and, though in the Houſe we keep our numbers, there ſeems to be an univerſal deſire of peace, even on the moſt humble conditions. Are you ſtill fierce?

N° CIII.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Night, December, 1777.

I CONGRATULATE your noble firmneſs, as I ſuppoſe it muſt ariſe from the knowledge of ſome hidden reſources, which will enable us to open the next campaign with new armies of fifty or ſixty thouſand men. But I believe you will find yourſelf obliged to carry on

this glorious war almoſt alone. It would be idle to diſpute any more about politics, as we ſhall ſo ſoon have an opportunity of a perſonal combat. Your journey gives me ſome hopes that you have not entirely loſt your reaſon. Your bed ſhall be ready.

N° CIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire*.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Thurſday, Dec. 4, 1777.

DREADFUL news indeed! You will ſee them partly in the papers, and we have not yet any particulars. An Engliſh army of nearly ten thouſand men laid down their arms, and ſurrendered priſoners of war, on condition of being ſent to England, and of never ſerving againſt America. They had fought bravely, and were three days without eating. Bourgoyne is ſaid to have received three wounds. General Fraſer, with two thouſand men, killed. Colonel Ackland likewiſe killed. A general cry for peace. Adieu. We have conſtant late days.

N° CV.

The Same to the Same.

February 28, 1778.

* * * * * * * * * * As to politics, we ſhould eaſily fill pages, and therefore had better be ſilent. You are miſtaken in ſuppoſing that the bills are oppoſed; ſome particular objections have been ſtated, and in the *only* diviſion I voted with government.

N° CVI.

The Same to the Same.

February 23d, 1778.

You do not readily believe in præternatural miſcarriages of letters; nor I neither. Liſten, however, to a plain and honeſt narrative. This morning after breakfaſt, as I was ruminating on *your* ſilence, Thomas, my new footman, with confuſion in his looks and ſtammering on his tongue, produced a letter reaſonably ſoiled, which he was to have brought me the day of his arrival, and which had lain forgotten from that time in his pocket. To ſhorten as much as poſſible the continuance, I immediately enquired, whether any method of conveyance could be deviſed more expeditious than the poſt, and was fortunately informed of your coachman's intentions. You probably know the heads of the plan; an Act of Parliament to declare, that we never *had* any intention of taxing America: another Act, to empower the Crown to name Commiſſioners, authoriſed to ſuſpend hoſtilities by ſea and land, as well as all obnoxious Acts; and, in ſhort, to grant every thing, except independence. Oppoſition, after expreſſing their doubts whether the lance of Achilles could cure the wound which it had inflicted, could not refuſe their aſſent to the principles of conduct which they themſelves had always recommended. Yet you muſt acknowledge, that in a buſineſs of this magnitude there may ariſe ſeveral important queſtions, which, without a ſpirit of faction, will deſerve to be debated: whether Parliament ought not to name the Commiſſioners? whether it would not be better to repeal the obnoxious Acts ourſelves? I do not find that the world; that is, a few people whom I happen to converſe with; are much inclined to praiſe Lord N.'s ductility of temper. In the ſervice of next Friday you will, however, take notice of the injunction given by the Liturgy: "And all the People ſhall ſay

" after the *Miniſter*, Turn us again, O Lord, and ſo ſhall we be " turned." While we conſider whether we ſhall negociate, I fear the French have been more diligent. It is poſitively aſſerted, both in private and in Parliament, and not contradicted by the Miniſters, that on the fifth of this month a Treaty of Commerce (which naturally leads to a war) was ſigned at Paris with the independent States of America. Yet there ſtill remains a hope that England may obtain the preference. The two greateſt countries in Europe are fairly running a race for the favour of America. Adieu.

N° CVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

ALMACK's, Saturday Night, March 21ſt, 1778.

As buſineſs thickens, and you may expect me to write ſometimes, I ſhall lay down one rule; totally to avoid political argument, conjecture, lamentation, declamation, &c. which would fill pages, not to ſay volumes; and to confine myſelf to ſhort, authentic pieces of intelligence, for which I may be able to afford moments and lines. Hear then—The French Ambaſſador went off yeſterday morning, not without ſome ſlight expreſſions of ill-humour from John Bull. Lord Stormont is probably arrived to-day. No *immediate* declaration, except on our ſide. A report (but vague) of an action in the Bay, between La Motte Piquet and Digby; the former has five ſhips and three frigates, with three large ſtore-ſhips under convoy; the latter has eleven ſhips of the line. If the Frenchman ſhould ſail to the mouth of the Delawar, he may poſſibly be followed and ſhut up. When Franklin was received at Verſailles, Deane went in the ſame character to Vienna, and Arthur Lee to Madrid. Notwithſtanding the reports of an action in Sileſia, they ſubſide; and I have ſeen a letter from Eliot at Berlin of the tenth inſtant, without any

mention of actual hoſtilities, and even ſpeaking of the impending war as not abſolutely inevitable. Laſt Tueſday the firſt payment of the loan of ſix hundred thouſand pounds was certainly made; and as it would otherwiſe be forfeited, it is a ſecurity for the remainder. I have not yet got the intelligence you want about former prices of ſtock in critical times. There are ſurely ſuch. *Dixi. Vale.* Send me ſome good news from Bucks; in ſpite of the war, I muſt ſell. We want you in town. Simon Fraſer is impatient: but if you come without my Lady, every door will be ſhut.

N° CVIII.

The Same to the Same.

ALMACK's, Friday, June 12th, 1778.

* * * *'s Letter gave me that ſort of ſatisfaction which one may receive from a good phyſician, who, after a careful examination, pronounces your caſe incurable. But no more of that. I take up the pen, as I ſuppoſe by this time you begin to ſwear at my ſilence. Yet literally (a bull) I have not a word to ſay. Since D'Eſtaing's fleet has paſſed through the Gut (I leave you to gueſs where it muſt have got out) it has been totally forgotten, and the moſt wonderful lethargy and oblivion, of war and peace, of Europe and of America, ſeems to prevail. Lord Chatham's funeral was meanly attended, and Government ingeniouſly contrived to ſecure the double odium of ſuffering the thing to be done, and of doing it with an ill grace. Their chief converſation at Almack's is about tents, drill-ſerjeants, ſubdiviſions, firings, &c. and I am revered as a veteran. Adieu. When do you return? If it ſuits your evolutions, aunt Kitty and myſelf meditate a Suſſex journey next week. I embrace my Lady.

N° CIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

Wedneſday Evening, July 1ſt, 1778.

YOUR plan of operations is clear and diſtinct; yet, notwithſtanding your zeal, and the ideas of ducal diſcipline, I think you will be more and longer at Sheffield-Place than you imagine. However, I am diſpoſed to advance my journey as much as poſſible. I want to ſee you; my martial ardour makes me look to Coxheath, neceſſity obliges me to think of Beriton, and I feel ſomething of a very new inclination to taſte the ſweets of the country. Aunt Kitty ſhares the ſame ſentiments; but various obſtacles will not allow us to be with you before Saturday, or perhaps Sunday evening; I ſay *evening*, as we mean to take the cool part of the day, and ſhall probably arrive after ſupper. Keppel's return has occaſioned infinite and inexpreſſible conſternation, which gradually changes into diſcontent againſt him. He is ordered out again with three or four large ſhips; two of ninety, two of ſeventy-four, and the fiftieth regiment, as marines. In the mean time the French, with a ſuperior fleet, are maſters of the ſea; and our outward-bound Eaſt and Weſt India trade is in the moſt imminent danger. Adieu.

N° CX.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, July 7th, 1778.

EXPECT me —— when you ſee me; and do not regulate your active motions by my uncertainty. Saturday is impoſſible. The moſt probable days are, Tueſday or Friday. I live not unpleaſantly, in a round of miniſterial dinners; but I am rather impatient

impatient to ſee my white houſe at Brighton. I cannot find that Sheffield has the ſame attractions for you *. Lord North, as a mark of his gratitude, obſerved the other day, that your regiment would make a very good figure in North Carolina. Adieu. I wrote two lines to Mitchel, leſt he ſhould think me dead.

N° CXI.

The Same to the Same.

Saturday Night, September 25th, 1778.

No news from the fleets; we are ſo tired of waiting, that our impatience ſeems gradually to ſubſide into a careleſs and ſupine indifference. We ſometimes yawn, and aſk, juſt by way of converſation, Whether Spain will join? I believe you may depend on the truth, not the ſincerity, of an anſwer from their Court, that they will not ſupport or acknowledge the independence of the Americans. But, on the other hand, magazines are forming, troops marching, in a ſtile which manifeſtly threatens Gibraltar. Gib is, however, a hard morſel; five thouſand effectives, and every article of defence in the moſt complete ſtate. We are certainly courting Ruſſia. So much for the Republic. Adieu.

N° CXII.

The Same to the Same.

Tueſday Night, November, 1778.

You ſometimes complain that I do not ſend you early news; but you will now be ſatisfied with receiving a full and true account of all the parliamentary tranſactions of *next* Thurſday. In town

* Mr. Holroyd was then in quarters at Brighthelmſtone.

we

we think it an excellent piece of humour * (the author is Tickell). Burke and C. Fox are pleaſed with their own ſpeeches, but ſerious patriots groan that ſuch things ſhould be turned to farce. We ſeem to have a chance of an additional Dutch war: you may depend upon its being a very important buſineſs, from which we cannot extricate ourſelves without either loſs or ſhame. *Vale.*

N° CXIII.

Edward Gibbon *Eſquire to* J. B. Holroyd *Eſquire.*

Almack's, Wedneſday Evening, 1778.

I delayed writing, not ſo much through indolence, as becauſe I expected every poſt to hear from you. The ſtate of Beriton is uncertain, incomprehenſible, tremendous. It would be endleſs to ſend you the folios of Hugonin, but I have incloſed you one of his moſt pictureſque epiſtles, on which you may meditate. Few offers; one, promiſing enough, came from a gentleman at Camberwell. I detected him, with maſterly ſkill and diligence, to be only an attorney's Clerk, without money, credit, or experience. I have written as yet in vain to Sir John Shelley, about Hearſay; perhaps you might get intelligence. I much fear that the Beriton expedition is neceſſary; but it has occurred to me, that if I *met*, inſtead of *accompanying* you, it would ſave me a journey of above one hundred miles. That reflection led to another of a very impudent nature; *viz.* that if I did not accompany you, I certainly could be of no uſe to you or myſelf on the ſpot; that I had much rather, while you examined the premiſes, paſs the time in a horſe-pond; and that I had ſtill rather paſs it in my library with the Decline and Fall. But that would be an effort of friendſhip worthy of Theſeus or Perithous: modern

* The Title of the Pamphlet—*Anticipation.*

times

times would hardly credit, much leſs imitate, ſuch exalted virtue. No news from America; yet there are people, large ones too, who talk of conquering it next ſummer with the help of twenty thouſand Ruſſians. I fancy you are better ſatisfied with private than public war. The Liſbon packet in coming home met above forty of our privateers. Adieu. I hardly know whether I direct right to you, but I think Sheffield-Place the ſureſt.

N° CXIV.

Dr. WATSON (*now Biſhop of* Llandaff) *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, CAMBRIDGE, January 14th, 1779.

IT will give me the greateſt pleaſure to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I beg he would accept my ſincere thanks for the too favourable manner in which he has ſpoken of a performance, which derives its chief merit from the elegance and importance of the work it attempts to oppoſe. I have no hope of a future exiſtence, except that which is grounded on the truth of Chriſtianity. I wiſh not to be deprived of this hope; but I ſhould be an apoſtate from the mild principle of the religion I profeſs, if I could be actuated with the leaſt animoſity againſt thoſe who do not think with me upon this, of all others, the moſt important ſubject. I beg your pardon for this declaration of my belief; but my temper is naturally open, and it ought aſſuredly to be without diſguiſe to a man whom I wiſh no longer to look upon as an antagoniſt, but as a friend. I have the honour to be, with every ſentiment of reſpect, your obliged ſervant,

R° WATSON.

N° CXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

February 6th, 1779.

YOU are quiet and peaceable, and do not bark, as uſual, at my ſilence. To reward you, I would ſend you ſome news; but we are aſleep; no foreign intelligence, except the capture of a frigate; no certain account from the Weſt Indies, and a diſſolution of Parliament, which ſeems to have taken place ſince Chriſtmas. In the papers you will ſee negociations, changes of departments, &c. and I have *ſome* reaſon to believe, that thoſe reports are not entirely without foundation. Portſmouth is no longer an object of ſpeculation; the whole ſtream of all men, and all parties, runs one way. Sir Hugh is diſgraced, ruined, &c. &c.; and as an old wound has broken out again, they ſay he muſt have his leg cut off as ſoon as he has time. In a night or two we ſhall be in a blaze of illumination, from the zeal of naval heroes, land patriots, and tallow-chandlers; the laſt are not the leaſt ſincere. I want to hear ſome details of your military and familiar proceedings. By your ſilence I ſuppoſe you admire Davis, and diſlike my pamphlet; yet ſuch is the public folly, that we have a ſecond edition in the preſs: the faſhionable ſtyle of the clergy, is to ſay they have not read it. If Maria does not take care, I ſhall write a much ſharper invective againſt her, for *not* anſwering my diabolical book. My Lady carried it down, with a ſolemn promiſe that I ſhould receive an *unaſſiſted* French letter. Yet I embrace the little animal, as well as my Lady, and the *Spes altera Romæ*. Adieu.

There is a buz about a peace, and Spaniſh mediation.

N° CXVI.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, March 10th, 1779.

I SHOULD have long ſince returned you thanks for the pamphlet you took the trouble of ſending to me. I hope you are not one of thoſe who eſtimate kindneſs by punctuality in correſpondence. I read your little performance with much eagerneſs, and ſome ſolicitude. The latter ſoon ceaſed. The tone you take with your adverſary in this *impar congreſſus* appears to me perfectly proper; and, though I watched you with ſome attention, I have not obſerved any expreſſion which I ſhould, on your own account, wiſh to be altered. Davis's book never reached us here. Our diſtance from the Capital operates ſomewhat like time. Nothing but what has intrinſic value comes down to us. We hear ſometimes of the worthleſs and vile things that float for a day on the ſtream, but we ſeldom ſee them. I am ſatisfied, however, that it was neceſſary for you to animadvert on a man who had brought accuſations againſt you, which no gentleman can allow to be made without notice. I am perſuaded, that the perſons who inſtigated the man to ſuch an illiberal attack, will now be aſhamed of him. At the ſame time I applaud your reſolution, of not degrading yourſelf, by a ſecond conflict, with ſuch antagoniſts.

I am aſhamed to tell you, how little I have done ſince I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you. I have been prevented, partly by ill health, partly by cauſes which I ſhall explain when we meet: I hope that may be next ſpring. Believe me to be with great truth,

Your affectionate and faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

May 7th, 1779.

BY ſome of the ſtrangeſt accidents, (Lord G. G.'s indiſcretion, Rigby's boldneſs, &c.) which it would require ten pages to explain, our wiſe reſolution of laſt Thurſday is changed, and Lord Cornwallis will be examined; Sir William Howe's enquiry will proceed, and we ſhall be oppreſſed by the load of information. You have heard of the Jerſey invaſion; every body praiſes Arbuthnot's decided ſpirit. Conway went laſt night to throw himſelf into the iſland.

N° CXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

May, 1779.

ALAS! alas! fourteen ſhips of the line: you underſtand by this, that you have not got a ſingle long-boat. Miniſtry are more creſt-fallen than I ever knew them, with the laſt intelligence; and I am ſorry to ſay, that I ſee a ſmile of triumph on ſome oppoſition faces. Though the buſineſs of the Weſt Indies may ſtill produce ſomething, I am much afraid that we ſhall have a campaign of immenſe expence, and little or no action. The moſt buſy ſcene is at preſent in the Houſe of Commons; and we ſhall be involved, during a great part of next month, in tedious, fruitleſs, but, in my opinion, proper enquiries. You ſee how difficult it would be for me to viſit Brighton; and I fancy I muſt content myſelf with receiving you on your paſſage to Ireland. Indeed, I much want to have a *very ſerious* converſation with you. Another reaſon, which muſt in

a great meaſure pin me to Bentinck-ſtreet, is the Decline and Fall. I have reſolved to bring out the *ſuite* in the courſe of next year; and, though I have been tolerably diligent, ſo much remains to be done, that I can hardly ſpare a ſingle day from the ſhop. I can gueſs but one reaſon which ſhould prevent you from ſuppoſing that the picture in Leiceſter Fields was intended for the Sheffield library; viz. my having told you ſome time ago that I was under a formal engagement to Mr. Walpole *. Probably I ſhould not have been in any great hurry to execute my promiſe, if Mr. Cadell had not ſtrenuouſly urged the curioſity of the Public, who may be willing to repay the exorbitant price of *fifty* guineas. It is now finiſhed, and my friends ſay, that, in every ſenſe of the word, it is a good head. Next week it will be given to Hall the engraver, and I promiſe you a firſt impreſſion. Adieu. I embrace my Lady, and infants.

N° CXIX.

The Same to the Same.

1779.

WHEN do you come to town? You gave me hopes of a viſit, and I want to talk over things in general with you, before you march to the extremities of the Weſt, where the ſun goes to ſleep in the ſea. Mrs. Trevor told me, your deſtination was Exeter †; and I ſuppoſe nothing but truth can proceed from a pretty mouth.—I have been, and am ſtill very diligent; and, though it is a huge beaſt, (the Roman Empire,) yet, if I am not miſtaken, I ſee it move a little.—You ſeem ſurpriſed that I was able to get off Bath: very eaſily, the extreme ſhortneſs of our holidays was a fair excuſe; her recovery of health, ſpirits, &c. made it leſs neceſſary, and ſhe accepted my

* The portrait, one of the beſt of Sir Joſhua's, is in the library at Sheffield Place.

† With the Suſſex Militia, of which Mr. Holroyd was Major.

apology,

apology, which was however accompanied with an offer, if ſhe choſe it, in the prettieſt manner poſſible. A load of buſineſs in this Houſe, (I write from it,) will be the amuſement of the ſpring; motions, enquiries, taxes, &c. &c. We are now engaged in Lord Pigott's affair, brought on by a motion from the Admiral, that the Attorney General ſhould proſecute Mr. Stratton and Council; all the Maſters, Charles, Burke, Wedderburne, are of the ſame ſide, for it; Lord North ſeems to make a feeble ſtand, for the pleaſure of being in a minority. The day is hot and dull; will be long: ſome curious evidence; one man who refuſed three lacks of rupees, (thirty-ſeven thouſand five hundred pounds,) merely not to go to council; our mouths watered at ſuch royal corruption; how pitiful is our inſular bribery! A letter from aunt Heſter. Adieu.

N° CXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

July 2, 1779.

THE incloſed will inform you of an event *, not the moſt diſagreeable of thoſe which I have lately experienced. I have only to add, that it was effected by the firm and ſincere friendſhip of the Attorney General. So many incidents have happened, that I hardly know how to talk of news. You will learn that the Lords have ſtrangely caſtrated the new Militia Bill. The Ferrol ſquadron, eight or nine ſhips, have joined the French. The numbers ſtand on our ſide thirty-two, on theirs thirty-ſeven; but our force is at leaſt equal, and the general conſternation much diſpelled. If you do not Hibernize, you might at leaſt Bentinckize. I embrace, &c. Parliament will be prorogued to-morrow.

* His appointment as Lord of Trade.

N° CXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, BENTINCK-STREET, September 17th, 1779.

I AM well and happy; two words which you will accept as the ſubſtance of a very long letter; and even as a ſufficient excuſe for a very long ſilence. Yet I really do intend to behave better; and to prevent the abominable conſequence of hours and days and poſts ſtealing away, till the ſum total amounts to a formidable account, I have a great mind to enter into an agreement, of ſending you regularly every month, a *miniature* picture of my actual ſtate and condition on the firſt day of the aforeſaid month.

I am glad to hear of the very beneficial effects you have derived from your recent friendſhip with the goats*; and as I cannot diſcover in what reſpect this poor country is more proſperous or ſecure than it was laſt year, I muſt conſider your preſent confidence as a proof that you view the proſpect through a purer medium, and a glaſs of a more cheerful colour. I find myſelf ſo much more ſuſceptible of private friendſhip than of public ſpirit, that I am very well ſatisfied with that concluſion. My ſummer has been paſſed in the town and neighbourhood, which I ſtill maintain to be the beſt ſociety and the beſt retirement; the latter, however, has been ſometimes interrupted by the Colonel of Dragoons† with a train of ſerjeants, trumpets, recruits, &c. &c. My own time is much and agreeably employed in the proſecution of my buſineſs. After doing much more than I expected to have done within the time, I find myſelf much leſs advanced than I expected: yet I begin to reckon, and as well as I can calculate, I believe, that in twelve or fourteen months I ſhall be brought to-bed, perhaps of twins; may they live, and prove

* At Abergavenny.

† Colonel Holroyd at that time was raiſing a regiment of Light Dragoons.

as healthy as their eldeſt brother. With regard to the little foundling which ſo many friends or enemies choſe to lay at my door, I am perfectly innocent, even of the knowledge of that production; and all the faults or merits of the Hiſtory of Oppoſition muſt, as I am informed, be imputed to Macpherſon, the author or tranſlator of Fingal. Dear Madam, moſt truly yours.

N° CXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Colonel* HOLROYD *at* Coventry.

LONDON, Monday, February 7th, 1780.

WHEN the Attorney General informed me of the expreſs he had juſt ſent down to Coventry, I had not the leaſt doubt of your embracing the bolder reſolution. You are indeed obliged to him for his real friendſhip, which he feels and expreſſes warmly; on this occaſion I hope it will be ſucceſsful, and that in a few days you will find yourſelf among us at St. Stephen's in the heat of the battle. But you know that I am a daſtardly, puſillanimous ſpirit, more inclined to fear than to hope, and not very eager in the purſuit of *expenſive* vanity. On this vacancy the celerity of your motions may probably prevent oppoſition; but at the general election your enemy the corporation will not be aſleep, and I wiſh, if it be not too late, to warn you againſt any promiſes or engagements which may terminate in a defeat, or at leaſt a conteſt of ten thouſand pounds. Adieu. I could believe (without ſeeing it under her paw) that my Lady wiſhes to leave Coventry. No news! foreign or domeſtic. I did not forget to mention the *companies*, but find people, as I expected, torpid. Burke makes his motion Friday; but I think the rumours of a civil war ſubſide every day: petitions are thought leſs formidable; and I hear your Suſſex proteſt gathers ſignatures in the country.

N° CXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, BENTINCK-STREET, March 10th, 1780.

WHEN you awakened me with your pen, it was my intention to have ſhewn ſome ſigns of life by the next poſt. But ſo uncertain are all human affairs, that I found myſelf arreſted by a mighty unrelenting tyrant, called the gout; and though my feet were the part on which he choſe to exerciſe his cruelty, he left me neither ſtrength nor ſpirits to uſe my hand in relating the melancholy tale. At preſent, I have the pleaſure of informing you, that the fever and inflammation have ſubſided: but the abſolute weakneſs and monſtrous ſwelling of my two feet confine me to my chair and flannels; and this confinement moſt unluckily happens at a very *nice* and important moment of parliamentary affairs. Col. H. purſues thoſe affairs with eager and perſevering zeal; and has the pleaſure of undertaking more buſineſs than any three men could poſſibly execute. He is much obliged to you for your kind congratulation. Mrs. Eliot is in town; but I am quite ignorant (not more ſo than they are themſelves) of their intentions. I will write again very ſoon. I am, dear Madam, moſt truly yours.

N° CXXIV.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM, June 6th, 1780.

AS the old ſtory of religion has raiſed moſt *formidable* tumults in this town, and as they will of courſe ſeem much more formidable at the diſtance of an hundred miles, you may not be ſorry to hear

that I am perfectly ſafe and well: my known attachment to the Proteſtant religion has moſt probably ſaved me. Meaſures, and effectual meaſures, are taken to ſuppreſs thoſe diſorders, and every ſtreet is filled with horſe and foot. Mrs. Holroyd went out of town yeſterday morning; the Colonel remains, and ſhews his uſual ſpirit. I am ſincerely yours.

N° CXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, LONDON, June 8th, 1780.

As a Member of Parliament, I cannot be expoſed to any danger, ſince the Houſe of Commons has adjourned to Monday ſe'nnight; as an individual, I do not conceive myſelf to be obnoxious. I am not apt, without duty or neceſſity, to thruſt myſelf into a mob: and our part of the town is as quiet as a country village. So much for perſonal ſafety; but I cannot give the ſame aſſurances of public tranquillity: forty thouſand Puritans, ſuch as they might be in the time of Cromwell, have ſtarted out of their graves; the tumult has been dreadful; and even the remedy of military force and martial law is unpleaſant. But Government, with fifteen thouſand regulars in town, and every gentleman (but one) on their ſide, muſt extinguiſh the flame. The execution of laſt night was ſevere; perhaps it muſt be repeated to-night: yet, upon the whole, the tumult ſubſides. Colonel Holroyd was all laſt night in Holborn among the flames, with the Northumberland Militia, and performed very bold and able ſervice. I will write again in a poſt or two.

I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM, June 10th, 1780.

I SHOULD write with great pleaſure, to ſay that this audacious tumult is perfectly quelled; that Lord George Gordon is ſent to the Tower; and that, inſtead of ſafety or danger, we are now at leiſure to think of juſtice: but I am now alarmed on your account, as we have juſt got a report, that a ſimilar diſorder has broken out at Bath. I ſhall be impatient to hear from you; but I flatter myſelf that your pretty town does not contain much of that ſcum which has boiled up to the ſurface in this huge cauldron. I am, dear Madam, moſt ſincerely yours.

N° CXXVII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR MADAM, Bentinck-Street, June 27th, 1780.

I BELIEVE we may now rejoice in our common ſecurity. All tumult has perfectly ſubſided, and we only think of the juſtice which muſt be properly and ſeverely inflicted on ſuch flagitious criminals. The meaſures of Government have been ſeaſonable and vigorous; and even oppoſition has been forced to confeſs, that the military power was applied and regulated with the utmoſt propriety. Our danger is at an end, but our diſgrace will be laſting, and the month of June 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticiſm, which I had ſuppoſed to be extinct, but which actually ſubſiſts in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe. Our parliamentary work draws to a concluſion; and I am much more pleaſingly, though laborioufly, engaged in reviſing and

correcting for the preſs, the continuation of my Hiſtory, two volumes of which will certainly appear next winter. This buſineſs fixes me to Bentinck-ſtreet more cloſely than any other part of my literary labour; as it is abſolutely neceſſary that I ſhould be in the midſt of all the books which I have at any time uſed during the compoſition. But I feel a ſtrong deſire (irritated, like all other paſſions, by repeated obſtacles) to eſcape to Bath.

Dear Madam,

Moſt truly yours.

N° CXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Colonel* HOLROYD.

July 25th, 1780.

As your motions are ſpontaneous, and the ſtations of the Lord Chief* unalterably fixed, I cannot perceive the neceſſity of your ſending or receiving intelligence. However, your commands are obeyed. You wiſh I would write, as a ſign of life. I am alive; but, as I am immerſed in the Decline and Fall, I ſhall only make the ſign. It is made. You may ſuppoſe that we are not pleaſed with the junction of the fleets; nor can an ounce of Weſt India loſs be compenſated by a pound of Eaſt India ſucceſs: but the circuit will roll down all the news and politics of London. I rejoice to hear that the Suſſex regiment of Dragoons † are ſuch well-diſciplined cannibals; but I want to know when the Chief cannibal will return to his den. It would ſuit me better that it ſhould happen ſoon. Adieu.

* Lord Mansfield. † Commanded by Colonel Holroyd.

N° CXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

BROOKES's, November 28th, 1780.

PERHAPS the Sheriffs *, the tools of your enemies, may venture to make a falſe and hoſtile return, on the preſumption that they ſhall have a whole year of impunity; and that the merits of your petition cannot be heard this ſeſſion. Some of your moſt reſpectable friends in the Houſe of Commons are reſolved, (if the return ſhould be ſuch,) to ſtate it forcibly as a ſpecial and extraordinary caſe; and to exert all proper ſtrength for bringing on the trial of your Petition without delay. The knowledge of ſuch a reſolution may awe the Sheriffs; and it may be prudent to admoniſh them of the *impending* danger, in the way that you judge moſt adviſeable. Adieu. God ſend you a good deliverance.

N° CXXX.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mrs.* GIBBON, Belvedere, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, BENTINCK-STREET, December 21ſt, 1780.

THE conſtant attendance on the Board of Trade almoſt every day this week, has obliged me to defer till next Monday a viſit of inclination and propriety to Lord Loughborough (at Mitcham, in Surry). I ſhall not return till Wedneſday or Thurſday; and, inſtead of my Chriſtmas, I ſhall eat my New-year's dinner, at the Belvedere, Bath. May that New Year prove fortunate to you, to me, and to this weary country, which is this day involved in a new war! I ſhall write again about the middle of next week, with a preciſe account

* The Sheriffs of Coventry.

of

of my motions. I think the gallant Colonel, who is now Lord Sheffield, will ſucceed at Coventry; *perhaps* on the return, *certainly* on the petition. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, BENTINCK-STREET, February 24th, 1781.

AS you have probably received my laſt letter of thirteen hundred pages *, I ſhall be very conciſe; read, judge, pronounce; and believe that I ſincerely agree with my friend Julian, in eſteeming the praiſe of thoſe only who will freely cenſure my defects. Next Thurſday I ſhall be delivered to the world, for whoſe inconſtant and malicious levity I am coolly but firmly prepared. Excuſe me to Sarah. I ſee more clearly than ever, the abſolute neceſſity of confining my preſents to my own family: *that*, and that only, is a determined line, and Lord S. is the firſt to approve his excluſion. He has a ſtrong aſſurance of ſucceſs, and ſome hopes of a ſpeedy deciſion. How ſuddenly your friend General Pierſon diſappeared! You thought him happy. What is happineſs! My dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXII.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, May 12th, 1781.

I AM aſhamed of having deferred ſo long to thank you for the agreeable preſents of your two new volumes; but juſt as I had finiſhed the firſt reading of them, I was taken ill, and continued, for two or three weeks, nervous, deaf, and languid. I have now re-

* Second and third volumes of the Decline and Fall.

covered

covered as much ſpirit as to tell you, with what perfect ſatisfaction I have not only peruſed, but ſtudied, this part of your work. I knew enough of your talents and induſtry to expect a great deal, but you have gone far beyond my expectations. I can recollect no hiſtorical work from which I ever received ſo much inſtruction; and, when I conſider in what a barren field you had to glean and pick up materials, I am truly aſtoniſhed at the connected and intereſting ſtory you have formed. I like the ſtyle of theſe volumes better than that of the firſt; there is the ſame beauty, richneſs, and perſpicuity of language, with leſs of that quaintneſs, into which your admiration of Tacitus ſometimes ſeduced you. I am highly pleaſed with the reign of Julian. I was a little afraid that *you* might lean with ſome partiality towards him; but even bigots, I ſhould think, muſt allow, that you have delineated his moſt ſingular character with a more maſterly hand than ever touched it before. You ſet me a reading his works, with which I was very ſlenderly acquainted; and I am much ſtruck with the felicity wherewith you have deſcribed that odd infuſion of Heathen fanaticiſm and philoſophical coxcombry, which mingled with the great qualities of a hero, and a genius. Your chapter concerning the paſtoral nations is admirable; and, though I hold myſelf to be a tolerably good general hiſtorian, a great part of it was new to me. As ſoon as I have leiſure, I purpoſe to trace you to your ſources of information; and I have no doubt of finding you as exact there, as I have found you in other paſſages where I have made a ſcrutiny. It was always my idea that an hiſtorian ſhould feel himſelf a witneſs giving evidence upon oath. I am glad to perceive by your minute ſcrupuloſity, that your notions are the ſame. The laſt chapter in your work is the only one with which I am not entirely ſatisfied. I imagine you rather anticipate, in deſcribing the juriſprudence and inſtitutions of the Franks; and ſhould think that the account of private war, ordeals, chivalry, &c. would have come in more in its place about the age of Charlemagne, or later: but with reſpect

to this, and ſome other petty criticiſms, I will have an opportunity of talking fully to you ſoon, as I propoſe ſetting out for London on Monday. I have, indeed, many things to ſay to you; and, as my ſtay in London is to be very ſhort, I ſhall hope to find your door (at which I will be very often) always open to me. I cannot conclude without approving of the caution with which the new volumes are written; I hope it will exempt you from the illiberal abuſe the firſt volume drew upon you. I ever am, yours, faithfully and affectionately,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CXXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Lady* SHEFFIELD, *at* Sheffield-Place.

BENTINCK-STREET, Friday Evening, 10 o'clock, 1781.

OH, oh! I have given you the ſlip; ſaved thirty miles, by proceeding this day directly from Eartham to town, and am now *comfortably* ſeated in my library, in *my own* eaſy chair, and before *my* own fire; a ſtyle which you underſtand, though it is unintelligible to your Lord. The town is empty; but I am ſurrounded with a thouſand old acquaintance of all ages and characters, who are ready to anſwer a thouſand queſtions which I am impatient to aſk. I ſhall not eaſily be tired of their company; yet I ſtill remember, and will honorably execute, my promiſe of viſiting you at Brighton about the middle of next month. I have ſeen nobody, nor learned any thing, in four hours of a town life; but I can inform you, that Lady * * * * * is now the declared Miſtreſs of Prince Henry of Pruſſia, whom ſhe encountered at Spa; and that the Emperor has invited the amiable couple to paſs the winter at Vienna: fine encouragement for married women who behave themſelves properly.

I ſpent a very pleaſant day in the little paradiſe of Eartham, and the hermit expreſſed a deſire (no vulgar compliment) to ſee and to know Lord S. Adieu. I cordially embrace, &c.

N° CXXXIV.

Sir WILLIAM JONES *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, LAMB'S-BUILDINGS, June 30th, 1781.

I HAVE more than once ſought, without having been ſo fortunate as to obtain, a proper opportunity of thanking you very ſincerely for the elegant compliment which you pay me, in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

My *Seven Arabian Poets* will ſee the light before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their Engliſh dreſs. Their wild productions will, I flatter myſelf, be thought intereſting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

In the mean while, let me requeſt you to honour me with accepting a copy of a Law Tract, which is not yet publiſhed: the ſubject is ſo generally important, that I make no apology for ſending you a profeſſional work.

You muſt pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus, baſely ſurnamed Auguſtus. I feel myſelf unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which, if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Beſides, even Mecænas knew the cruelty of his diſpoſition, and ventured to reproach him with it. In ſhort, I have not *Chriſtian* charity for him.

With regard to Aſiatic letters, a neceſſary attention to my profeſſion will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, *unleſs* Lord North (to whom I am already under no ſmall obligation) ſhould think me worthy to concur in the *improved* adminiſtration of juſtice in Bengal, and ſhould appoint me to ſupply the vacancy on the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I ſhould

probably travel, for ſpeed, through part of Egypt and Arabia, and ſhould be able, in my way, to procure many Eaſtern tracts of literature and juriſprudence. I might become a good *Mahomedan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, ſhould find leiſure to explain, in my native language, whatever the Arabs, Perſians, and Turks, have written on ſcience, hiſtory, and the fine arts.

My happineſs by no means depends on obtaining this appointment, as I am in eaſy circumſtances without my profeſſion, and have flattering proſpects in it; but if the preſent ſummer and the enſuing autumn elapſe without my receiving any anſwer, favourable or unfavourable, I ſhall be forced to conſider that ſilence as a polite refuſal, and, having given ſincere thanks for paſt favours, ſhall entirely drop all thoughts of *Aſia*, and, " deep as ever plummet " ſounded, ſhall drown my *Perſian* books." If my politics have given offence, it would be manly in Miniſters to tell me ſo. I ſhall never be *perſonally* hoſtile to them, nor enliſt under party banners of any colour; but I will never reſign my opinions for *intereſt*, though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reaſon, ſuch as it is, can only be controlled by better reaſon, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, ſpeech, and action, I ſhall ever ſay what Charles XII. wrote under the map of Riga, " *Dieu me l'a donnee; le diable ne me l'otera pas.*" But the fair anſwer to this objection is, that my ſyſtem is purely ſpeculative, and has no relation to my ſeat on the bench in India, where I ſhould hardly think of inſtructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I ſhould not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in Parliament might deprive me of the pleaſure of meeting you at the Club next Tueſday; and I ſhall go to Oxford a few days after. At all times, and in all places, I ſhall ever be, with undiſſembled regard, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful ſervant,

W. JONES.

N° CXXXV.

Lord HARDWICKE *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, WIMPLE, September 20th, 1781.

As I have peruſed your Hiſtory of the Decline, &c. with the greateſt pleaſure and inſtruction, I cannot help wiſhing that, as health and leiſure permit, you would gratify your numerous readers and admirers, by continuing it, at leaſt till the irruption of the Arabs after Mahomet. From that period the Hiſtory of the Eaſt is not very intereſting, and often diſguſting. I particularly wiſh to ſee the reigns of Juſtin, Juſtinian, and I think Juſtin the Second, written by ſo maſterly a hand. There are ſtriking facts and remarkable characters in all thoſe reigns, which have not yet met with an able and ſagacious *Hiſtorian*. You ſeemed (as well as I recollect) to think the anecdotes of Procopius ſpurious; there are ſtrange anecdotes in them, and of a very different caſt from his Hiſtory. Can it be traced up when they firſt came to light?

Excuſe this ſhort interruption from much better employments or amuſements; and believe me, Sir, with the greateſt regard, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HARDWICKE.

P. S. It has occurred to me, that a map of the progreſs and native ſeat of the northern hives would greatly elucidate and explain that part of your Hiſtory. It may be done in a ſecond edition.

N° CXXXVI.

Dr. ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, November 6th, 1781.

SOON after my return I had a long converſation with our friend Mr. Smith, in which I ſtated to him every particular you mentioned to me, with reſpect to the propriety of going on with your great work. I was happy to find, that his opinion coincided perfectly with that which I had ventured to give you. His deciſions, you know, are both prompt and vigorous; and he would not allow that you ought to heſitate a moment in your choice. He promiſed to write his ſentiments to you very fully. But as he may have neglected to do this, for it is not willingly that he puts pen to paper, I thought it might be agreeable to you to know his opinion, though I imagine you could hardly entertain any doubt concerning it. I hope you have brought ſuch a ſtock of health and ſpirits from Brighthelmſtone, that you are ſet ſeriouſly at your deſk, and that in two winters or ſo, you will diſplay the creſcent of Mahomet on the dome of St. Sophia. I met t'other day, in a work addreſſed to yourſelf, a ſenſible paſſage from F. Paul, which perfectly removes one of your chief difficulties, as to the barrenneſs of ſome parts of your period. Hayley's Eſſay on Hiſtory, p. 133. By the bye, who is this Mr. Hayley? His poetry has more merit than that of moſt of his contemporaries; but his whiggiſm is ſo bigotted, and his Chriſtianity ſo fierce, that he almoſt diſguſts one with two very good things.

I have got quite well long ago, and am perfectly free from deafneſs; but I cannot yet place myſelf in any claſs but that of the

multa

multa et præclara minantes. Be ſo kind as to remember me to Lord Loughborough and Mr. Craufurd, and believe me to be, with moſt ſincere reſpect and attachment, yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Nov. 2d, 1781.

I RETURNED to this place with Lord and Lady Sheffield, with the deſign of paſſing two or three weeks in a ſituation which had ſo highly delighted me. But how vain are all ſublunary hopes! I had forgot that there is ſome difference between the ſunſhine of Auguſt and the cold fogs (though we have uncommon good weather) of November. Inſtead of my beautiful ſea-ſhore, I am confined to a dark lodging in the middle of the town; for the place is ſtill full, and our time is now ſpent in the dull imitation of a London life. To complete my misfortunes, Lord Sheffield was haſtily ordered to Canterbury and Deal, to ſuppreſs ſome diſturbances, and I was left almoſt alone with my Lady, in the ſervile ſtate of a married man. But he returns to-day, and I hope to be ſeated in my own library by the middle of next week. However, you will not be ſorry to hear that I have refreſhed myſelf by a very *idle* ſummer, and indeed a much idler and more pleaſant winter than the Houſe of Commons will ever allow me to enjoy again. I had almoſt forgot Mr. Hayley; ungratefully enough, ſince I really paſſed a very ſimple, but entertaining day with him. His place, though ſmall, is elegant as his mind, which I value much more highly. Mrs. * * * * wrote a melancholy ſtory of an American mother, a friend of her friend, who in a ſhort time had loſt three ſons; one killed by the ſavages; one run mad from the fright at that accident, and the third taken at

ſea, now in England, a priſoner in Forton hoſpital. For *him* ſomething might perhaps be done. Your humanity will prompt you to obtain from Mrs. * * * * a more accurate account of names, dates, and circumſtances; but you will prudently ſuppreſs my requeſt, leſt I ſhould raiſe hopes which it may not be in my power to gratify. Lady S. begs to ſend her kindeſt compliments to you. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, July 3d, 1782.

I HOPE you have not had a moment's uneaſineſs about the delay of my Midſummer letter. Whatever may happen, you may reſt fully ſecure, that the materials of it ſhall always be *found*. But on this occaſion I have miſſed four or five poſts; poſtponing, as uſual, from morning to the evening bell, which now rings, till it has occurred to me, that it might not be amiſs to encloſe the two eſſential lines, if I only added that the influenza has been known to me only by the report of others. Lord Rockingham is at laſt dead; a good man, whatever he might be a miniſter: his ſucceſſor is not yet named, and diviſions in the Cabinet are ſuſpected. If Lord Shelburne ſhould be the man, as I think he will, the friends of his predeceſſor will quarrel with him before Chriſtmas. At all events, I foreſee much tumult and ſtrong oppoſition, from which I ſhould be very glad to extricate myſelf, by quitting the Houſe of Commons with honour. Whatever you may hear, I believe there is not the leaſt intention of diſſolving Parliament, which would indeed be a raſh and dangerous meaſure. I hope you like Mr. Hayley's poem; he riſes with his ſubject, and ſince Pope's death, I am ſatisfied that England has not

ſeen ſo happy a mixture of ſtrong ſenſe and flowing numbers. Are you not delighted with his addreſs to his mother? I underſtand that ſhe was in plain proſe every thing that he ſpeaks her in verſe. This ſummer I ſhall ſtay in town, and work at my trade, till I make ſome holidays for my Bath excurſion. Lady Sheffield is at Brighton, and he is under tents, like the wild Arabs; ſo that my country houſe is ſhut up. I am, dear Madam, ever yours.

N° CXXXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD, *Camp*, Coxheath.

BENTINCK-STREET, 1782.

I SYMPATHISE with your fatigues; yet Alexander, Hannibal, &c. have ſuffered hardſhips almoſt equal to yours. At ſuch a moment it is diſagreeable (beſides lazineſs) to write, becauſe every hour teems with a new lie. As yet, however, only Charles has formally reſigned; but Lord John *, Burke, Keppel, Lord Althorpe, &c. certainly follow; your Lord Lieutenant ſtays. In ſhort, three months of proſperity has diſſolved a phalanx, which had ſtood ten years adverſity. Next Tueſday, Fox will give his reaſons, and poſſibly be encountered by Pitt, the new Secretary, or Chancellor †, at three-and-twenty. The day will be rare and curious, and, if I were a light dragoon, I would take a gallop on purpoſe to Weſtminſter. Adieu. I hear the bell. How could I write before I knew where you dwelt?

* Lord John Cavendiſh.

† Chancellor of the Exchequer.

N° CXL.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD, Coxheath *Camp.*

September 29th, 1782.

I SHOULD like to hear ſometimes, whether you ſurvive the ſcenes of action and danger in which a dragoon is continually involved. What a difference between the life of a dragoon and that of a philoſopher! and I will freely own that I (the philoſopher) am much better ſatisfied with my own independent and tranquil ſituation, in which I have always ſomething to do, without ever being obliged to do any thing. The Hampton Court villa has anſwered my expectation, and proved no ſmall addition to my comforts; ſo that I am reſolved next ſummer to hire, borrow, or ſteal, either the ſame, or ſomething of the ſame kind. Every morning I walk a mile or more before breakfaſt, read and write *quantum ſufficit*, mount my chaiſe and viſit in the neighbourhood, accept ſome invitations, and eſcape others, uſe the Lucans as my daily bread, dine pleaſantly at home, or ſociably abroad, reſerve for ſtudy an hour or two in the evening, lie in town regularly once a week, &c. &c. &c. I have announced to Mrs. G. my new arrangements; the certainty that October will be fine, and my increaſing doubts whether I ſhall be able to reach Bath before Chriſtmas. Do you intend (but how can you intend any thing?) to paſs the winter under canvaſs. Perhaps under the veil of Hampton Court I may lurk ten days or a fortnight at Sheffield, if the enraged Lady does not ſhut the doors againſt me. The Warden * paſſed through in his way to Dover. He is not ſo fat, and more cheerful than ever. I had not any private converſa-

* Lord North.

tion

tion with him; but he clearly holds the balance, unleſs he lets it drop out of his hand. The Pandæmonium (as I underſtand) does not meet till the twenty-ſixth of November. Town is more a deſert than I ever knew it. I arrived yeſterday, dined at Sir Joſhua's with a tolerable party; the chaiſe is now at the door; I dine at Richmond, lie at Hampton, &c. Adieu.

N° CXLI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Lord* SHEFFIELD, *at* Coxheath *Camp.*

BENTINCK-STREET, October 14th, 1782.

ON the approach of winter, my paper houſe at Hampton becomes leſs comfortable; my viſits to Bentinck-ſtreet grow longer and more frequent, and the end of next week will reſtore me to the town, with a lively wiſh, however, to repeat the ſame, or a ſimilar experiment, next ſummer. I admire the aſſurance with which you propoſe a month's reſidence at Sheffield, when you are not ſure of being allowed three days. Here it is currently reported, that camps will not ſeparate till Lord Howe's *return* from Gibraltar, and as yet we have no news of his arrival. Perhaps indeed you may have more intimate correſpondence with your old friend Lord Shelburne, and already know the hour of your deliverance. I ſhould like to be informed. As Lady S. has entirely forgotten me, I ſhall have the pleaſure of forming a new acquaintance. I have often thought of writing, but it is now too late to repent.

I am at a loſs what to ſay or think about our parliamentary ſtate. A certain late Secretary of Ireland reckons the Houſe of Commons thus: Miniſter one hundred and forty, Reynard ninety, Boreas one hundred and twenty, the reſt unknown, or uncertain. The laſt of the three, by ſelf or agents, talks too much of abſence, neutrality, moderation. I ſtill think he will diſcard the game.

I am not in ſuch a fury with the letter of American independence; but I think it ſeems ill-timed and uſeleſs; and I am much entertained with the metaphyſical diſputes between Government and Seceſſion about the meaning of it. Lord Loughborough will be in town Sunday ſeven-night. I long to ſee him and Co. I think he will take a very decided part. If he could throw aſide his gown, he would make a noble leader. The Eaſt India news are excellent. The French gone to the Mauritius, Heyder deſirous of peace, the Nizam and Mahrattas our friends, and ſeventy lacks of rupees in the Bengal treaſury, while we were voting the recal of Haſtings. Adieu. Write ſoon.

N° CXLII.

Edward Gibbon *Eſquire to Lord* Sheffield.

1782.

I have deſigned writing every poſt. The air of London is admirable; my complaints have vaniſhed, and the gout ſtill reſpects me. Lord Loughborough, with whom I paſſed an entire day, is very well ſatisfied with his Iriſh expedition, and found the barbarous people very kind to him. The caſtle is ſtrong, but the volunteers are formidable. London is dead, and all intelligence ſo totally extinct, that the loſs of an army would be a favourable incident. We have not even the advantage of ſhipwrecks, which muſt ſoon, with the ſociety of you and Gerard Hamilton, become the only pleaſures of Brighton. My Lady is precious, and deſerves to ſhine in London, when ſhe regains her palace. The workmen are ſlow, but I hear that the Miniſter talks of hiring another houſe after Chriſtmas *. Adieu, till Monday ſeven-night.

* Lord North, while his houſe was repairing, inhabited Lord Sheffield's in Downing-ſtreet.

N° CXLIII.

The Same to the Same.

January 17th, 1783.

As I arrived about ſeven o'clock on Wedneſday laſt, we were ſome time in town in mutual ignorance. Unlucky enough; yet our loſs will be ſpeedily repaired. Your reaſon for not writing is worthy of an Iriſh Baron: you thought Sarah might be at Bath, becauſe you directed letters to her at Clifton near Briſtol; where indeed I ſaw her in a delightful ſituation, ſwept by the winter winds, and ſcorched by the ſummer ſun. A nobler reaſon for your ſilence would be the care of the public papers, to record your ſteps, words, and actions. I was pleaſed with your Coventry oration: a panegyric on * * * * is a ſubject entirely new, and which no orator before yourſelf would have dared to undertake. You have acted with prudence and dignity in caſting away the military yoke. This next ſummer you will ſit down (if you can ſit) in the long loſt character of a country gentleman.

For my own part, my late journey has only confirmed me in the opinion, that Number Seven in Bentinck-ſtreet is the beſt houſe in the world. I find that peace and war alternately, and daily, take their turns of converſation, and this (Friday) is the pacific day. Next week we ſhall probably hear ſome queſtions on that head very ſtrongly aſked, and very fooliſhly anſwered, &c. Give me a line by return of poſt, and probably I may viſit Downing-ſtreet on Monday evening; late, however, as I am engaged to dinner and cards. Adieu.

N° CXLIV.

[Although Dr. Prieſtley may not be juſtified for publiſhing the following Letters, yet as he thought fit to print them with a volume of ſermons ſoon after Mr. Gibbon's death, it will not be improper to inſert them in this collection.]

Mr. GIBBON *to Dr.* PRIESTLEY.

SIR, January 23d, 1783.

As a mark of your eſteem, I ſhould have accepted with pleaſure your Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity. You have been careful to inform me, that it is intended, not as a gift, but as a challenge, and ſuch a challenge you muſt permit me to decline. At the ſame time you glory in outſtripping the zeal of the Mufti and the Lama, it may be proper to declare, that I ſhould equally refuſe the defiance of thoſe venerable divines. Once, and once only, the juſt defence of my own veracity provoked me to deſcend into the amphitheatre; but as long as you attack opinions which I have never maintained, or maintain principles which I have never denied, you may ſafely exult in my ſilence and your own victory. The difference between us, (on the credibility of miracles,) which you chuſe to ſuppoſe, and wiſh to argue, is a trite and antient topic of controverſy, and, from the opinion which you entertain of yourſelf and of me, it does not appear probable that our diſpute would either edify or enlighten the Public.

That Public will decide to whom the *invidious* name of Unbeliever more juſtly belongs; to the Hiſtorian, who, without interpoſing his own ſentiments, has delivered a ſimple narrative of authentic facts, or to the diſputant who proudly rejects all natural proofs of the immortality of the ſoul, overthrows (by circumſcribing)

the inſpiration of the evangeliſts and apoſtles, and condemns the religion of every Chriſtian nation, as a fable leſs innocent, but not leſs abſurd, than Mahomet's journey to the third Heaven.

And now, Sir, ſince you aſſume a right to determine the objects of my paſt and future ſtudies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almoſt unanimous, and not offenſive wiſh, of the philoſophic world :—that you would confine your talents and induſtry to thoſe ſciences in which real and uſeful improvements *can* be made. Remember the end of your predeceſſor Servetus, not of his life, (the Calvins of our days are reſtrained from the uſe of the ſame fiery arguments,) but, I mean, the end of his reputation. His theological writings are loſt in oblivion ; and if his book on the Trinity be ſtill preſerved, it is only becauſe it contains the firſt rudiments of the diſcovery of the circulation of the blood.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble ſervant.

N° CXLV.

Dr. PRIESTLEY *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, BIRMINGHAM, 3d February 1783.

IT would have been impertinent in me, eſpecially conſidering the object of my *Hiſtory*, to have ſent you a copy of it as a mark of my *eſteem* or *friendſhip*. What I meant was to act the part of a fair and open *adverſary*, and I am truly ſorry that you decline the diſcuſſion I propoſed : for though you are of a different opinion, I do not think that either of us could be better employed ; and, ſhould the Mufti and the Lama, whoſe challenge, you ſay, you would alſo decline, become parties in the buſineſs, I ſhould rejoice the more. I do not well know what you can mean by intimating, that I am a greater Unbeliever than yourſelf ; that I attack opinions which you never maintained, and maintain principles which you never denied.

If

If you mean to aſſert, that you are a believer in Chriſtianity, and meant to recommend it, I muſt ſay, that your mode of writing has been very ill adapted to gain your purpoſe. If there be any certain method of diſcovering a man's real object, yours has been to diſcredit Chriſtianity in fact, while in words you repreſent yourſelf as a friend to it: a conduct which I ſcruple not to call highly unworthy and mean; an inſult on the common ſenſe of the Chriſtian world; as a method of ſereening you from the notice of the law, (which is as hoſtile to me as it is to you,) you muſt know that it could avail you nothing; and, though that mode of writing might be deemed ingenious and witty in the firſt inventor of it, it has been too often repeated to deſerve that appellation now.

According to your own rule of conduct, this charge ought to provoke you to deſcend into the amphitheatre once more, as much as the accuſation of Mr. Davis: for it is a call upon you to defend, not your *principles* only, but alſo your *honour*. For what can reflect greater diſhonour on a man, than to ſay one thing and mean another? You have certainly been very far from confining yourſelf, as you pretend, to a ſimple narrative of authentic facts, without interpoſing your own ſentiments. I hold no opinions, obnoxious as they are, that I am not ready both to *avow* in the moſt explicit manner, and alſo to defend with any perſon of competent judgment and ability. Had I not conſidered you in this light, and alſo as fairly open, by the ſtrain of your writings, to ſuch a challenge, I ſhould not have called upon you as I have done. The Public will form its own judgment both of that and of your ſilence on the occaſion; and finally decide between you, the *humble hiſtorian*, and me, the *proud diſputant*.

As to my *reputation*, for which you are ſo very obligingly concerned, give me leave to obſerve, that, as far as it is an object with any perſon, and a thing to be enjoyed by himſelf, it muſt depend upon his particular notions and feelings.—Now, odd as it will appear to

you, the eſteem of a very few rational Chriſtian friends (though I know that it will enſure me the deteſtation of the greater part of the preſent nominally Chriſtian world that happen to hear me) gives me more real ſatisfaction, than the applauſe of what you call the philoſophic world. I admire Servetus, by whoſe example you wiſh me to take warning, more for his courage in dying for the cauſe of important truth, than I ſhould have done if, beſides the certain diſcovery of the circulation of the blood, he had made any other the moſt celebrated diſcovery in philoſophy.

However, I do not ſee what my philoſophical friends (of whom I have many, and whom I think I value as I ought,) have to do with my metaphyſical or theological writings. They may, if they pleaſe, conſider them as my particular whims or amuſements, and accordingly neglect them. They have, in fact, interfered very little with my application to philoſophy, ſince I have had the means of doing it. I was never more buſy, or more ſucceſsfully ſo, in my philoſophical purſuits, than during the time that I have been employed about the Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity. I am at this very time, *totus in illis*, as my friends know; and as the Public will know in due time; which with me is never long, and if you had thought proper to enter into the diſcuſſion I propoſed, it would not have made me neglect my laboratory, or omit a ſingle experiment that I ſhould otherwiſe have made.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

J. PRIESTLEY.

N° CXLVI.

Mr. GIBBON *to Dr.* PRIESTLEY.

SIR, BENTINCK-STREET, February 6th, 1783.

As I do not pretend to judge of the ſentiments or intentions of another, I ſhall not enquire how far you are inclined to ſuffer, or inflict, martyrdom. It only becomes me to ſay, that the ſtyle and temper of your laſt letter have ſatisfied me of the propriety of declining all farther correſpondence, whether public or private, with ſuch an adverſary. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant.

N° CXLVII.

Dr. PRIESTLEY *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, BIRMINGHAM, 10th February, 1783.

I NEITHER requeſted nor wiſhed to have any *private correſpondence* with you. All that my MS. card required, was a ſimple acknowledgment of the receipt of the copy of my work. You choſe, however, to give me a ſpecimen of your temper and feelings; and alſo, what I thought to be an opening to a further call upon you for a juſtification of yourſelf *in public*. Of this I was willing to take advantage; and, at the ſame time, to ſatisfy you, that my philoſophical purſuits, for which, whether in earneſt or not, you were pleaſed to expreſs ſome concern, would not be interrupted in conſequence of it.

As this correſpondence, from the origin and nature of it, cannot be deemed *confidential*, I may, eſpecially if I reſume my obſervations on your conduct as an Hiſtorian, give the Public an opportunity of judging of the propriety of my anſwer to your firſt extraordinary letter, and alſo to this laſt truly *enigmatical* one; to interpret which

more

requires much more ſagacity, than to diſcover your real intentions with reſpect to Chriſtianity, though you might think you had carefully concealed them from all human inſpection.

Wiſhing to hear from you juſt as little as you pleaſe in private, and juſt as much as you pleaſe in public, I am, Sir, your humble ſervant.

N° CXLVIII.

Mr. GIBBON *to Dr.* PRIESTLEY.

February 22d, 1783.

IF Dr. Prieſtley conſults his friends, he will probably learn, that a ſingle copy of a paper, addreſſed under a ſeal to a ſingle perſon, and not relative to any public or official buſineſs, muſt always be conſidered as *private* correſpondence; which a man of honour is not at liberty to print without the conſent of the writer. That conſent in the preſent inſtance, Mr. Gibbon thinks proper to with-hold; and, as he deſires to eſcape all further altercation, he ſhall not trouble Dr. Prieſtley or himſelf with explaining the motives of his refuſal.

N° CXLIX.

Dr. PRIESTLEY *to Mr.* GIBBON.

BIRMINGHAM, 25th February 1783.

DR. Prieſtley is as unwilling to be guilty of any real impropriety as Mr. Gibbon can wiſh him to be: but, as the correſpondence between them relates not to any *private*, but only to a *public matter*, he apprehends that it may, according to Mr. Gibbon's own diſtinction, at the pleaſure of either of the parties be laid before the Public; who, in fact, are intereſted to know, at leaſt, the reſult of it. Dr. Prieſtley's

conduct will always be open to animadverſion, that of Mr. Gibbon, or of any other perſon. His appeal is to men of honour, and even men of the world; and he deſires no favour.

Dr. Prieſtley has ſent a ſingle copy of the correſpondence to a friend in London, with leave to ſhew it to any other common friends, but with a prohibition to take any other copy: but between this and *printing* there is no difference, except in *mode* and *extent*. In the eye of the law and of reaſon both are equally publications; and has Mr. Gibbon never thought himſelf at liberty to ſhew a copy of a letter to a third perſon?

Mr. Gibbon may eaſily eſcape all further altercation by diſcontinuing this mutually diſagreeable correſpondence, by leaving Dr. Prieſtley to act as his own diſcretion or indiſcretion may dictate; and for this, himſelf only, and not Mr. Gibbon, is reſponſible.

N° CL.

M. Gibbon *à Monſ.* Deyverdun, à Lauſanne.

A Londres, ce 20 Mai 1783.

Que j'aime la douce et parfaite confiance de nos ſentimens réciproques! Nous nous aimons dans l'éloignement et le ſilence, et il nous ſuffit à l'un et à l'autre, de ſavoir de tems en tems, des nouvelles de la ſanté et du bonheur de ſon ami. Aujourd'hui j'ai beſoin de vous écrire; je commence ſans excuſes et ſans reproches, comme ſi nous allions reprendre la converſation familière du jour précédent. Si je propoſois de faire un *compte rendu* de mes études, de mes occupations, de mes plaiſirs, de mes nouvelles liaiſons, de ma politique toujours muette, mais un peu plus rapprochée des grands évenemens, je multiplierois mes *in quarto*, et je ne ſais pas encore votre avis ſur ceux que je vous ai deja envoyés. Dans cette hiſtoire moderne, il

ſeroit toujours queſtion de la décadence des empires ; et autant que j'en puis juger ſur mes réminiſcences et ſur le rapport de l'ami Bugnon, vous aimez auſſi peu la puiſſance de l'Angleterre que celle des Romains. Notre chute, cependant, a été plus douce. Après une guerre ſans ſuccès, et une paix aſſez peu glorieuſe, il nous reſte de quoi vivre contens et heureux ; et lorſque je me ſuis dépouillé du rôle de Membre du Parlement, pour redevenir homme, philoſophe, et hiſtorien, nous pourrions bien nous trouver d'accord ſur la plus part des ſcênes étonnantes qui viennent de ſe paſſer devant nos yeux, et qui fourniront une riche matière aux plus habiles de mes ſucceſſeurs.

Bornons nous à cette heure à un objet moins illuſtre ſans doute, mais plus intéreſſant pour tous les deux, et c'eſt beaucoup que le même objet puiſſe intéreſſer deux mortels qui ne ſe ſont pas vûs, qui a peine ſe ſont écrit depuis—oui ma foi—depuis huit ans. Ma plume, très pareſſeuſe au commencement, ou plutôt avant le commencement, marche aſſez vite, lorſqu'elle s'eſt une fois miſe en train ; mais une raiſon qui m'empêcheroit de lui donner carrière, c'eſt l'eſpérance de pouvoir bientôt me ſervir avec vous d'un inſtrument encore plus commode, la langue. Que l'homme, l'homme Anglois, l'homme Gibbon, eſt un ſot animal ! Je l'eſpere, je le deſire, je le puis, mais je ne ſais pas ſi je le veux, encore moins ſi j'exécuterai cette volonté. Voici mon hiſtoire, autant qu'elle pourra vous éclairer, qu'elle pourra m'éclairer moi-même, ſur mes véritables intentions, qui me paroîſſent tres obſcures, et tres équivoques ; et vous aurez la bonté de m'apprendre qu'elle ſera ma conduite future. Il vous ſouvient, Seigneur, que mon grand pere a fait ſa fortune, que mon pere l'a mangée avec un peu trop d'appétit, et que je jouis actuellement du fruit, ou plutôt du reſte de leurs travaux. Vous n'avez pas oublié que je ſuis entré au Parlement ſans patriotiſme, ſans ambition, et que toutes mes vues ſe bornoient à la place commode et honnête d'un *Lord of Trade*. Cette place, je l'ai obtenue

enfin ; je l'ai poſſédée trois ans, depuis 1779 juſqu' à 1782, et le produit net, qui ſe montoit à ſept cens cinquante livres ſterling, augmentoit mon revenu, au niveau de mes beſoins, et de mes deſirs. Mais au printems de l'année précédente, l'orage a grondé ſur nos têtes : Milord North a été renverſé, votre ſerviteur chaſſé, et le *Board* même, dont j'étois membre, aboli et caſſé pour toujours, par la réformation de M. Burke, avec beaucoup d'autres places de l'Etat, et de la maiſon du Roi. Pour mon malheur, je ſuis toujours reſté Membre de la Chambre baſſe : à la fin du dernier Parlement (en 1780) M. Eliot à retiré ſa nomination ; mais la faveur de Milord North a facilité ma rentrée, et la reconnoiſance m'impoſoit le devoir de faire valoir, pour ſon ſervice, les droits que je tenois en partie de lui. Cet hyver nous avons combatu ſous les étendards réunis (vous ſavez notre hiſtoire) de Milord North, et de M. Fox ; nous avons triomphé de Milord Shelburne et de la paix, et mon ami (je n'aime pas à profaner ce nom) a remonté ſur ſa bête en qualité de Secretaire d'Etat. C'eſt à préſent qu'il peut bien me dire : " C'étoit " beaucoup pour moi ; ce n'étoit rien pour vous ;" et malgré les aſſurances les plus fortes, j'ai trop de raiſon, pour avoir de la foi. Avec beaucoup d'eſprit, et des qualités très reſpectables, il n'a plus ni le titre, ni le crédit de premier miniſtre; des collegues plus actifs lui enlevent les morceaux les plus friands, qui ſont auſſitôt dévorés par la voracité de leurs créatures ; nos malheurs et nos réformes ont diminué le nombre des graces; par orgueil ou par pareſſe, je ſollicite auſſi mal, et ſi je parviens enfin, ce ſera peut être à la veille d'une nouvelle révolution, qui me fera perdre dans un inſtant, ce qui m'aura coûté tant de ſoins et de recherches. Si je ne conſultois que mon cœur et ma raiſon, je romprois ſur le champ cette indigne chaine de la dépendance ; je quitterois le Parlement, Londres, l'Angleterre ; je chercherois ſous un ciel plus doux, dans un pays plus tranquille, le repos, la liberté, l'aiſance, et une ſociété éclairée et aimable. Je coulerois quelques années de ma vie ſans eſpérance, et ſans crainte,

j'acheverois mon hiſtoire, et je ne rentrerois dans ma patrie qu'en homme libre, riche, et reſpectable par ſa poſition, auſſi bien que par ſon caractère. Mes amis, et ſurtout Milord Sheffield, ne veulent pas me permettre d'être heureux ſuivant mon goût et mes lumières. Leur prudence exige que je faſſe tous mes efforts, pour obtenir un emploi très ſur à la vérité, qui me donneroit mille guinées de rente, mais qui m'enlèveroit cinq jours par ſemaine. Je me prête à leur zele, et je leur ai promis de ne partir qu'en automne, après avoir conſacré l'été à cette dernière tentative. Le ſuccès, cependant, eſt très incertain, et je ne ſais ſi je le deſire de bonne foi.

Si je parviens à me voir exilé, mon choix ne ſera pas douteux. Lauſanne a eu mes prémices; elle me ſera toujours chere par le doux ſouvenir de ma jeuneſſe. Au bout de trente ans, je me rappelle les poliſſons qui ſont aujourd'hui juges, les petites filles de la ſociété du printems, qui ſont devenues grand-meres. Votre pays eſt charmant, et, malgré le dégoût de Jean Jacques, les mœurs, et l'eſprit de ſes habitans, me paroiſſent très aſſortis aux bords du lac Léman. Mais un tréſor que je ne trouverois qu'à Lauſanne; c'eſt un ami qui me convient également par les ſentimens, et les idées, avec qui je n'ai jamais connu un inſtant d'ennui, de ſéchereſſe, ou de réſerve. Autrefois dans nos libres épanchemens, nous avons cent fois fait le projet de vivre enſemble, et cent fois nous avons épluché tous les détails du Roman, avec une chaleur qui nous étonnoit nous memes. A préſent il demeure, ou plutôt vous demeurez, (car je me laſſe de ce ton étudié,) dans une maiſon charmante et commode; je vois d'ici mon appartement, nos ſalles communes, notre table, et nos promenades; mais ce mariage ne vaut rien, s'il ne convient pas également aux deux époux, et je ſens combien des circonſtances locales, des goûts nouveaux, de nouvelles liaiſons, peuvent s'oppoſer aux deſſeins, qui nous ont paru les plus agréables dans le lointain. Pour fixer mes idées, et pour nous épargner des regrets, il faut me dévoiler avec la franchiſe dont je vous ai donné l'exemple, le tableau extérieur et intérieur de George Deyverdun. Mon amour eſt trop délicat, pour

ſupporter

ſupporter l'indifférence et les égards, et je rougirois d'un bonheur dont je ſerois redevable, non à l'inclination, mais à la fidélité de mon ami. Pour m'armer contre les malheurs poſſibles, helas ! peut être trop vraiſemblables, j'ai eſſayé de me détacher de la penſée de ce projet favori, et de me repréſenter à Lauſanne votre bon voiſin, ſans être préciſement votre commenſal. Si j'y étois réduit, je ne voudrois pas tenir maiſon, autant par raiſon d'économie, que pour éviter l'ennui de manger ſeul. D'un autre côté, une penſion ouverte, fut elle montée ſur l'ancien pied de celle de Meſery, ne conviendroit plus à mon age, ni à mon caractère ? Paſſerois je ma vie au milieu d'une foule de jeunes Anglois échappés du college, moi qui aimerois Lauſanne cent fois davantage, ſi j'y pouvois être le ſeul de ma nation ? Il me faudroit donc une maiſon commode et riante, un état au deſſus de la bourgeoiſie, un mari inſtruit, une femme qui ne reſembleroit pas à Madame Pavilliard, et l'aſſurance d'y être reçu comme le fils unique, ou plutôt comme le frere de la famille. Pour nous arranger ſans gêne, je meublerai très volontiers un joli appartement ſous le même toit, ou dans le voiſinage, et puiſque le ménage le plus foible, laiſſe encore de l'étoffe pour une forte penſion, je ne ſerois pas obligé de chicaner ſur les conditions pécuniaires. Si je me vois déchu de cette derniére eſpérance, je renoncerois en ſoupirant à ma ſeconde patrie, pour chercher un nouvel aſyle, non pas à Geneve, triſte ſéjour du travail et de la diſcorde, mais aux bords du lac de Neufchatel, parmi les bons Savoyards de Chamberry, ou ſous le beau climat des Provinces Méridionales de la France. Je finis bruſquement, parceque j'ai mille choſes à vous dire. Je penſe que nous nous reſſemblons pour la correſpondance. Pour le bavardage ſavant, ou même amical, je ſuis de tous les hommes le plus pareſſeux, mais des qu'il s'agit d'un objet réel, d'un ſervice eſſentiel, le premier Courier emporte toujours ma réponſe. A la fin d'un mois, je commencerai à compter les ſemaines, les jours, les heures. Ne me les faites pas compter trop long tems. Vale.

N° CLI.

M. Deyverdun *à M.* Gibbon.

Strasbourg, le 10 Juin 1783.

Je ne ſaurais vous exprimer, Monſieur et cher ami, la variété et la vivacité des ſenſations que m'a fait éprouver votre lettre. Tout cela a fini par un fond de plaiſir et d'eſpérance qui reſteront dans mon cœur, juſqu'à ce que vous les en chaſſiez.

Un rapport ſingulier de circonſtances contribue à me faire eſpérer que nous ſommes deſtinés à vivre quelque tems agréablement enſemble. Je ne ſuis pas dégoûté d'une ambition que je ne connus jamais; mais par d'autres circonſtances, je me trouve dans la même ſituation d'embarras et d'incertitude où vous êtes auſſi à cette époque. Il y a un an que votre lettre, mon cher ami, m'auroit fait plaiſir ſans doute, mais en ce moment, elle m'en fait bien davantage: elle vient en quelque façon à mon ſecours.

Depuis mon retour d'Italie, ne pouvant me déterminer à vendre ma maiſon, m'ennuyant d'y être ſeul (car je ſuis comme vous, Monſieur, et je déteſte de manger ſans compagnie) ne voulant pas louer à des étrangers, j'ai pris le parti de m'arranger aſſez joliment au premier étage, et de donner le ſecond à une famille de mes amis, qui me nourrit, et que je loge. Cet arrangement a paru pendant long tems contribuer au bonheur des deux parties. Mais tout eſt tranſitoire ſur cette terre. Ma maiſon ſera vuide, ſelon tout apparence, ſur la fin de l'été, et je me vois d'avance tout auſſi embaraſſé et incertain, que je l'étais il y a quelques années, ne ſachant quelle nouvelle ſociété choiſir, et aſſez diſpoſé à vendre enfin cette poſſeſſion qui m'a cauſé bien des plaiſirs, et bien des peines. Ma maiſon eſt donc à votre diſpoſition pour cet automne, et vous y

arriveriez

arriveriez comme un Dieu dans une machine qui finit l'embroglio Voilà quant à moi; parlons de vous maintenant avec la même ſincérité.

Un mot de préambule. Quelque intéreſſé que je ſois à votre réſolution, convaincu qu'il faut aimer ſes amis pour eux mêmes, ſentant d'ailleurs combien il ſeroit affreux pour moi de vous voir des regrets, je vous donne ici ma parole d'honneur, que mon intérêt n'influe en rien ſur ce que je vais écrire, et que je ne dirai pas un mot que je ne vous diſſe, ſi l'hermite de la grotte etoit un autre que moi. Vos amis Anglais vous aiment pour eux mêmes: je ne veux moi que votre bonheur. Rappellez vous, mon cher ami, que je vis avec peine votre entrée dans le Parlement, et je crois n'avoir été que trop bon prophete; je ſuis ſur que cette carrière vous a fait éprouver plus de privations que de jouiſſances, beaucoup plus de peines que de plaiſirs; j'ai cru toujours, depuis que je vous ai connu, que vous étiez deſtiné à vivre heureux par les plaiſirs du cabinet et de la ſociété, que tout autre marche était un écart de la route du bonheur, et que ce n'etait que les qualités réunies d'homme de lettres, et d'homme aimable de ſociété, qui pouvoient vous procurer gloire, honneur, plaiſirs, et un ſuite continuelle de jouiſſances. Au bout de quelques tours dans votre ſalle, vous ſentirez parfaitement que j'avois bien vu, et que l'évenement a juſtifié mes idées. Lorſque j'ai appris que vous étiez *Lord of Trade*, j'en ai été faché; quand j'ai ſu que vous aviez perdu cette place, je m'en ſuis réjouis pour vous; quand on m'a anoncé que Milord North étoit remonté ſur ſa bête, j'ai cru vous voir très mal à votre aiſe, en croupe derrière lui, et je m'en ſuis affligé pour vous. Je ſuis donc charmé, mon cher ami, de vous ſavoir à pied, et je vous conſeille très ſincèrement de reſter dans cette poſition, et bien loin de ſolliciter la place en queſtion, de la refuſer, ſi elle vous était offerte. Mille guinées vous dédommageront elles de cinq jours pris de la ſemaine? Je ſuppoſe, ce que cependant j'ai peine à croire,

croire, que vous me diſiez que oui: et la variété et l'inconſtance continuelle de votre miniſtère, vous promettent elles d'en jouir long tems conſtamment, et n'eſt il pas plus déſagréable, mon cher Monſieur, de n'avoir plus 1000 livres ſterl. de rente, qu'il n'a été agréable d'en jouir? D'ailleurs ne pourrez vous pas toujours rentrer dans la carrière, ſi l'ambition ou l'envie de ſervir la patrie, vous reprennent; ne rentrerez vous pas avec plus d'honneur, lorſque vos rentes étant augmentées naturellement, vous ſerez libre et indépendant?

En faiſant cette retraite en Suiſſe, outre la beauté du pays, et les agrémens de la ſociété, vous acquererez deux biens que vous avez perdus, la liberté et la richeſſe. Vous ne ſerez d'ailleurs point inutile; vos ouvrages continueront à nous éclairer, et independamment de vos talens, l'honnête homme, le galant homme, n'eſt jamais inutile.

Il me reſte à vous préſenter le tableau que vous trouveriez. Vous aimiez ma maiſon et mon jardin, c'eſt bien autre choſe à préſent. Au premier étage qui donne ſur la deſcente d'Ouchy, je me ſuis arrangé un appartement qui me ſuffit, j'ai une chambre de domeſtique, deux ſallons, et deux cabinets. J'ai au plein pied de la terraſſe, deux autres ſallons dont l'un ſert en été de ſalle à manger, et l'autre de ſallon de compagnie. J'ai fait un nouvel appartement de trois pièces dans le vuide entre la maiſon et la remiſe, en ſorte que j'ai à vous offrir tout le grand appartement, qui conſiſte actuellement en onze pièces, tant grandes que petites, tournées au Levant et au Midi, meublées ſans magnificence déplacée, mais avec une ſorte d'élégance dont j'eſpère que vous ſeriez ſatisfait. La terraſſe a peu changé; mais elle eſt terminée par un grand cabinet mieux proportionné que le précédent, garnie tout du long, de caiſſes d'orangers, &c. La treille, qui ne vous eſt pas indifférente, a embelli, proſpéré, et regne preſqu'entièrement juſqu'au bout; parvenu à ce bout, vous trouverez un petit chemin qui vous conduira à une chaumière placée dans un coin; et de ce coin, en ſuivant le long d'une autre route à l'Anglaiſe, le

mur d'un manége. Vous trouverez au bout, un chalet avec écurie, vacherie, petite porte, petit cabinet, petite bibliothèque, et une galerie de bois doré, d'où l'on voit tout ce qui ſort et entre en ville par la porte du Chêne, et tout ce qui ſe paſſe dans ce Faubourg. J'ai acquis la vigne au-deſſous du jardin; j'en ai arraché tout ce qui étoit devant la maiſon; j'en ai fait un tapis vert, arroſé par l'eau du jet d'eau; et j'ai fait tout autour de ce petit parc, une promenade très variée par les différens points de vue et les objets même intérieurs, tantot jardin potager, tantot parterre, tantot vigne, tantot prés, puis chalet, chaumiere, petite montagne; bref, les étrangers viennent le voir et l'admirent, et malgré la deſcription pompeuſe que je vou en fais, vous en ſerez content.

N. B. J'ai planté une quantité d'excellens arbres fruitiers.

Venons à moi; vous comprenez bien que j'ai vieilli, excepté pour la ſenſibilité; je ſuis à la mode, mes nerfs ſont attaqués; je ſuis plus mélancolique, mais je n'ai pas plus d'humeur; vous ne ſouffrirez de mes maux que tout au plus négativement. Enſemble, et ſéparés par nos logemens, nous jouirons vis-à-vis l'un de l'autre, de la plus grande liberté. Nous prendrons une gouvernante douce et entendue, plutôt par commodité que par néceſſité; car je me chargerois ſans crainte de la ſurintendance. J'ai fait un ménage de quatre, pendant quelque tems; j'ai fait le mien, et j'ai remarqué que cela marchoit tout ſeul, quand c'étoit une fois en train. Les petites gens qui n'ont que ce mérite, font grand bruit pour rien. Mon jardin nous fournira avec abondance de bons fruits et d'excellens légumes. Pour la reſte de la table et de la dépenſe domeſtique, je ne demanderais pas mieux que de vous reçevoir chez moi, comme vous m'avez reçu chez vous; mais nos ſituations ſont différentes à cet egard; cependant ſi vous etiez plus ruiné, je vous l'offrirois ſans doute, et je devrois le faire; mais avec les rentes que vous aviez, quand j'étois chez vous, en les ſuppoſant même diminuées, vous vivrez très agréablement

ablement à Lauſanne. Enfin à cet égard nous nous arrangerons, comme il vous ſera le plus agréable, et en proportion de nos revenus. Toujours ſerez vous ainſi, à ce qui j'eſpère, plus décemment et plus comfortablement, que vous ne ſeriez par tout ailleurs au même prix.

Quant à la ſociété, quoique infiniment agréable, je commence ce chapitre par vous dire que j'éviterois de vous y inviter, ſi vous étiez entièrement déſœuvré; les jours ſont longs alors, et laiſſent bien du vuide; mais homme de lettres, comme vous êtes, je ne connois point de ſociété qui vous convienne mieux. Nous aurons autour de nous un cercle, comme il ſeroit impoſſible d'en trouver ailleurs dans un auſſi petit eſpace. Madame de Corcelles, Mademoiſelle Sulens, et M. de Montolieu (Madame eſt morte), Meſſrs. Polier et leurs femmes, Madame de Severy, et M. et Madame de Naſſau, Mademoiſelle de Chandieu, Madame de St. Cierge, et M. avec leurs deux filles jolies et aimables, Madames de Crouſaz, Polier, de Charrieres, &c. font un fonds de bonne compagnie dont on ne ſe laſſe point, et dont M. de Servan eſt ſi content qu'il regrette toujours d'être obligé de retourner dans ſes terres, et ne reſpire que pour s'établir tout à fait à Lauſanne. Il paſſa tout l'hyver de 1782 avec nous, et il fut, on ne peut plus, agréable. Vous trouverez les mœurs changées en bien, et plus conformes à nos ages, et à nos caractères; peu de grandes aſſemblées, de grands repas, mais beaucoup de petits ſoupers, de petites aſſemblées, où l'on fait ce qu'on veut, où l'on cauſe, lit, &c. et dont on écarte avec ſoin les facheux de toute eſpece. Il y a le Dimanche une ſociété, où tout ce qu'il y a d'un peu diſtingué en étrangères et étrangers, eſt invité. Cela fait des aſſemblées de 40 à 50 perſonnes, où l'on voit ce qu'on ne voit gueres le reſte de la ſemaine, et ces eſpeces de *rout* font quelquefois plaiſir. Nous ſommes fort dégoutés des étrangers, ſurtout des jeunes gens, et nous les écartons avec ſoin de nos petits comités, à moins qu'ils n'ayent du mérite, ou quelques talens. A cet égard un de nos petits travers, c'eſt l'engouement; mais vous en profiterez, mon cher Monſieur, comme

Edward Gibbon, et comme mon ami ; vous ſerez d'abord l'homme à la mode, et je vois d'ici que vous ſoutiendrez fort bien ce rôle, ſans vous en fâcher, dût on un peu vous ſurfaire. *Je ſens que tu me flattes, mais tu me fais plaiſir*, eſt peut être le meilleur vers de Deſtouches. Voilà donc l'hyver ; l'étude le matin, quelques converſations, quand vous ſerez fatigué, avec quelque homme de lettres, ou amateur, ou du moins qui aura vu quelque choſe ; à l'heure qu'il vous plaira un diner, point de fermier général, mais l'honnête épicurien, avec un ou deux amis quand vous voudrez ; puis quelques viſites, une ſoirée, ſouvent un ſouper. Quant à l'été, vu votre manière d'aimer la campagne, on diroit que ma remiſe a été faite pour vous ; pendant que vous vous y promenerez en ſénateur, je ferai ſouvent en bon payſan Suiſſe, devant mon chalet, ou dans ma chaumière ; puis nous nous rencontrerons tout à coup, et tâcherons de nous remettre au niveau l'un de l'autre. Nous fermerons nos portes à l'ordinaire, excepté aux étrangers qui paſſent leur chemin ; mais quand nous voudrons, nous y aurons tous ceux que nous aimerons à y voir : car on ne demande pas mieux que d'y venir ſe rejouir. J'ai eu, un beau jour d'Avril ce printems, un déjeûner, qui m'a coûté quelques Louis, ou il y avait plus de 40 perſonnes, je ne ſais combien de petites tables, une bonne muſique au milieu du verger, et une quantité de jeunes et jolies perſonnes danſant des branles, et formant des chifres en cadence ; j'ai vu bien des fêtes, j'en ai peu vu de plus jolies. Quand mon parc vous ennuyera, nous aurous, ou nous louerons enſemble (et ce ſera ainſi un plaiſir peu cher) un cabriolet léger, avec deux chevaux gentils, et nous irons viſiter nos amis diſperſés dans les campagnes, qui nous recevront à bras ouverts. Vous en ſerez content de nos campagnes ; toujours en proportion vous comprenez, et vous trouverez en général un heureux changement pour les agrémens de la ſociété, et une ſorte de recherche ſimple, mas élégante. Les bergères du *printems*, excepté Madame de Vanberg, ne ſont ſans doute plus préſentables, mais il y en a d'autres aſſez

gentilles, et quoiqu'elles ne ſoyent pas en bien grand nombre, il y en aura toujours aſſez pour vous, mon cher Monſieur. Peu à peu mon imagination m'a emporté, et mon ſtyle s'égaye, comme cela nous arrivait quelquefois dans nos chateaux en Eſpagne. Il eſt bien tems de finir cet article, réſumons nous plus ſérieuſement.

Si vous exécutez le plan que vous avez imaginé, j'aimerois même à dire que vous embraſſez, ſurtout d'après ce que vous marquez vous même, *Si je ne conſultais que mon cœur et ma raiſon, je romprois ſur le champ cette indigne chaine*, &c. Eh! que voulez vous conſulter, ſi ce n'eſt votre cœur et votre raiſon? Si, dis-je, vous exécutez ce plan, vous retrouverez une liberté et une indépendance, que vous n'auriez jamais du perdre, et dont vous méritez de jouir, une aiſance qui ne vous coûtera qu'un voyage de quelques jours, une tranquillité que vous ne pouvez avoir à Londres, et enfin un ami qui n'a peut être pas été un jour ſans penſer à vous, et qui malgré ſes défauts, ſes foibleſſes et ſon infériorité, eſt encore un des compagnons qui vous convient le mieux.

Il me reſte à vous apprendre pourquoi je vous réponds ſi tard: vous ſavez dejà actuellement que ce n'eſt pas manque d'amitié et de zele pour la choſe; mais votre lettre m'a été renvoyée de Lauſanne ici, à Straſbourg, et je n'ai paſſé qu'une poſte ſans y répondre, ce qui n'eſt pas trop, vous l'avouerez, pour un pareil bavardage. Je ſuis parti de Lauſanne la veille de Pâques pour venir voir un M. Bourcard de Baſle, fort de mes amis; il eſt ici auprès du Comte de Caglioſtro, pour profiter de ſes remédes. Vous aurez entendu parler peut être de cet homme extraordinaire à tous égards. Comme j'ai été aſſez malade tout l'hyver, je profite auſſi de ſes remèdes; mais comme le tems du ſéjour du Comte ici n'eſt rien moins que ſur, le mieux ſera que vous m'écriviez *à M. D. chez M. Bourcard du Kirſh-garten, à Baſle.*

Vous

Vous comprenez combien à tous égards, il eſt néceſſaire m'écrire ſans perte de tems, dèſque vous aurez pris une réſolution. Adieu, mon cher ami.

N° CLII.

M. GIBBON *à M.* DEYVERDUN.

JE reçois votre lettre du 10 Juin, le 21 de ce mois. Aujourd'hui Mardi 24th, je mets la main à la plume (comme dit M. Fréron) pour y répondre, quoique ma miſſive ne puiſſe partir par arrangement des poſtes, que Vendredi prochain, 27 du courant. O merveille, de la grace efficace! Elle n'agit pas moins puiſſamment ſur vous, et moyennant le ſecours toujours prêt, et toujours prompt de nos couriers, un mois nous ſuffit pour la demande et la réponſe. Je remercie mille fois le génie de l'amitié, qui m'a pouſſé, après mille efforts inutiles, à vous écrire enfin au moment le plus critique et le plus favorable. Jamais démarche n'a répondu ſi parfaitement à tous mes vœux et à toutes mes eſpérances. Je comptois ſans doute ſur la durée et la vérité de vos ſentimens; mais j'ignorois (telle eſt la foibleſſe humaine) juſqu'à quel point ils avoient pu être attiédis par le tems et l'éloignement; et je ſavois encore moins l'état actuel de votre ſanté, de votre fortune et de vos liaiſons, qui auroient pu oppoſer tant d'obſtacles à notre réunion. Vous m'écrivez, vous m'aimez toujours; vous déſirez avec zele, avec ardeur, de réaliſer nos anciens projets; vous le pouvez, vous le voulez; vous m'offrez dès l'automne votre maiſon, et quelle maiſon! votre terraſſe, et quelle terraſſe! votre ſociété, et quelle ſociété! L'arrangement nous convient à tous les deux; je retrouve à la fois le compagnon de ma jeuneſſe, un ſage conſeiller, et un peintre qui ſait repréſenter et exagérer

exagérer même les objets les plus rians. Ces exagérations me font pour le moins autant de plaiſir, que la ſimple vérité. Si votre portrait étoit tout à fait reſſemblant, ces agrémens n'exiſteroient que hors de nous mêmes, et j'aime encore mieux les trouver dans la vivacité de votre cœur et de votre imagination. Ce n'eſt pas que je ne reconnoiſſe un grand fond de vérité dans le tableau de Lauſanne; je connois le lieu de la ſcêne, je me tranſporte en idée ſur notre terraſſe, je vois ces côteaux, ce lac, ces montagnes, ouvrages favoris de la nature, et je conçois ſans peine les embelliſſemens que votre goût s'eſt plu y ajouter. Je me rappelle depuis vingt ou trente ans les mœurs, l'eſprit, l'aiſance de la ſociété, et je comprends que ce véritable ton de la bonne compagnie ſe perpétue, et s'épure de pere en fils, ou plutôt de mere en fille; car il m'a toujours paru qu'à Lauſanne, auſſi bien qu'en France, les femmes ſont très ſupérieures aux hommes. Dans un pareil ſéjour, je craindrois la diſſipation bien plus que l'ennui, et le tourbillon de Lauſanne étonneroit un philoſophe accoutumé, depuis tant d'années à la tranquillité de Londres. Vous êtes trop inſtruit pour regarder ce propos, comme une mauvaiſe plaiſanterie; c'eſt dans les détroits qu'on eſt entrainé par la rapidité des courans: il n'y en a point en pleine mer. Dèſqu'on ne recherche plus les plaiſirs bruyans, et qu'on s'affranchit volontiers des devoirs pénibles, la liberté d'un ſimple particulier ſe fortifie par l'immenſité de la ville. Quant à moi, l'application à mon grand ouvrage, l'habitude, et la récompenſe du travail, m'ont rendu plus ſtudieux, plus ſédentaire, plus ami de la retraite. La chambre des communes et les grands dîners exigent beaucoup de tems; et la tempérance d'un repas Anglois, vous permet de goûter de cinq ou ſix vins différens, et vous ordonne de boire une bouteille de claret après le déſert. Mais enfin je ne ſoupe jamais, je me couche de bonne heure, je reçois peu de viſites, les matinées ſont longues, les étés ſont libres, et dèſque je ferme ma porte; je ſuis oublié du Monde entier. Dans une ſociété plus bornée et plus amicale, les

démarches ſont publiques, les droits ſont réciproques, l'on dine de bonne heure, on ſe goûte trop pour ne pas paſſer l'après-midi enſemble ; on ſoupe, on veille, et les plaiſirs de la ſoirée ne laiſſent pas de déranger le repos de la nuit, et le travail du lendemain Quel eſt cependant le réſultat de ces plaintes ? c'eſt ſeulement que la mariée eſt trop belle, et que j'oſe me ſervir de l'excuſe honnête de la ſanté et du privilege d'un homme de lettres ; il ne tiendra qu'a moi de modérer un peu l'excès de mes jouiſſances. Pour cet engouement que vous m'annoncez, et qui a toujours été le défaut des peuples les plus ſpirituels, je l'ai dejà éprouvé ſur un plus grand théâtre. Il y a ſix ans que l'ami de Madame Necker fut reçu à Paris, comme celui de George Deyverdun pourroit l'être à Lauſanne. Je ne connois rien de plus flateur que cet accueil favorable d'un public poli et éclairé. Mais cette faveur, ſi douce pour l'étranger, n'eſt-elle pas un peu dangereuſe pour l'habitant expoſé à voir flétrir ſes lauriers, par ſa faute ou par l'inconſtance des ſes juges ? Non ; on ſe ſoutient toujours, peut être pas préciſement, au même point d'élévation. A l'abri de trois gros volumes in quarto en langue étrangère, encore ce qui n'eſt pas un petit avantage, je conſerverai toujours la réputation littéraire, et cette réputation donnera du relief aux qualités ſociales, ſi l'on trouve l'hiſtorien ſans travers, ſans affectation et ſans prétenſions. Je ſerai donc charmé et content de votre ſociété, et j'aurois pu dire en deux mots, ce qui j'ai bavardé en deux pages ; mais il y a tant de plaiſir à bavarder avec un ami ! car enfin je poſſède à Lauſanne un véritable ami ; et les ſimples connoiſſances remplaceront ſans beaucoup de peine, tout ce qui s'appelle liaiſon, et même amitié, dans ce vaſte déſert de Londres. Mais au moment ou j'écris, je vois de tous côtés une foule d'objets dont la perte ſera bien plus difficile à réparer. Vous connoiſſiez ma bibliothèque ; mais je ſuis en état de vous rendre le propos de votre maiſon *c'eſt bien autre choſe à cette heure ;* formée peu à peu, mais avec beaucoup de ſoin et de dépenſe, elle peut ſe nommer aujourd'hui un beau cabinet de

particulier.

particulier. Non content de remplir à rangs redoublés la meilleure piece qui lui étoit deſtinée, elle s'eſt débordée dans la chambre ſur la rue, dans votre ancienne chambre à coucher, dans la mienne, dans tous les recoins de la maiſon de *Bentinck-ſtreet*, et juſques dans une chaumière que je me ſuis donnée à *Hampton Court*.

J'ai mille courtiſans rangés autour de moi :
Ma retraite eſt mon Louvre, et j'y commande en roi.

Le fonds eſt de la meilleure compagnie Grecque, Latine, Italienne, Françoiſe, et Angloiſe, et les auteurs les moins chers à l'homme de goût, des eccléſiaſtiques, des Byzantins, des Orientaux, ſont les plus néceſſaires à l'hiſtorien de la décadence et de la chute, &c. Vous ne ſentez que trop bien le déſagrément de laiſſer, et l'impoſſibilité de tranſporter cinq ou ſix milles volumes, d'autant plus que le ciel n'a pas voulu faire de la Suiſſe, un pays maritime. Cependant mon zele pour la réuſſite de nos projets communs, me fait imaginer que ces obſtacles pourront s'applanir, et que je puis adoucir ou ſupporter ces privations douloureuſes. Les bons auteurs claſſiques, la bibliotheque des nations, ſe retrouvent dans tous les pays. Lauſanne n'eſt pas dépourvu de livres, ni de politeſſe, et j'ai dans l'eſprit qu'on pourroit acquérir pour un certain tems, quelque bibliotheque d'un vieillard ou d'un mineur, dont la famille ne voudroit pas ſe défaire entièrement. Quant aux outils de mon travail, nous commencerons par examiner l'état de nos richeſſes ; apres quoi il faudroit faire un petit calcul du prix, du poids et de la rareté de chaque ouvrage, pour juger de ce qu'il ſeroit néceſſaire de tranſporter de Londres, et de ce qu'on acheteroit plus commodément en Suiſſe ; à l'égard de ces frais, on devroit les enviſager comme les avances d'une manufacture tranſplantée en pays étranger, et dont on eſpere retirer dans la ſuite un profit raiſonnable. Malheureuſement votre bibliotheque publique, en y ajoutant même celle de M. de Bochat, eſt aſſez piteuſe ; mais celles de Berne et de

Baſle ſont très nombreuſes, et je compterois aſſez ſur la bonhommie Helvétique, pour eſpérer que, moyennant des recommandations et des cautions, il me ſeroit permis d'en tirer les livres dont j'aurois eſſentiellement beſoin. Vous êtes très bien placé pour prendre les informations, et pour fixer les démarches convenables; mais vous voyez du moins combien je me retourne de tous les côtés, pour eſquiver la difficulté la plus formidable.

Venons à preſent à des objets moins relevés, mais très importans à l'exiſtence et au bien être de l'animal, le logement, les domeſtiques, et la table. Pour mon appartement particulier, une chambre à coucher, avec un grand cabinet et une antichambre, auroient ſuffi à tous mes beſoins; mais ſi vous pouvez vous en paſſer, je me promenerai avec plaiſir dans l'immenſité de vos onze pieces, qui s'accommoderont ſans doute aux heures et aux ſaiſons différentes. L'article des domeſtiques renferme une aſſez forte difficulté, ſur la quelle je dois vous conſulter. Vous connoiſſez, et vous eſtimez Caplin mon valet de chambre, maitre d'hotel, &c. qui a été nourri dans notre maiſon, et qui comptoit y finir ſes jours. Depuis votre départ, ſes talens et ſes vertus ſe ſont développés de plus en plus, et je le conſidere bien moins ſur le pied d'un domeſtique, que ſur celui d'un ami. Malheureuſement il ne ſait que l'Anglois, et jamais il n'apprendra de langue étrangère. Il m'accompagna, il y a ſix ans, dans mon voyage à Paris, mais il rapporta fidelement à Londres toute l'ignorance, et tous les préjugés d'un bon patriote. A Lauſanne il me coûteroit beaucoup, et à l'exception du ſervice perſonel, il ne nous ſeroit que d'une très petite utilité. Cependant je ſupporterois volontiers cette dépenſe, mais je ſuis très perſuadé que, ſi ſon attachement le portoit à me ſuivre, il s'ennuyeroit à mourir dans un pays où tout lui ſeroit étranger et déſagréable. Il faudroit donc me détacher d'un homme dont je connois le zele, la fidélité, rompre tout d'un coup de petites habitudes qui ſont liées avec le bien être journalier et momentané, et ſe reſoudre à lui ſubſtituer un viſage

nouveau, peut être un mauvais ſujet, toujours quelque avanturier Suiſſe pris ſur le pavé de Londres. Vous rappellez vous un certain Georges Suiſſe qui a fait autrefois avec moi, le voyage de France et d'Italie? Je le crois marié et établi à Lauſanne; s'il vit encore, ſi vous pouvez l'engager à ſe rendre ici, pour me ramener en Suiſſe, la compagnie d'un bon et ancien ſerviteur ne laiſſeroit pas d'adoucir la chute, et il reſteroit peut être aupres de moi, juſqu'à ce que nous euſſions choiſi un jeune homme du pays, adroit, modeſte et bien élevé, à qui je ferois un parti avantageux. Les autres domeſtiques, gouvernantes, laquais, cuiſinière, &c. ſe prennent et ſe renvoyent ſans difficulté. Un article bien plus important, c'eſt notre table, car enfin nous ne ſommes pas aſſez hermites, pour nous contenter des légumes et des fruits de votre jardin, tout excellens qu'ils ſont; mais je n'ai preſque rien à ajouter à l'honnêteté de vos propos, qui me donnent beaucoup plus de plaiſir que de ſurpriſe. Si je me trouvois ſans fortune, au lieu de rougir des bienfaits de l'amitié, j'accepterois vos offres auſſi ſimplement que vous les faites. Mais nous ne ſommes pas réduits à ce point, et vous comprenez aſſez qu'une déconfiture Angloiſe laiſſe encore une fortune fort décente au Pays de Vaud, et pour vous dire quelque choſe de plus précis, je dépenſerois ſans peine et ſans inconvenient cinq ou ſix cens Louis. Vous connoiſſez le réſultat auſſi bien que les détails d'un ménage; en ſuppoſant une petite table de deux philoſophes Epicuriens, quatre, cinq, ou ſix domeſtiques, des amis aſſez ſouvent, des repas aſſez rarement, beaucoup de ſenſualité, et peu de luxe, à combien eſtimez vous en gros le dépenſe d'un mois et d'une année? Le partage que vous avez dejà fait, me paroît des plus raiſonnables; vous me logez, et je vous nourris. A votre calcul, j'ajouterois mon entretien perſonnel, habits, plaiſirs, gages de domeſtiques, &c. et je verrois d'une manière aſſez nette, l'enſemble de mon petit établiſſement.

Apres avoir eſſuyé tant de détails minutiex, le cher lecteur s'imagine ſans doute que la réſolution de me fixer pendant quelque tems

aux bords du Lac Léman, eſt parfaitement décidée. Helas! rien n'eſt moins vrai; mais je me ſuis livré au charme délicieux de compter, de ſonder, de palper ce bonheur, dont je ſens tout le prix, qui eſt à ma portée, et auquel j'aurai peut être la bêtiſe de renoncer. Vous avez raiſon de croire, mais vous ignorez juſqu'à quel point vous l'avez, que ma carrière politique a été plus ſemée d'épines que de roſes. Eh! quel objet, quel mortel, pourroit me conſoler de l'ennui des affaires, et de la honte de la dépendance? *La gloire?* Comme homme de lettres, j'en jouis, comme orateur je ne l'aurai jamais, et le nom des ſimples ſoldats eſt oublié dans les victoires auſſi bien que dans les défaites. *Le devoir.* Dans ces combats à l'aveugle, où les chefs ne cherchent que leur avantage particulier, il y a toujours à parier que les ſubalternes feront plus de mal que de bien. *L'attachement perſonnel?* Les miniſtres ſont rarement dignes de l'inſpirer; juſqu'à preſent Lord North m'a pas eu à ſe plaindre de moi, et ſi je me retire du Parlement, il lui ſera très aiſé d'y ſubſtituer un autre muet, tout auſſi affidé que ſon ancien ſerviteur. Je ſuis intimement convaincu, et par la raiſon, et par le ſentiment, qu'il n'y a point de parti, qui me convienne auſſi bien que de vivre avec vous, et auprès de vous à Lauſanne; et ſi je parviens à la place *(Commiſſioner of the Exciſe or Cuſtoms)* ou je viſe, il y aura toutes les ſemaines cinq longues matinées, qui m'avertiront de la folie de mon choix. Vous vous trompez à la vérité à l'égard de l'inſtabilité de ces emplois; ils ſont preſques les ſeuls qui ne ſe reſſentent jamais des révolutions du miniſtère. Cependant ſi cette place s'offroit bientôt, je n'aurois pas le bon ſens et le courage de la refuſer. Quels autres conſeillers veux je prendre, ſi non mon cœur et ma raiſon? Il en eſt de puiſſans et toujours écoutés: les égards, la mauvaiſe honte, tous mes amis, ou ſoi diſant tels, s'écrieront que je ſuis un homme perdu, ruiné, un fou qui ſe dérobe à ſes protecteurs, un miſanthrope qui s'exile au bout du monde, et puis les exagérations ſur tout ce qui ſeroit fait en ma faveur, ſi ſurement, ſi promptement, ſi libéralement.

Milord Sheffield opinera à me faire interdire et enfermer ; mes deux tantes et ma belle mere ſe plaindront que je les quitte pour jamais, &c. Et l'embarras de prendre mon bonnet de nuit, comme diſoit le ſage Fontenelle, lorſqu'il n'etoit queſtion que de ſe coucher, combien de bonnets de nuit ne me faudra-t-il pas prendre, et les prendre tout ſeul, car tout le monde, amis, parens, domeſtiques, s'oppoſera à ma fuite. Voila à la vérité des obſtacles aſſez peu redoutables, et en les décrivant, je ſens qu'ils s'affoibliſſent dans mon eſprit. Grace à ce long bavardage vous connoiſſez mon intérieur, comme moi même, c'eſt à dire aſſez mal ; mais cette incertitude, très amicale pour moi, ſeroit tres facheuſe pour vous. Votre réponſe me parviendra vers la fin de Juillet, et huit jours après, je vous promets une replique nette et déciſive : *je pars* ou *je reſte*. Si je pars, ce ſera au milieu de Septembre ; je mangerai les raiſins de votre treille, les premiers jours d'Octobre, et vous aurez encore le tems de me charger de vos commiſſions. Ne me dites plus : *Monſieur*, *et tres cher ami* ; le premier eſt froid, le ſecond eſt ſuperflu.

N° CLIII.

M. Deyverdun *à M.* Gibbon.

Me voilà un peu embarraſſé actuellement ; je ne dois vous appeller ni Monſieur, ni ami. Eh bien ! vous ſaurez qu'étant parti Samedi de Straſbourg, pendant que je venois içi, votre ſeconde lettre alloit là, et qu'ainſi je reçus votre troiſième, Dimanche, et votre ſeconde, hier. La mention que vous y faiſiez du Suiſſe George, dont je n'ai pu rien trouver dans la première, m'a fait comprendre qu'il y en avoit une ſeconde, et j'ai cru devoir attendre un courier, la troiſième n'exigeant pas de réponſe.

Pour votre parole, permettez que je vous en diſpenſe encore, et même juſqu'au dernier jour, je ſens bien qu'un procédé contraire, vous

vous conviendroit ; mais certes il ne me convient pas du tout. Ceci, comme vous le dites, eſt une eſpèce de mariage, et penſez vous que malgré les engagemens les plus ſolemnels, je n'euſſe pas reconduit chez elle, du pied des autels, la femme la plus aimable qui m'eut temoigné des regrets. Jamais je ne me conſolerois, ſi je vous voyois mécontent dans la ſuite, et dans le cas de me faire des reproches. C'eſt à vous à faire, ſi vous croyez néceſſaire, des démarches de votre côté, qui fortifient votre réſolution ; pour moi, je n'en ferai point d'eſſentielles, juſqu'à ce que j'aye reçu encore une lettre de vous. Après ce petit préambule, parlons toujours comme ſi l'affaire étoit décidée, et repaſſons votre lettre. Tout ce que vous dites des grandes et petites villes, eſt très vrai, et votre comparaiſon des détroits et de la pleine mer, eſt on ne peut pas plus juſte et agréable ; mais enfin, *comme on fait ſon lit, on ſe couche*, diſoit Sancho Pancha d'agréable mémoire, et qui peut mieux faire ſon lit à ſa guiſe qu'un étranger, qui, n'ayant ni devoirs d'état ni de ſang à remplir, peut vivre entièrement iſolé, ſans que perſonne y puiſſe trouver à redire ? Moi même, bourgeois et citoyen de la ville, je ſuis preſqu'entièrement libre. L'été, par exemple, je déteſte de m'enfermer le ſoir dans des chambres chaudes, pour faire une partie. Eh bien ! on m'a perſécuté un peu la première année ; à preſent on me laiſſe en repos. Il y aura ſans doute quelque changement dans votre manière de vivre ; mais il me ſemble qu'on ſe fait aiſement à cela. Les diners, ſurtout en ſemmes, ſont très rares ; les ſoupers peu grands ; on reſte plutôt pour être enſemble, que pour manger, et pluſieurs perſonnes ne s'aſſeyent point. Je crois, tout compté et rabattu, que vous aurez encore plus de tems pour le cabinet qu'à Londres ; on ſort peu le matin, et quand nos amis communs viendront chez moi, et vous demanderont, je leur dirai ; " ce n'eſt pas un oiſif comme vous autres, " il travaille dans ſon cabinet," et ils ſe tairont reſpectueuſement.

Pour les bibliotheques publiques, votre idée ne pourroit, je penſe, ſe réaliſer pour un lecteur, ou même un écrivain ordinaire, mais un homme

homme qui joue un rôle dans la république des lettres, un homme aimé et conſidéré, trouvera, je m'imagine, bien des facilités ; d'ailleurs, j'ai de bons amis à Berne, et je prendrai ici des informations.

Paſſons à la table. Si j'étois à Lauſanne, cet article ſeroit plus ſur, je pourrois revoir mes papiers, conſulter ; j'ai une chienne de mémoire. A vue de pays cela pourra aller de 20 à 30 Louis par mois, plus ou moins, vous ſentez, ſuivant la friandiſe, et le plus ou moins de convives. Marquez moi dans votre première combien vous coûte le votre.

Je ſens fort bien tous les bonnets de nuit : point de grands changemens ſans embarras, même ſans regrets ; vous en aurez quelquefois ſans doute : par exemple, ſi votre ſalle à manger, votre ſalle de compagnie, ſont plus riantes, vous perdrez pour le vaſe de la bibliotheque. Pour ce qui eſt des repréſentations, des diſcours au moins inutiles, il me ſemble que le mieux ſeroit de maſquer vos grandes opérations, de ne parler que d'une courſe, d'une viſite chez moi, de ſix mois ou plus ou moins. Vous feriez bien, je penſe, d'aller chez mon ami Louis Teiſſier ; c'eſt un brave et honnête homme, qui m'eſt attaché, qui aime notre pays ; il vous donnera tout plein de bons conſeils avec zele, et vous gardera le ſecret.

Vous aurez quelquefois à votre table un poëte ;—oui, Monſieur, un poëte :—nous en avons un enfin. Procurez vous un volume 8vo. *Poëſies Helvetiennes, imprimés l'année paſſée chez Mouſer, à Lauſanne.* Vous trouverez entr'autres dans l'épitre au jardinier de la grotte, votre ami et votre parc. Toute la proſe eſt de votre très humble ſerviteur, qui déſire qu'elle trouve grace devant vous.

Le Comte de Caglioſtro a fait un ſéjour à Londres. On ne ſait qui il eſt, d'où il eſt, d'où il tire ſon argent ; il exerce *gratis* ſes talens pour la médecine ; il a fait des cures admirables ; mais c'eſt d'ailleurs le compoſé le plus étrange. J'ai ceſſé de prendre ſes rémedes qui m'échauffoient—l'homme d'ailleurs me gâtoit le médecin. Je ſuis revenu à Baſle avec mon ami. Adieu ; récrivez moi le plutôt poſſible.

N° CLIV.

M. Gibbon *à M.* Deyverdun.

Hampton Court, ce 1 Juillet 1783.

Après avoir pris ma reſolution, l'honneur, et ce qui vaut encore mieux l'amitié, me défendent de vous laiſſer un moment dans l'incertitude. Je pars. Je vous en donne ma parole, et comme je ſuis bien aiſe de me fortifier d'un nouveau lien, je vous prie très ſérieuſement de ne pas m'en diſpenſer. Ma poſſeſſion, ſans doute, ne vaut pas celle de Julie ; mais vous ſerez plus inéxorable que St. Preux. Je ne ſens plus qu'une vive impatience pour notre réunion. Mais le mois d'Octobre eſt encore loin ; 92 jours, et nous aurons tout le tems de prendre, et de nous donner des éclairciſſemens dont nous avons beſoin. Après un mûr examen, je renonce au voyage de George Suiſſe, qui me paroît incertain, cher et difficile. Après tout mon valet de chambre et ma bibliotheque, ſont les deux articles les plus embarraſſans. Si je ne retenois pas ma plume, je remplirois ſans peine la feuille ; mais il ne faut pas paſſer du ſilence, à un babil intariſſable. Seulement ſi je connois le Comte de Caglioſtro, cet homme extraordinaire, &c. Savez vous le Latin ? oui, ſans doute ; mais faites, comme ſi je ne le ſavois point. Quand retournez vous à Lauſanne vous même ? Je penſe que vous y trouverez une petite bête bien aimable, mais tant ſoit peu méchante, qui ſe nomme Milady Elizabeth Foſter ; parlez lui de moi, mais parlez en avec diſcrétion ; elle a des correſpondances partout. Vale.

N° CLV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

July 10th, 1783.

YOU will read the following lines with more patience and attention than you would probably give to an haſty conference, perpetually interrupted by the opening of the door, and perhaps by the quickneſs of our own tempers. I neither expect nor deſire an anſwer on a ſubject of extreme importance to myſelf, but which friendſhip alone can render intereſting to you. We ſhall ſoon meet at Sheffield.

It is needleſs to repeat the reflections which we have ſometimes debated together, and which I have often ſeriouſly weighed in my ſilent ſolitary walks. Notwithſtanding your active and ardent ſpirit, you muſt allow that there is ſome perplexity in my preſent ſituation, and that my future proſpects are diſtant and cloudy. I have lived too long in the world to entertain a very ſanguine idea of the friendſhip or zeal of miniſterial patrons; and we are all ſenſible how much the powers of patronage are reduced. *. At the end of the Parliament, or rather long before that time, (for their lives are not worth a year's purchaſe,) our Miniſters are kicked down ſtairs, and I am left their diſintereſted friend, to fight through another oppoſition, and to expect the fruits of another revolution. But I will take a more favourable ſuppoſition, and conceive myſelf in ſix months firmly ſeated at the board of cuſtoms; before the end of the next ſix months I ſhould infallibly hang myſelf. Inſtead of regretting my diſappointment, I rejoice in my eſcape; as I am ſatisfied that no ſalary could pay me for the irkſomeneſs of attendance, and the drudgery of buſineſs ſo

repugnant to my taſte, (and I will dare to ſay,) ſo unworthy of my character. Without looking forwards to the poſſibility, ſtill more remote, of exchanging that laborious office for a ſmaller annuity, there is ſurely another plan, more reaſonable, more ſimple, and more pleaſant; a temporary retreat to a quiet and leſs expenſive ſcene. In a four years reſidence at Lauſanne, I ſhould live within my income, ſave, and even accumulate, my ready money; finiſh my Hiſtory, an object of profit, as well as fame, expect the contingencies of elderly lives, and return to England at the age of fifty, to form a laſting independent eſtabliſhment, without courting the ſmiles of a Miniſter, or apprehending the downfal of a party. Such have been my ſerious ſober reflections. Yet I much queſtion, whether I ſhould have found courage to follow my reaſon and my inclination, if a friend had not ſtretched his hand to draw me out of the dirt. The twentieth of laſt May I wrote to my friend Deyverdun, after a long interval of ſilence, to expoſe my ſituation, and to conſult in what manner I might beſt arrange myſelf at Lauſanne. From his anſwer, which I received about a fortnight ago, I have the pleaſure to learn, that his heart and his houſe are both open for my reception; that a family which he had lodged for ſome years is about to leave him, and that at no other time my company could have been ſo acceptable and convenient. I ſhall ſtep, at my arrival, into an excellent apartment and a delightful ſituation; the fair diviſion of our expences will render them very moderate, and I ſhall paſs my time with the companion of my youth, whoſe temper and ſtudies have always been congenial to my own. I have given him my word of honour to be at Lauſanne in the beginning of October, and no power or perſuaſion can divert me from this IRREVOCABLE reſolution, which I am every day proceeding to execute.

I wiſh, but I ſcarcely hope, to convince you of the propriety of my ſcheme; but at leaſt you will allow, that when we are not able to prevent the *follies* of our friends, we ſhould ſtrive to render them as

eaſy

eaſy and harmleſs as poſſible. The arrangement of my houſe, furniture, and books will be left to meaner hands, but it is to your zeal and judgment alone that I can truſt the more important diſpoſal of Lenborough and * * * * *. On theſe ſubjects we may go into a committee at Sheffield-Place, but you know it is the rule of a committee, not to hear any arguments againſt the *principle* of the bill. At preſent I ſhall only obſerve, that neither of theſe negociations ought to detain me here; the former may be diſpatched as well, the latter much better, in my abſence. *Vale.*

N° CLVI.

M. GIBBON *à M.* DEYVERDUN.

SHEFFIELD-PLACE, le 31 Juillet 1783.

VOTRE papier s'eſt furieuſement rappetiſé; vous avez ſi bien retranché le ſuperflu, que vous oubliez l'eſſentiel, et ce n'eſt que par des conjectures fines et ſavantes que je devine la date du tems et du lieu. Quant à moi je ſuis actuellement au château de Milord Sheffield, à quarante milles de Londres, ce qui ajoute deux jours pour l'arrivée et le départ du courier. Je reçois votre lettre (je ne ſais du quantième) le 30 Juillet de l'an de grace 1783, je réponds du 31 du dit mois et de la dite année. Le zele ne ſe rallentit point pour la conſummation du grand œuvre. Je ſens votre procédé délicat et généreux, et quoique je n'euſſe pas été faché de trouver dans votre fermeté, un appui à la mienne, mon inclination eſt ſi bien affermie ſur la baſe inébranlable de l'inclination et de la raiſon, que je ne crains plus les obſtacles extérieurs ni intérieurs. Dèſque j'ai oſé fixer mon départ, les nuages qui le couvroient, ſe ſont évanouis; les montagnes s'aplaniſſoient devant moi, et les dragons qui s'étoient préſentés ſur ma route, ſe ſont apprivoiſés. La ſemaine paſſée, je frappai le

grand coup par la caſſation du bail de ma maiſon de *Bentinck-ſtreet*; et après le mois de Septembre, ſi je ne couche pas à Lauſanne, je coucherai dans la rue. Mes différens bonnets de nuit s'arrangent tous les jours, avec beaucoup d'ordre et de facilité. Lord Sheffield lui même, ce terrible St. George, vrai champion de l'Angleterre, s'eſt rendu à mes raiſons, ou plutôt aux votres. Il eſt charmé du tableau de votre première lettre, et malgré l'activité de ſon ame, au lieu de me condamner, il me porte envie; et nous diſputons (un peu en l'air) ſur le projet d'une viſite que lui, ſon amiable compagne et ſa fille ainée, ſe propoſent de nous faire dans deux ans aux bords du Lac Léman. Bien loin de combattre mon deſſein, il me conſeille, il me ſeconde dans l'exécution, et je n'aurai pas beſoin de recourir aux lumières de votre ami Louis Teyſſier, d'autant plus que pour les menus détails de la correſpondence étrangère, je trouve dans le libraire Elmſly un conſeiller ſage, inſtruit et diſcret. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Votre calcul de la dépenſe de la maiſon ſurpaſſe, non pas abſolument mes moyens, mais un peu mes eſpérances et mes conjectures. La conſummation en Suiſſe n'eſt point chargée d'impots; le vin y coule comme l'eau de fontaine; votre jardin produit des fruits et des légumes. Se peut il que vingt ou trente Louis ſe dépenſent tous les mois pour le pain, la viande, le bois, la chandelle, quelque peu de vin étranger, les domeſtiques de la cuiſine, &c.? Je me flatte que dans l'incertitude, vous avez cavé au plus fort; mais enfin tout ce détail ſe réglera ſuivant nos goûts et nos facultés; et un mois d'expérience ſera plus inſtructif que cent pages de raiſonnemens. La comparaiſon que vous me demandez de mon ménage de Londres, ne meneroit à rien. A la rigueur je ne tiens pas maiſon; je ne donne preſque jamais à manger: en hyver je dine aſſez rarement chez moi; je ne ſoupe jamais; et une partie aſſez conſidérable de la dépenſe (celle des clubs et des *tavernes*) n'entre point dans le compte de la maiſon.

maiſon. Ma nourriture domeſtique n'excede pas toutefois votre calcul Lauſannois; mais je ſens la différence entre le petit couvert triſte et meſquin d'un garçon, et la table honnête et hoſpitalière de deux amis, qui auront d'autres amis, &c.

Votre idée de maſquer mes grands opérations eſt de la plus profonde politique; mais les déclarations, et même les démarches qui ſeront néceſſaires pour me retirer de la Chambre des Communes, déclareront un peu trop tot l'étendue de mes projets. Cependant on peut tirer quelque parti de cette honnête diſſimulation, pour calmer un peu les ſcrupules, et les regrets des dames agées que vous connoiſſez, et que vous ne connoiſſez pas. Mais le moyen le plus efficace pour arrêter, ou pour ne pas écouter les mauvais diſcours, c'eſt de s'y dérober par une prompte fuite, et depuis que ma réſolution a été priſe, je compte les jours et les momens. Le 10 du mois prochain je retournerai à Londres, où je travaillerai vivement à préparer ce grand changement d'état. J'attends tous les jours la réponſe de Madame Gibbon, à qui j'ai tâché de perſuader qu'une entrevue de trois ou quatre jours à Bath, ſeroit moins douce qu'amère à tous les deux. Si elle ſe rend, ou fait ſemblant de ſe rendre à mes raiſons, je compte que tout ſera fini la première, ou du moins la ſeconde ſemaine de Septembre, et comme je couperai droit par la Champagne, et la Franche-Comté, je pourrois fort bien me trouver à Lauſanne vers le 20 ou le 25 de ce mois là, ſuppoſé toujours que cette promptitude vous convienne, que votre maiſon ſera libre, et que vous y ſerez rendu vous même. J'avois quelque idée de me détourner par Straſbourg, de vous prendre à Baſle, et de paſſer avec vous par Berne, &c. mais, tout bien conſidéré, j'aime mieux abréger le grand voyage et réſerver cette promenade (ſi nous avions envie de la faire) pour une ſaiſon plus tranquille. J'attends votre réponſe dans une trentaine de jours; mais ſans l'attendre je vous écrirai de Londres, pour continuer le fil de l'hiſtoire, et peut être pour vous charger de

quelques achats de livres, qui ſe feront plus commodément à Baſle qu'à Lauſanne. Vous ne me donnez point de commiſſions. Cependant ce pays n'eſt pas ſans induſtrie. Milord et Milady Sheffield vous embraſſent très amicalement. Ce ſera pour mois la perte la plus ſenſible.

N° CLVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

Monday, Auguſt 18th, 1783.

IN the preparation of my journey I have not felt any circumſtance more deeply than the kind concern of Lady Sheffield and the ſilent grief of Mrs. Porten. Yet the age of my friends makes a very eſſential difference. I can ſcarcely hope ever to ſee my aunt again; but I flatter myſelf, that in leſs than two years, my *ſiſter* will make me a viſit, and that in leſs than four, I ſhall return it with a cheerful heart at Sheffield-Place. Buſineſs advances; this morning my books were ſhipped for Rouen, and will reach Lauſanne almoſt as ſoon as myſelf. On Thurſday morning the bulk of the library moves from Bentinck-ſtreet to Downing-ſtreet. I ſhall eſcape from the noiſe to Hampton Court, and ſpend three or four days in taking leave. I want to know your preciſe motions, what day you arrive in town, whether you viſit Lord * * * * * * * before the races, &c. I am now impatient to be gone, and ſhall only wait for a laſt interview with you. Your medley of judges, advocates, politicians, &c. is rather *uſeful* than pleaſant. Town is a vaſt ſolitude. Adieu.

N° CLVIII.

The Same to the Same.

BENTINCK-STREET, Auguſt 20th, 1783.

I AM now concluding one of the moſt unpleaſant days of my life. Will the day of our meeting again be accompanied with proportionable ſatisfaction? The buſineſs of preparation will ſerve to agitate and divert *my* thoughts; but I do not like your brooding over melancholy ideas in your ſolitude, and I heartily wiſh that both you and my dear Lady S. would immediately go over and paſs a week at Brighton. Such is our imperfect nature, that diſſipation is a far more efficacious remedy than reflection. At all events, let me hear from you ſoon. I have paſſed the evening at home, without gaining any intelligence.

N° CLIX.

M. DEYVERDUN *à M.* GIBBON.

DE NEUCHATEL, le 20 Aout 1783.

IL y long tems que je n'ai été auſſi mécontent de moi que je le ſuis dans ce moment; j'ai fait par l'événement une grande étourderie; j'ai manqué à ceux qui me quittent, et à celui qui vient me joindre; enfin je me ſuis très mal conduit. M. * * * * *, qui loge chez moi, me paroiſſoit ſi diſpoſé à quitter ma maiſon, quand je partis au printems, que ne doutant pas qu'il ne trouvât à s'arranger pendant tout l'été, je la regardois dejà d'avance comme vacante. Le plaiſir extrême que j'avois à vous l'offrir, n'a pas peu contribué à ſoutenir cette illuſion; enfin n'entendant parler cependant de rien, je lui ai écrit, après avoir reçu il y a ſix jours votre dernière, et il vient de me

répondre qu'il n'à rien trouvé encore, mais qu'il n'épargnera ni ſoins ni dépenſes, pour déloger, je ne lui ai au reſte point marqué de quoi il étoit queſtion ; mais je l'ai prié de me dire à quelle époque il croyoit que ma maiſon pourroit être vacante. Je lui récrirai demain, car il me paraît qu'il eſt piqué, et tel que je le connois, malgré ce que je pourrai lui marquer, il ſera fort empreſſé à décamper ; mais malgré cela, il ne faut plus compter ſur la maiſon entière pour votre arrivée.

Je vous demande mille pardons, mon cher ami, je me mets à votre merci ; et en vérité ſi vous me voyiez en ce moment, vous auriez pitié de moi. Que nous reſte-t-il à faire ? car enfin il ne faut pas perdre la tête. J'ai un appartement de deux chambres ſans lit, et deux petits cabinets, où vous pourriez être paſſablement, en attendant que la maiſon fût tout à fait libre ; le tout eſt à plein pied de la terraſſe, je me procurerois un logement au bout de mon jardin, et nous pourrions nous faire apporter à manger, choſe pratiquée par nombre de Grands Seigneurs, entr'autres par Monſeigneur le Margrave d'Anſpach. 2. Ou bien louer un appartement garni que nous occuperons enſemble. Ou enfin 3. paſſer l'hyver dans quelle autre ville du Continent qu'il vous plaira choiſir, ou j'irai vous joindre et vous porter mes excuſes. Une réflexion que je fais dans ce moment ci, et qui me conſole un peu, c'eſt que dans votre première lettre, votre réſolution ne tenoit point à ma maiſon, ni même à l'idée de loger et vivre avec moi. Ce ſecond article aura toujours lieu, s'il vous convient, et le premier ne ſera que différé ; ainſi appaiſez vous, mon cher ami, pardonnez moi, et écrivez moi tout de ſuite lequel de ces partis vous convient le mieux, pour que je m'y conforme ; ou ſi vous en imaginez un nouveau, annoncez le moi. Une réflexion qui contribue encore à me conſoler, c'eſt que pendant le tems que nous camperons ainſi en quelque manière, nous aurons le tems de bien voir autour de nous, et de nous arranger à notre aiſe, d'une manière ſtable et commode pour notre établiſſement. Encore une fois cependant, mon cher ami, mille pardons.

Milord

Milord Sheffield s'eſt montré plus raiſonnable que je ne l'aurais cru; diantre! n'allez pas dire cela à ſa ſeigneurie; mais dites-lui, je vous prie, combien me plait l'eſpoir d'avoir l'honneur de le connoitre; je vois encore d'ici ſon beau parc et le charmant ruiſſeau. Son ſuffrage dans des circonſtances qui doivent ſans doute le prévenir contre moi, me fait le plus grand plaiſir, parceque je le regarde comme une bien forte preuve que vous prenez un parti convenable à votre bonheur. Des commiſſions, je ne ſaurais trop que vous dire dans ce moment; comme vous avez une maiſon montée, voyez s'il n'y auroit pas des choſes Anglaiſes auxquelles vous êtes accoutumé, et qui vous feroient plaiſir, on en pourroit remplir une caiſſe. Un ſervice de cette porcelaine de Bath, par exemple, nous conviendroit, ce me ſemble, aſſez.

Une de mes craintes maintenant, c'eſt que cette lettre ne vous parvienne peut être point avant votre départ; cela ſerait très facheux. Toujours aurai-je ſoin de me trouver à Lauſanne, au moins vers le milieu de mois prochain. Des couriers, comme celui que vous amenez, ſont ordinairement de vrais domeſtiques de Grands Seigneurs, chers et importans; mais vous les connoitrez en route. Ne ſoyez pas trop faché contre moi, du contretems que je vous annonce, et penſez qu'il y a enfin un appartement honnête de garçon, ma terraſſe, mon jardin et votre ami, qui ne peuvent vous manquer—

Tout à vous,

D.

N° CLX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

Friday, Auguſt 22d, 1783.

I AM aſtoniſhed with your apparition and flight, and am at a loſs to conjecture the mighty and ſudden buſineſs of * * * * *, which could not be delayed till next week. Timeo * * * *,

their ſelfiſh cunning, and your ſanguine unſuſpecting ſpirit. Not dreaming of your arrival, I thought it unneceſſary to apprize you, that I delayed Hampton to this day; on Monday I ſhall return, and will expect you Tueſday evening, either in Bentinck or Downing-ſtreet, as you like beſt. You have ſeen the piles of learning accumulated in your parlour; the tranſportation will be atchieved to-day, and Bentinck-ſtreet is already reduced to a light, ignorant habitation, which I ſhall inhabit till about the firſt of September; four days muſt be allowed for clearing and packing; theſe I ſhall ſpend in Downing-ſtreet, and after ſeeing you a moment on your return, I ſhall ſtart about Saturday the ſixth. London is a deſert, and life, without books, buſineſs, or ſociety, will be ſomewhat tedious. From this ſtate, you will judge that your plan coincides very well, only I think you ſhould give me the whole of Wedneſday in Bentinck-ſtreet. With regard to Buſhy, perhaps as a compliment to Lord L. you had better defer it till your return. I admire Gregory Way, and ſhould envy him, if I did not poſſeſs a diſpoſition ſomewhat ſimilar to his own. My Lady will be repoſed, and reſtored at Brighton; the torrent of Lords, Judges, &c. a proper remedy for you, was a medicine ill-ſuited to her conſtitution. I *tenderly* embrace her.

N° CLXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lady* SHEFFIELD.

MY DEAR FRIEND, BENTINCK-STREET, Auguſt 30th, 1783.

FOR the names of Sheffelina, &c. are too playful for the ſerious temper of my mind. In the whole period of my life I do not recollect a day in which I felt more unpleaſant ſenſations, than that on which I took my leave of Sheffield-Place. I forgot my friend Deyverdun, and the fair proſpect of quiet and happineſs which awaits me at Lauſanne.

Lauſanne. I loſt ſight of our almoſt certain meeting at the end of a term, which, at our age, cannot appear very diſtant; nor could I amuſe my uneaſineſs with the hopes, the more doubtful proſpect, of your viſit to Switzerland. The agitation of preparing every thing for my departure has, in ſome degree, diverted theſe melancholy thoughts; yet I ſtill look forwards to the deciſive day (to-morrow ſe'nnight) with an anxiety of which yourſelf and Lord S. have the principal ſhare.

Surely never any thing was ſo unlucky as the unſeaſonable death of Sir John Ruſſel on his paſſage to his friend at Sheffield-Place, which ſo ſtrongly reminded us of the inſtability of human life and human expectations. The inundation of the aſſizes muſt have diſtreſſed and overpowered you; but I hope and I wiſh to hear from yourſelf, that the air of your favourite Brighton, the bathing, and the quiet ſociety of two or three friends have compoſed and revived your ſpirits. Preſent my love to Sarah, and compliments to Miſs Carter, &c. Give me a ſpeedy and ſatisfactory line. I am moſt truly yours.

N° CLXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, September 8th, 1783.

As we are not unconſcious of each other's feelings, I ſhall only ſay, that I am glad you did not go alone into Suſſex; an American rebel to diſpute with gives a diverſion to uneaſy ſpirits, and I heartily wiſhed for ſuch a friend or adverſary during the remainder of the day. No letter from Deyverdun; the poſt is arrived, but two Flanders mails are due. Æolus does not ſeem to approve of my deſigns, and there is little merit in waiting till Friday. I ſhould wait with more reluctance, did I think there was much chance of ſucceſs. I dine with Craufurd, and if any thing is decided,

will ſend an extraordinary Gazette. You have obliged me beyond expreſſion, by your kindneſs to aunt Kitty; ſhe will drink her afternoon tea at Sheffield next Friday. For my ſake Lady S. will be kind to the old lady, who will not be troubleſome, and will vaniſh at the firſt idea of Brighton. Has not that ſalubrious air already produced ſome effects? Peace will be proclaimed to-morrow; odd! as war was never declared. The buyers of ſtock ſeem as indifferent as yourſelf about the definitive treaty. Tell Maria, that though you had forgotten the *Annales de la Vertu*, I have directed them to be ſent, but know nothing of their plan or merit. Adieu. When you ſee my Lady, ſay every thing tender and friendly to her. I did not know how much I loved her. She may depend upon my keeping a ſeparate, though not perhaps a very frequent account with her. *A propos*, I think aunt Kitty has a ſecret wiſh to ſleep in my room; if it is not occupied, ſhe might be indulged. Once more, adieu.

N° CLXIII.

M. Gibbon *à M.* Deyverdun.

Downing-street, à Londres, le 9 Septembre 1783.

Selon ma diligence ordinaire je répondis le 31 Juillet à votre lettre ſans date, reçue le jour auparavant. Je voyois couler le mois d'Août, fortement perſuadé qu'il ne s'acheveroit point, ſans m'apporter votre *ultimatum*. Nous voici au 9 Septembre, quarante jours depuis ma miſſive, et je n'ai point encore de vos nouvelles! Il eſt vrai que des vents contraires nous retiennent deux malles de Flandres, et vos dépêches peuvent et doivent s'y trouver. Mais ſi elles ne m'apportent rien de votre part, je ſerai très étonné, et pas moins embarraſſé. Se peut-il que vos lettres, ou les miennes ſe ſoient égarées en chemin? êtes vous mort? êtes vous malade? avez vous changé d'avis? eſt-il ſurvenu des difficultés? Je vous ai écrit de nou-

veau le 19 Août; mais l'incertitude de mes craintes me fait encore hazarder ce billet. Après des travaux inouis, j'ai enfin briſé tous mes liens, et depuis ma réſolution, je n'ai pas eu un inſtant de regrets; ma vive impatience ſe fortifie tous les jours, et depuis que j'ai abandonné ma maiſon et ma bibliotheque, l'ennui a prêté des ailes à l'eſpérance et à l'amitié. Enfin j'avois fixé mon départ au commencement de la ſemaine; à cette heure il eſt renvoyé a Vendredi prochain, 12 de ce mois, dans la ſuppoſition toujours d'une lettre de votre part, car je ne ſaurois entreprendre ma courſe, ſans être aſſuré de la réception qui m'attend au bout. Je me ferai toujours précéder par un mot de billet; mais la ſaiſon eſt tellement orageuſe, qu'il me ſera impoſſible d'arrêter le jour de mon arrivée à Lauſanne, juſqu'à ce que je me voye en ſureté au-dela de la mer. Adieu. Vous devez être de retour à Lauſanne. Annoncez moi aux enfans des mes anciennes connoiſſances.

N° CLXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

Thurſday, September 11th, 1783.

THE ſcheme (which you may impart to my Lady) is completely vaniſhed, and I ſupport the diſappointment with heroic patience. * * * * * * goes down to Chatſworth to-morrow, and * * * does not recommend my waiting for the event; yet the appointment is not yet declared, and I am ignorant of the name and merits of my ſucceſsful competitor. Is it not wonderful that I am ſtill in ſuſpence, without a letter from Deyverdun? No, it is not wonderful, ſince no Flanders mail is arrived: to-morrow three will be due. I am therefore in a miſerable ſtate of doubt and anxiety; in a much better houſe indeed than my own, but without books, or buſineſs, or ſociety. I ſend or call two or three times each day to Elmſly's, and can only ſay that I ſhall fly the next day, Saturday, Sunday,

Sunday, &c. after I have got my *quietus*. Aunt Kitty was delighted with my Lady's letter; at her age, and in her ſituation, every kind attention is pleaſant. I took my leave this morning; and as I did not wiſh to repeat the ſcene, and thought ſhe would be better at Sheffield, I ſuffer her to go to-morrow. Your diſcretion will communicate or withhold any tidings of my departure or delay as you judge moſt expedient. Chriſtie writes to you this poſt; he talks, in his rhetorical way, of many purchaſers. Do you approve of his fixing a day for the auction? To us he talked of an indefinite advertiſement. No news, except that we keep Negapatnam. The other day the French Ambaſſador mentioned that the Empreſs of Ruſſia, a precious ——, had propoſed to ratify the principles of the armed neutrality, by a definitive treaty; but that the French, obliging creatures! had declared, that they would neither propoſe nor accept an article ſo diſagreeable to England. Grey Elliot was pleaſed with your attention, and ſays you are a perfect maſter of the ſubject *. Adieu. If I could be ſure that no mail would arrive to-morrow, I would run down with my aunt. My heart is not light. I embrace my Lady with true affection, but I need not repeat it.

N° CLXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, Friday, September 12th, 1783.

SINCE my departure is near, and inevitable, you and Lady S. will be rather ſorry than glad to hear that I am detained, day after day, by the caprice of the winds. *Three* Flanders Mails are now due. I know not how to move without the final letter from Deyverdun, which I expected a fortnight ago, and my fancy (perfectly

* American commerce.

unreaſonable) begins to create ſtrange phantoms. A ſtate of ſuſpence is painful, but it will be alleviated by the ſhort notes which I mean to write, and hope to receive, every poſt. A ſeparation has ſome advantages, though they are purchaſed with bitter pangs; among them is the pleaſure of knowing how dear we are to our friends, and how dear they are to us. It will be a kind office to ſooth aunt Kitty's ſorrows, and "to rock the cradle of declining age." She will be vexed to hear that I am not yet gone; but ſhe is reaſonable and cheerful. Adieu. Moſt truly yours.

N° CLXVI.

The Same to the Same.

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday, September 13th, 1783.

ENFIN la bombe a crevé.—The three Flanders mails are arrived this day, but without any letters from Deyverdun. Moſt incomprehenſible! After many adverſe reflections, I have finally reſolved to begin my journey on Monday; a heavy journey, with much apprehenſion, and much regret. Yet I conſider, firſt, That if he is alive and well, (an unpleaſant *if*,) ſcarcely any event can have happened to diſappoint our mutual wiſhes; and, 2dly, That, ſuppoſing the very worſt, even that worſt would not overthrow my general plan of living abroad, though it would derange my hopes of a quiet and delightful eſtabliſhment with my friend. Upon the whole, without giving way to melancholy fears, my reaſon conjectures that his indolence thought it ſuperfluous to write any more, that it was my buſineſs to act and move, and his duty to ſit ſtill and receive me with open arms. At leaſt he is well informed of my operations, as I wrote to him (ſince his laſt) July thirty-firſt, from Sheffield-Place; Auguſt nineteenth; and this week, September ninth. The two firſt have already reached him.

As

As I ſhall not arrive at, or depart from, Dover till Tueſday night, (alas! I may be confined there a week,) you will have an opportunity, by diſpatching a parcel *per* poſt to Elmſly's, to catch the Monday's poſt. Let us improve theſe laſt ſhort moments: I want to hear how poor Kitty behaves. I am really impatient to be gone. It is provoking to be ſo near, yet ſo far from, certain perſons. London is a deſert. I dine to-morrow with the Paynes, who paſs through. Lord Loughborough was not returned from Buxton yeſterday. Sir Henry Clinton found me out this morning: he talks with rapture of viſits to be made at Sheffield, and returned at Brighton. I envy him thoſe viſits more than the red ribbon. Adieu.

N° CLXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

DOVER, Wedneſday, 17th September 1873, ten o'clock in the morning.

THE beſt laws are uſeleſs without proper guardians. Your letter *per* Sunday's poſt is not arrived, (as its fate is uncertain and irrevocable, you muſt repeat any material article,) but that *per* Monday's poſt reached me laſt night. Oliver is more inſolent than his great-grandfather; but you will cope with one, and would not have been much afraid of the other. Laſt night the wind was ſo high, that the veſſel could not ſtir from the harbour; this day it is briſk and fair. We are flattered with the hope of making Calais harbour by the ſame tide, in three hours and a half; but any delay will leave the diſagreeable option of a tottering boat or a toſſing night. What a curſed thing to live in an iſland, this ſtep is more awkward than the whole journey! The triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will conſiſt of the grand Gibbon, Henry Laurence Eſquire, Preſident of Congreſs, and Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philoſopher, Thompſon, attended by three horſes, who are not the moſt

moſt agreeable fellow-paſſengers. If we ſurvive, I will finiſh and ſeal my letter at Calais. Our ſalvation ſhall be aſcribed to the prayers of my Lady and Aunt; for I do believe they both pray.

BOULOGNE, Thurſday Morning, Ten o'clock.

Inſtead of Calais, the wind has driven us to Boulogne, where we landed in the evening, without much noiſe and difficulty. The night is paſſed, the cuſtom-houſe is diſpatched, the poſt-horſes are ordered, and I ſhall ſtart about eleven o'clock. I had not the leaſt ſymptom of ſea-ſickneſs, while my companions were ſpewing round me. Laurence has read the pamphlet *, and thinks it has done much michief. A good ſign! Adieu. The Captain is impatient. I ſhall reach Lauſanne by the end of next week, but may probably write on the road.

N° CLXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LANGRES, September 23d, 1783.

LET the geographical Maria place before you the map of France, and trace my progreſs as far as this place, through the following towns: Boulogne, (where I was forced to land,) St. Omer, (where I recovered my road,) Aire, Bethune, Douay, Cambray, St. Quintin, La Fere, Laon, Rheims, Chalons, St. Dizier, and Langres, where I have juſt finiſhed my ſupper. The Inns, in general, more agreeable to the palate, than to the ſight or ſmell. But, with ſome ſhort exceptions of time and place, I have enjoyed good weather and good roads, and at the end of the ninth day, I feel ſo little fatigued, that the journey appears no more than a pleaſant airing. I have gene-

* Lord Sheffield's Obſervations on the Commerce of the American States.

rally converſed with Homer and Lord Clarendon, often with Caplin and Muff*; ſometimes with the French poſtillions, of the above-mentioned animals the leaſt rational. To-morrow I lie at Beſançon, and, according to the arrangement of poſt or hired horſes, ſhall either ſup at Lauſanne on Friday, or dine there Saturday. I feel ſome ſuſpence and uneaſineſs with regard to Deyverdun; but in the ſcale both of reaſon and conſtitution, my hopes preponderate very much above my fears. From Lauſanne I will immediately write. I embrace my Lady. If aunt Kitty's gratitude and good-breeding have not driven her away upon the firſt whiſper of Brighton, ſhe will ſhare this intelligence; if ſhe is gone, a line from you would be humane and attentive. *Monſieur les Chevaux ſeront prets a cinq heurs.* Adieu. I am going into an excellent bed, about ſix feet high from the ground.

N° CLXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, September 30th, 1783.

I ARRIVED ſafe in harbour laſt Saturday, the 27th inſtant, about ten o'clock in the morning; but as the poſt only goes out twice a week, it was not in my power to write before this day. Except one day, between Langres and Beſançon, which was laborious enough, I finiſhed my eaſy and gentle airing without any fatigue, either of mind or body. I found Deyverdun well and happy, but much more happy at the ſight of a friend, and the accompliſhment of a ſcheme which he had ſo long and impatiently deſired. His garden, terrace, and *park*, have even exceeded the moſt ſanguine of my expectations and remembrances; and you yourſelf cannot have

* His dog.

forgotten.

forgotten the charming proſpect of the lake, the mountains, and the declivity of the Pays de Vaud. But as human life is perpetually chequered with good and evil, I have found ſome diſappointments on my arrival. The eaſy nature of Deyverdun, his indolence, and his impatience, had prompted him to reckon too poſitively that his houſe would be vacant at Michaelmas; ſome unforeſeen difficulties have ariſen, or have been diſcovered when it was already too late, and the conſummation of our hopes is (I am much afraid) poſtponed to next ſpring. At firſt I was knocked down by the unexpected thunderbolt, but I have gradually been reconciled to my fate, and have granted a free and gracious pardon to my friend. As his own apartment, which afforded me a temporary ſhelter, is much too narrow for a ſettled reſidence, we hired for the winter a convenient ready-furniſhed apartment in the neareſt part of the Rue de Bourg, whoſe back door leads in three ſteps to the terrace and garden, as often as a tolerable day ſhall tempt us to enjoy their beauties; and this arrangement has even its advantage, of giving us time to deliberate and provide, before we enter on a larger and more regular eſtabliſhment. But this is not the ſum of my misfortunes; hear, and pity! The day after my arrival (Sunday) we had juſt finiſhed a very temperate dinner, and intended to begin a round of viſits on foot, *chapeau ſous le bras*, when, moſt unfortunately, Deyverdun propoſed to ſhew me ſomething in the court; we boldly and ſucceſsfully aſcended a flight of ſtone ſteps, but in the deſcent I miſſed my footing, and ſtrained, or ſprained, my ancle in a painful manner. My old latent enemy, (I do not mean the Devil,) who is always on the watch, has made an ungenerous uſe of his advantage, and I much fear that my arrival at Lauſanne will be marked with a fit of the gout, though it is quite unneceſſary that the intelligence or ſuſpicion ſhould find its way to Bath. Yeſterday afternoon I lay, or at leaſt ſat, in ſtate to receive viſits, and at the ſame moment my room was filled with four different nations. The loudeſt of theſe nations

was the ſingle voice of the Abbé Raynal, who, like your friend, has choſen this place for the aſylum of freedom and hiſtory. His converſation, which might be very agreeable, is intolerably loud, peremptory, and inſolent; and you would imagine that he alone was the monarch and legiſlator of the world. Adieu. I embrace my Lady, and the infants. With regard to the important tranſactions for which you are conſtituted plenipotentiary, I expect with ſome impatience, but with perfect confidence, the reſult of your labours. You may remember what I mentioned of my converſation with * * * * * about the place of Miniſter at Bern: I have talked it over with Deyverdun, who does not diſlike the idea, provided this place was allowed to be my villa, during at leaſt two-thirds of the year; but for my part, I am ſure that * * * * * are worth more than miniſterial friendſhip and gratitude; ſo I am inclined to think, that they are preferable to an office which would be procured with difficulty, enjoyed with conſtraint and expence, and loſt, perhaps, next April, in the annual revolutions of our domeſtic Government. Again adieu.

N.° CLXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lady* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, October 28th, 1783.

THE progreſs of my gout is in general ſo regular, and there is ſo much uniformity in the Hiſtory of its Decline and Fall, that I have hitherto indulged my lazineſs, without much ſhame or remorſe, without ſuppoſing that you would be very anxious for my ſafety, which has been ſufficiently provided for by the triple care of my friend Deyverdun, my humbler friend Caplin, and a very converſable phyſician, (not the famous Tiſſot,) whoſe ordinary fee is ten batz, about fifteen pence Engliſh. After the uſual increaſe and decreaſe

creaſe of the member (for it has been confined to the injured part) the gout has retired in good order, and the remains of weakneſs, which obliged me to move on the rugged pavement of Lauſanne with a ſtick, or rather ſmall crutch, are to be aſcribed to the ſprain, which might have been a much more ſerious buſineſs. As I have now ſpent a month at Lauſanne, you will enquire with much curioſity, more kindneſs, and ſome mixture of ſpite and malignity, how far the place has anſwered my expectations, and whether I do not repent of a reſolution which has appeared ſo raſh and ridiculous to my ambitious friends? To this queſtion, however natural and reaſonable, I ſhall not return an immediate anſwer, for two reaſons: 1. *I have not yet made a fair trial.* The diſappointment and delay with regard to Deyverdun's houſe, will confine us this winter to lodgings, rather convenient than ſpacious or pleaſant. I am only beginning to recover my ſtrength and liberty, and to look about on perſons and things; the greateſt part of thoſe perſons are in the country taken up with their vintage; my books are not yet arrived, and, in ſhort, I cannot look upon myſelf as ſettled in that comfortable way which you and I underſtand and reliſh. Yet the weather has been heavenly, and till this time, the end of October, we enjoy the brightneſs of the ſun, and ſomewhat gently complain of its immoderate heat. 2. If I ſhould be too ſanguine in explaining my ſatisfaction in what I have done, you would aſcribe that ſatisfaction to the novelty of the ſcene, and the inconſtancy of man; and I deem it far more ſafe and prudent to poſtpone any poſitive declaration, till I am placed by experience beyond the danger of repentance and recantation. Yet of one thing I am ſure, that I poſſeſs in this country, as well as in England, the beſt cordial of life, a ſincere, tender, and ſenſible friend, adorned with the moſt valuable and pleaſant qualities both of the heart and head. The inferiour enjoyments of leiſure and ſociety are likewiſe in my power; and in the ſhort excurſions which I have hitherto made, I have commenced or renewed my acquaintance

quaintance with a certain number of perſons, more eſpecially women, (who, at leaſt in France and this country, are undoubtedly ſuperior to our prouder ſex,) of rational minds and elegant manners. I breakfaſt alone, and have declared that I receive no viſits in a morning, which you will eaſily ſuppoſe is devoted to ſtudy. I find it impoſſible, without inconvenience, to defer my dinner beyond two o'clock. We have got a very good woman cook. Deyverdun, who is ſomewhat of an Epicurean philoſopher, underſtands the management of a table, and we frequently invite a gueſt or two to ſhare our luxurious, but not extravagant repaſts. The afternoons are (and will be much more ſo hereafter) devoted to ſociety, and I ſhall find it neceſſary to play at cards much oftener than in London: but I do not diſlike that way of paſſing a couple of hours, and I ſhall not be ruined at ſhilling whiſt. As yet I have not ſupped, but in the courſe of the winter I muſt ſometimes ſacrifice an evening abroad, and in exchange I hope ſometimes to ſteal a day at home, without going into company *.

I have all this time been talking to Lord Sheffield; I hope that he has diſpatched my affairs, and it would give me pleaſure to hear that I am no longer member for Lymington, nor Lord of *Lenborough*. Adieu. I feel every day that the diſtance ſerves only to make me think with more tenderneſs of the perſons whom I love.

N° CLXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, November 14th, 1783.

LAST Tueſday, November eleventh, after plaguing and vexing yourſelf all the morning, about ſome buſineſs of your fertile creation, you went to the Houſe of Commons, and paſſed the afternoon,

noon, the evening, and perhaps the night, without ſleep or food, ſtifled in a cloſe room by the heated reſpiration of ſix hundred politicians, inflamed by party and paſſion, and tired of the repetition of dull nonſenſe, which, in that illuſtrious aſſembly, ſo far outweighs the proportion of reaſon and eloquence. On the ſame day, after a ſtudious morning, a friendly dinner, and a cheerful aſſembly of both ſexes, I retired to reſt at eleven o'clock, ſatisfied with the paſt day, and certain that the next would afford me the return of the ſame quiet and rational enjoyments. *Which has the better bargain?* Serioufly, I am every hour more grateful to my own judgment and reſolution, and only regret that I ſo long delayed the execution of a favourite plan, which I am convinced is the beſt adapted to my character and inclinations. Your conjecture of the revolutions of my face, when I heard that the houſe was for this winter inacceſſible, is probable, but falſe. I bore my diſappointment with the temper of a ſage, and only uſe it to render the proſpect of next year ſtill more pleaſing to my imagination. You are likewiſe miſtaken, in imputing my fall to the awkwardneſs of my limbs. The ſame accident might have happened to Slingſby himſelf, or to any *hero* of the age, the moſt diſtinguiſhed for his *bodily activity*. I have now reſumed my entire ſtrength, and walk with caution, yet with ſpeed and ſafety, through the ſtreets of this mountainous city. After a month of the fineſt autumn I ever ſaw, the *biſe* * made me feel my old acquaintance; the weather is now milder, and this preſent day is dark and rainy, not much better than what you probably enjoy in England. The town is comparatively empty, but the Nobleſſe are returning every day from their chateaux, and I already perceive that I ſhall have more reaſon to complain of diſſipation than of dulneſs. As I told Lady S. I am afraid of being too raſh and haſty in expreſſing my ſatisfaction; but I muſt again repeat, that appearances

* The North Eaſt wind.

are

are extremely favourable. I am ſenſible that general praiſe conveys no diſtinct ideas, but it is very difficult to enter into particulars where the individuals are unknown, or indifferent to our correſpondent. You have forgotten the *old* generation, and in twenty years a new one is grown up. Death has ſwept many from the world, and chance or choice has brought many to this place. If you enquire after your old acquaintance Catherine, you muſt be told, that ſhe is ſolitary, ugly, blind, and univerſally forgotten. Your later flame, and our common goddeſs, the Eliza, paſſed a month at the inn. She came to conſult Tiſſot, and was acquainted with Cerjat. And now to buſineſs. * * *

ſay nothing; we have now our private correſpondence, into which the eye of an huſband ſhould not be permitted to intrude. I am really ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of the pamphlet *; not only becauſe I have a ſneaking kindneſs for the author, but as it ſhews me that plain ſenſe, full information, and warm ſpirit, are ſtill acceptable in the world. You talk of Lauſanne as a place of retirement, yet, from the ſituation and freedom of the Pays de Vaud, all nations, and all extraordinary characters, are aſtoniſhed to meet each other. The Abbé Raynal, the grand Gibbon, and Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*, have been in the ſame room. The other day the Prince and Princeſs de Ligne, the Duke and Ducheſs d'Urſel, &c. came from Bruſſels on purpoſe (literally true) to act a comedy at * * * * * *, in the country. He was dying, and could not appear; but we had comedy, ball, and ſupper. The event ſeems to have revived him; for that great man is fallen from his ancient glory, and his neareſt relations refuſe to ſee him. I told you of poor Catherine's deplorable ſtate; but Madame de Meſery, at the age of ſixty-nine, is ſtill handſome. Adieu.

N° CLXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, December 20th, 1783.

I HAVE received both your epiſtles; and as any excuſe will ſerve a man who is at the ſame time very buſy and very idle, I patiently expected the ſecond, before I entertained any thoughts of anſwering the firſt. * * * * *

houſe, to which, without regret, I bid an everlaſting farewel. The agreeable hour of five o'clock in the morning, at which you commonly retire, does not tend to revive my attachment; but if you add the ſoft hours of your morning Committee *, in the diſcuſſion of taxes, cuſtoms, frauds, ſmugglers, &c. I think I ſhould beg to be releaſed and quietly ſent to the gallies, as a place of leiſure and freedom. Yet I do not depart from my general principles of toleration. Some animals are made to live in the water, others on the earth, many in the air, and ſome, as it is now believed, even in fire. Your preſent hurry of Parliament I perfectly underſtand; when oppoſition make the attack,

——— *Horæ*

Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

But when the Miniſter brings forward any ſtrong and deciſive meaſure, he at length prevails; but his progreſs is retarded at every ſtep, and in every ſtage of the bill, by a pertinacious, though unſucceſsful, minority. I am not ſorry to hear of the ſplendour of Fox; I am proud, in a foreign country, of his fame and abilities, and our little animoſities are extinguiſhed by my retreat from the Engliſh ſtage. With regard to the ſubſtance of the buſineſs, I ſcarcely know what to think: the vices of the Company †, both in their perſons and their conſtitution, were manifold and manifeſt; the danger was imminent, and ſuch an empire, with thirty millions of ſubjects, was not to be loſt for trifles. Yet, on the other hand, the faith of charters, the rights of property! I heſitate and tremble. Such an innovation would at leaſt require that the remedy ſhould be as certain as the evil, and the proprietors may perhaps inſinuate, that *they* were as competent guardians of their own affairs, as either * * * * * or * * * * * * * *. Their acting without a ſalary, ſeems childiſh, and their not being removable by the Crown, is a ſtrange

* A ſelect Committee for inquiring into frauds committed in reſpect to the revenue.

† Eaſt India Company.

and

and dangerous precedent. But enough of politics, which I now begin to view through a thin, cold, diſtant cloud, yet not without a reaſonable degree of curioſity and patriotiſm. From the papers (eſpecially when you add an occaſional ſlice of the Chronicle) I ſhall be amply informed of facts and debates. From you I expect the cauſes, rather than the events, the true ſprings of action, and thoſe intereſting anecdotes which ſeldom aſcend the garret of a Fleet-ſtreet editor. You ſay that many friends (alias acquaintance) have expreſſed curioſity and concern; I ſhould not wiſh to be immediately forgotten. That others (you once mentioned Gerard Hamilton) condemn Government, for ſuffering the departure of a man who might have done them ſome credit and ſome ſervice, perhaps as much as * * * * * himſelf. To you, in the confidence of friendſhip, and without either pride or reſentment, I will fairly own that I am ſomewhat of Gerard's opinion; and if I did not compare it with the reſt of his character, I ſhould be aſtoniſhed that * * * * * ſuffered me to depart, without even a civil anſwer to my letter. Were I capable of hating a man, whom it is not eaſy to hate, I ſhould find myſelf amply revenged by * * * *. But the happy ſouls in Paradiſe are ſuſceptible only of love and pity, and though Lauſanne is not a Paradiſe, more eſpecially in winter, I do aſſure you, in ſober proſe, that it has hitherto fulfilled, and even ſurpaſſed, my warmeſt expectation. Yet I often caſt a look toward Sheffield-Place, where you now repoſe, if you can repoſe, during the Chriſtmas receſs. Embrace my Lady, the young Baroneſs, and the gentle Louiſa, and inſinuate to your ſilent Conſort, that ſeparate letters require ſeparate anſwers. Had I an air balloon, the great topic of modern converſation, I would call upon you till the meeting of Parliament. *Vale.*

N° CLXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs.* PORTEN.

DEAR MADAM, LAUSANNE, December 27th, 1783.

THE unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happineſs is content with its own ſilent enjoyment; and if that happineſs is of a quiet uniform kind, we ſuffer days and weeks to elapſe without communicating our ſenſations to a diſtant friend. By you, therefore, whoſe temper and underſtanding have extracted from human life on every occaſion the beſt and moſt comfortable ingredients, my ſilence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I ſhould have continued to ſlumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you expreſs in your laſt letter. * * * * * * * *

From this baſe ſubject I aſcend to one which more ſeriouſly and ſtrongly engages your thoughts, the conſideration of my health and happineſs. And you will give me credit when I aſſure you with ſincerity, that I have not repented a ſingle moment of the ſtep which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the ſame deſign two, or five, or even ten years ago. By this time I might have returned independant and rich to my native country; I ſhould have eſcaped many diſagreeable events that have happened in the meanwhile, and I ſhould have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither ſuitable to my temper, nor conducive to my fortune. In ſpeaking of the happineſs which I enjoy, you will agree with me, in giving the preference to a ſincere and ſenſible friend; and though you cannot diſcern the full extent of his merit, you will eaſily believe that Deyverdun is the man.

Perhaps two perſons ſo perfectly fitted to live together, were never formed by Nature and education. We have both read and ſeen a great variety of objects; the lights and ſhades of our different characters are happily blended, and a friendſhip of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to ſupport our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage, ſome harſh ſounds will ſometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the courſe of time, like our neighbours, we muſt expect ſome diſagreeable moments; but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much miſtaken, if the building be not ſolid and comfortable. One diſappointment I have indeed experienced, and patiently ſupported. The family who were ſettled in Deyverdun's houſe ſtarted ſome unexpected difficulties, and will not leave it till the ſpring; ſo that you muſt not yet expect any poetical, or even hiſtorical, deſcription of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter we are ſatisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive ſome advantage from this delay; as it gives us time to arrange ſome plans of alteration and furniture, which will embelliſh our future and more elegant dwelling. In this ſeaſon I riſe (not at four in the morning) but a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my ſtudy to breakfaſt, which I always perform alone, in the Engliſh ſtile, and, with the aid of Caplin, I perceive no difference between Lauſanne and Bentinck-ſtreet. Our mornings are uſually paſſed in ſeparate ſtudies; we never approach each other's door without a previous meſſage, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already ſacred and formidable to ſtrangers. I dreſs at half paſt one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled,) we ſit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well-ſkilled in her profeſſion, and accuſtomed to the taſte of every nation; as for inſtance, we had excellent mince-pies yeſterday. After dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together ſome amuſing book, or

play

play at chefs, or retire to our rooms, or make viſits, or go to the coffee-houſe. Between ſix and ſeven the aſſemblies begin, and I am oppreſſed only with their number and variety. Whiſt, at ſhillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleaſure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheeſe, and friendly converſe, which ſends us to bed at eleven; but theſe ſober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous ſuppers, which I have not the courage to reſiſt, though I practiſe a laudable abſtinence at the beſt furniſhed tables. Such is the ſkeleton of my life; it is impoſſible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and ſubſtantial parts, the characters of the men and women with whom I have very eaſily connected myſelf in looſer and cloſer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myſelf and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and as our likings and diſlikes are commonly mutual, I am equally ſatisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter hitherto mild, but in January we muſt expect ſome ſevere froſt. Inſtead of rolling in a coach, I walk the ſtreets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exerciſe is wholeſome, and except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavillard's houſe, where I was almoſt ſtarved with cold and hunger, and you may be aſſured that I now enjoy every beneſit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wiſh me happy; acknowledge that ſuch a life is more conducive to happineſs, than five nights in the week paſſed in the Houſe of Commons, or five mornings ſpent at the Cuſtom-houſe. Send me, in return, a fair account of your own ſituation in mind and body. I am ſatisfied your own good ſenſe would have reconciled you to inevitable ſeparation; but there never was a more ſuitable diverſion than your viſit to Sheffield-Place. Among the innu-

merable proofs of friendſhip which I have received from that family, there are none which affect me more ſenſibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am perſuaded that they are at leaſt as much on your account as on mine. At length Madame de * * * * * is delivered by her tyrant's death; her daughter, a valuable woman of this place, has made ſome enquiries, and though her own circumſtances are narrow, ſhe will not ſuffer her father's widow to be left totally deſtitute. I am glad you derived ſo much melancholy pleaſure from the letters, yet had I known it, I ſhould have withheld.

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N° CLXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, January 24th, 1784.

WITHIN two or three days after your laſt *gracious* epiſtle, your complaints were ſilenced, and your enquiries were ſatisfied, by an ample diſpatch of four pages, which overflowed the inſide of the cover, and in which I expoſed my opinions of things in general, public as well as private, as they exiſted in my mind, in my ſtate of ignorance and error, about the eighteenth or twentieth of laſt month. Within a week after that date I epiſtoliſed, in the ſame rich and copious ſtrain, the two venerable females of Newman-ſtreet and Bath, whoſe murmurings muſt now be changed into ſongs of gratitude and applauſe. My correſpondence with the holy matron of Northamptonſhire has been leſs lively and loquacious. You have not forgotten the author's vindication of himſelf from the foul calumnies of pretended Chriſtians. Within a fortnight after his arrival at Lauſanne, he communicated the joyful event to Mrs. Eſther Gibbon. She anſwered, *per* return of poſt, both letters at the ſame time, and in very dutiful language, almoſt excuſing her advice, which was intended

tended for my ſpiritual, as well as temporal good, and aſſuring me, that *nobody ſhould be able to injure me with her*. Unleſs the ſaint is an hypocrite, ſuch an expreſſion muſt convey a favourable and important meaning. At all events, it is worth giving *ourſelves* ſome trouble about her, without indulging any ſanguine expectations of inheritance. So much for my females; with regard to my male correſpondents, you are the only one to whom I have given any ſigns of my exiſtence, though I have formed many a generous reſolution. Yet I am not inſenſible of the kind and friendly manner in which Lord Loughborough has diſtinguiſhed me. He could have no inducements of intereſt, and now that I view the diſtant picture with impartial eyes, I am convinced that (for a ſtateſman) he was ſincere in his wiſhes to ſerve me. When you ſee *him*, the Paynes, Eden, Crauford, &c. tell them that I am well, happy, and aſhamed. On your ſide, the zeal and diligence of your pen has ſurpriſed and delighted me, and your letters, at this intereſting moment, are exactly ſuch as I wiſhed them to be—authentic anecdotes, and rational ſpeculations, worthy of a man who acts a part in the great theatre, and who fills a ſeat, not only in the general Pandæmonium, but in the private council of the Princes of the infernal regions. With regard to the detail of parliamentary operations, I muſt repeat my requeſt to you, or rather to my Lady, who will now be on the ſpot, that ſhe will write, not with her pen, but with her ſciſſars, and that after every debate which deſerves to paſs the ſea and the mountains, ſhe will diſſect the faithful narrative of Woodfall, and ſend it off by the next poſt, as an agreeable ſupplement to the meagre accounts of our weekly papers. The wonderful revolutions of laſt month have ſounded to my ear more like the ſhifting ſcenes of a comedy, or comic-opera, than like the ſober events of real and modern hiſtory; and the irregularity of our winter poſts, which ſometimes retarded, and ſometimes haſtened, the arrival of the diſpatches, has increaſed the confuſion of our ideas. Surely the Lord has blinded the eyes of

of Pharoah and of his ſervants; the obſtinacy of laſt ſpring was nothing compared to the headſtrong and headlong madneſs of this winter. I expect with much impatience the firſt days of your meeting; the purity and integrity of the coalition will ſuffer a fiery trial; but if they are true to themſelves and to each other, a majority of the Houſe of Commons muſt prevail; the rebellion of the young gentlemen will be cruſhed, and the maſters will reſume the government of the ſchool. After the addreſs and anſwer, I have no conception that Parliament can be diſſolved during the ſeſſion; but if the preſent Miniſtry can outlive the ſtorm, I think the death-warrant will infallibly be ſigned in the ſummer. *Here* I bluſh for my country, without confeſſing her ſhame. Fox acted like a man of honour, yet ſurely his union with Pitt affords the only hope of ſalvation. How miſerably are we waſting the ſeaſon of peace!

I have written three pages before I come to my own buſineſs and feelings. In the firſt place, I moſt ſincerely rejoice that I left the ſhip, and ſwam aſhore on a plank: the daily and hourly agitation in which I muſt have lived would have made me truly miſerable; and if I had obtained a place during pleaſure, * * * * *, for inſtance? On the firſt news of the diſſolution, I conſidered my ſeat as ſo totally and irrecoverably gone, that I have been leſs afflicted with * * * * *'s obſtinacy. * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
On this occaſion remember you are acting for a *poor* friend; diſmiſs a little of the ſpirit of faction and patriotiſm, and ſtoop to a prudential line of conduct, which in your own caſe you might poſſibly diſdain. * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
Perhaps you will abuſe my prudence and patriotiſm, when I inform you, that I have already veſted a part (thirty thouſand livres, about one thouſand three hundred pounds) in the new loan of the King of France. I get eight *per cent.* on the joint lives of Deyverdun and

myſelf, beſides thirty tickets in a very advantageous lottery, of which the higheſt prize is an annuity of forty thouſand livres (one thouſand ſeven hundred pounds) a year. At this moment, the beginning of a peace, and probably a long peace, I think (and the world ſeems to think) the French funds at leaſt as ſolid as our own, I have empowered my agent, M. de Leſſart, a capital banker at Paris, to draw upon Goſling for the money two months hence; and to avoid all accidents that may reſult from untoward delays, and mercantile churliſhneſs, I expect that you will ſupport my credit in Fleet-ſtreet with your own more reſpectable name. * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
What ſay you now? Am I not a wiſe man? My letter is enormous, and the poſt on the wing. In a few days I will write to my Lady herſelf, and enter ſomething more into the details of domeſtic life. Suffice it to ſay, that the ſcene becomes each day more pleaſant and comfortable, and that I complain only of the diſſipation of Lauſanne. In the courſe of March or April we ſhall take poſſeſſion of Deyverdun's houſe. My books, which, by ſome ſtrange neglect, did not leave Paris till the third of this month, will arrive in a few weeks; and I ſhall ſoon reſume the continuation of my Hiſtory, which I ſhall proſecute with the more vigour, as the completion affords me a diſtant proſpect of a viſit to England. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CLXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

BARON! LAUSANNE, February 2d, 1784.

AFTER my laſt enormous diſpatch, nothing can remain, except ſome ſmall gleanings, or occaſional hints; and thus in order: I am not conſcious that any of your valuable MSS. have miſcarried, or that I have omitted to anſwer any eſſential particulars. They

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ſtand in my bureau carefully arranged, and docketed under the following dates; September twenty-three, October twenty-three, November eighteen, December two, December fifteen, December nineteen, December twenty-three, December twenty-nine, January ſixteen, which laſt I have received this day, February 2d. For greater perſpicuity, it will not be amiſs (on either ſide) to number our future epiſtles, by a conſpicuous Roman character inſcribed in the front, to which we may at any time refer. But inſtead of writing by Oſtend, the ſhorter and ſurer way, eſpecially on all occaſions that deſerve celerity, will be to incloſe them to my banker, M. de Leſſart at Paris, who will forward them to me. Through Germany the paſſage by ſea is more uncertain, the roads worſe, and the diſtance greater: we often complain of delay and irregularity at this intereſting moment. By your laſt I find that you have boldly and generouſly opened a treaty with the enemy, which I propoſed with fear and heſitation. I impatiently expect the reſult; and again repeat, that *whatever* you can obtain for * * * * *, I ſhall conſider it as ſo much ſaved out of the fire, &c. &c. Do you remember Dunning's motion (in the year 1780) to addreſs the Crown againſt a diſſolution of Parliament; a ſimple addreſs we rejected, as an infringement on the prerogative? yet how far ſhort of theſe ſtrong democratical meaſures, for which you have probably voted, as I ſhould probably have done: ſuch is the contagion of party. Fox drives moſt furiouſly, yet I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if Pitt's moderation and character ſhould inſenſibly win the nation, and even the Houſe, to eſpouſe his cauſe. * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * *

Unleſs when I look back on England with a ſelfiſh or a tender regard, my hours roll away very pleaſantly, and I can again repeat with truth, that I have not regretted one ſingle moment the ſtep which I have taken. We are now at the height of the winter diſſipation, and I am peculiarly happy when I can ſteal away from

great aſſemblies, and ſuppers of twenty or thirty people, to a more private party of ſome of thoſe perſons whom I begin to call my friends. Till we are ſettled in our houſe little can be expected on our ſide; yet I have already given two or three handſome dinners; and though every thing is grown dearer, I am not alarmed at the general view of my expence. Deyverdun ſalutes you; and we are agreed that few married couples are better entitled to the flitch of bacon than we ſhall be at the end of the year. When I had written about half this epiſtle my books arrived: at our firſt meeting all was rapture and confuſion, and two or three poſts, from the ſecond to this day, the fourteenth, have been ſuffered to depart unnoticed. Your letter of the twenty-ſeventh of January, which was not received till yeſterday, has again awakened me, and I thought the ſureſt way would be to ſend off this ſingle ſheet without any farther delay.

I ſincerely rejoice in the ſtability of Parliament *; and the firſt faint dawn of reconciliation, which muſt however be effected by the equal balance of parties, rather than by the wiſdom of the country gentlemen †.

My Lady!—But it would be highly incongruous to begin my letter at the bottom of the page. Adieu, therefore, till next poſt.

N° CLXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD,

LAUSANNE, May 11th, 1784.

ALAS! alas! alas! We may now exchange our mutual condolence. Laſt Chriſtmas, on the change of adminiſtration, I was ſtruck with the thunderbolt of the unexpected event, and in the ap-

* This ſuppoſition was founded on Mr. Banks's declaration in the name of Mr. Pitt.
† At the St. Alban's Tavern.

proaching diſſolution I foreſaw the loſs of * * * * * * * * * * *. The long continuance and various changes of the tempeſt rendered me by degrees callous and inſenſible; when the art of the mariners was exhauſted I felt that we were ſinking, I expected the ſhip to founder, and when the fatal moment arrived, I was even pleaſed to be delivered from hope and fear, to the calmneſs of deſpair. I now turn my eyes, not on the paſt, but on the preſent and the future; what is loſt I try to conſider as if it never had exiſted; and every day I congratulate my own good fortune, let me ſay my prudence and reſolution, in migrating from your noiſy ſtage to a ſcene of repoſe and content. But even in this ſeparate ſtate, I was ſtill anxious for my friend upon Engliſh earth, and at firſt was much delighted with your hint, that you were ſetting off for Coventry, without any proſpect of an oppoſition. Every poſt, Wedneſdays and Saturdays, I eagerly looked for the intelligence of your victory; and in ſpite of my miſbehaviour, which I do not deny, I muſt abuſe *my Lady*, rather than you, for leaving me in ſo painful a ſituation. Each day raiſed and increaſed my apprehenſion; the *Courier de l'Europe* firſt announced the conteſt, the Engliſh papers proclaimed your defeat, and your laſt letter, which I received four days ago, ſhewed me that you exerted firſt the ſpirit, and at laſt the temper of an hero. I am not much ſurpriſed that you ſhould have been ſwept away in the general unpopularity, ſince even in this quiet place, your friends are conſidered as a factious crew, acting in direct oppoſition both to the King and people. For yourſelf I am at a loſs what to ſay. If this repulſe ſhould teach you to renounce all connection with Kings and Miniſters, and Patriots and Parties, and Parliaments; for all of which you are by many degrees too honeſt; I ſhould exclaim, with Teague of reſpectable memory, "By my ſhoul, dear joy, you have *gained* a loſs." Private life, whether contemplative or active, has ſurely more ſolid and independent charms; you have *ſome* domeſtic comforts; Sheffield-Place

is

is ſtill ſuſceptible of uſeful and ornamental improvements, (alas! how much better might even the laſt * * * * have been laid out!) and if theſe cares are not ſufficient to occupy your leiſure, I can truſt your reſtleſs and enterpriſing ſpirit to find new methods to preſerve you from the inſipidity of repoſe. But I much fear your diſcontent and regret at being excluded from that Pandæmonium which we have ſo often curſed, as long as you were obliged to attend it. The leaders of the party will flatter you with the opinion of their friendſhip and your own importance; the warmth of your temper makes you credulous and unſuſpicious; and, like the reſt of our ſpecies, male and female, you are not abſolutely deaf to the voice of praiſe. Some other place will be ſuggeſted, eaſy, honourable, certain, where nothing is wanted but a man of character and ſpirit to head a ſuperior intereſt; the oppoſition, if any, is contemptible, and the expence cannot be large. You will go down, find almoſt every circumſtance falſely ſtated, repent that you had engaged yourſelf, but you cannot deſert thoſe friends who are firmly attached to your cauſe; beſides, the money you have already ſpent would have been thrown away; another thouſand will complete the buſineſs: deeper and deeper will you plunge, and the laſt evil will be worſe than the firſt. You ſee I am a free-ſpoken counſellor; may I not be a true prophet! Did I conſult my own wiſhes, I ſhould obſerve to you; that as you are no longer a ſlave, you might ſoon be tranſported, as you ſeem to deſire, to one of the Alpine hills. The purity and calmneſs of the air is the beſt calculated to allay the heat of a political fever; the education of the two Princeſſes might be ſucceſsfully conducted under your eye and that of my Lady; and if you had reſolution to determine on a reſidence, not a viſit, at Lauſanne, your worldly affairs might repoſe themſelves after their late fatigues. But you know that *I* am a friend to toleration, and am always diſpoſed to make the largeſt allowance for the different natures of animals; a lion and a lamb, an eagle and a worm. I am afraid we are too quiet for you;

you; here it would not be eaſy for you to create any buſineſs; you have for ſome time neglected books, and I doubt whether you would not think our ſuppers and aſſemblies ſomewhat trifling and inſipid. You are far more difficult than I am; you are in ſearch of knowledge, and you are not content with your company, unleſs you can derive from them information or extraordinary amuſement. For my part, I like to draw information from books, and I am ſatisfied with polite attention and eaſy manners. Finally, I am happy to tell, and you will be happy to hear, that this place has in every reſpect exceeded my beſt and moſt ſanguine hopes. How often have you ſaid, as often as I expreſſed any ill-humour againſt the hurry, the expence, and the precarious condition of my London life, "Ay, "that is a nonſenſical ſcheme of retiring to Lauſanne that you have "got into your head, a pretty fancy; you remember how much you "liked it in your youth, but you have now ſeen more of the world, "and if you were to try it again, you would find yourſelf woefully "diſappointed?" I had it in my head, in my heart, I have tried it, I have not been diſappointed, and my knowledge of the world has ſerved only to convince me, that a capital and a crowd may contain much leſs real ſociety, than the ſmall circle of this gentle retirement. The winter has been longer, but, as far as I can learn, leſs rigorous than in the reſt of Europe. The ſpring is now burſting upon us, and in our own garden it is diſplayed in all its glory. I already occupy a temporary apartment, and we live in the lower part of the houſe; before you receive this we ſhall be in full poſſeſſion. We have much to enjoy and ſomething to do, which I take to be the happieſt condition of human life. Now for buſineſs, the kind of ſubject which I always undertake with the moſt reluctance, and leave with the moſt pleaſure. * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * *

Adieu.

And

And now, my Lady,

Let me approach your gentle, not grimalkin, preſence, with deep remorſe. You have indirectly been informed of my ſtate of mind and body; (the whole winter I have not had the ſlighteſt return of the gout, or any other complaint whatſoever;) you have been appriſed, and are now appriſed, of my motions, or rather of my perfect and agreeable repoſe; yet I muſt confeſs (and I *feel*) that ſomething of a direct and perſonal exchange of ſentiment has been neglected on my ſide, though I ſtill *perſuade* myſelf that when I am ſettled in my new houſe I ſhall have more ſubject, as well as leiſure, to write. Such tricks of lazineſs your active ſpirit is a ſtranger to, though Mrs. * * * complains that ſhe has never had an anſwer to her laſt letters. Poor Lady Pembroke! *you* will feel for her; after a cruel alternative of hope and fear, her only daughter, Lady Charlotte, died at *Aix en Provence;* they have perſuaded her to come to this place, where ſhe is intimately connected with the Cerjat family. She has taken an agreeable houſe, about three miles from the town, and lives retired. I have ſeen her; her behaviour is calm, but her affliction ——. I accept with gratitude your friendly propoſal of Wedgewood's ware, and ſhould be glad to have it bought and packed, and ſent without delay through Germany; and I ſhall only ſay, that I wiſh to have a very complete ſervice for two courſes and a deſert, and that our ſuppers are numerous, frequently fifteen or twenty perſons. Adieu. I do not mean this as your letter. You are very good to poor Kitty. With you I do not condole about Coventry.

N° CLXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, LAUSANNE, May 28th, 1784.

I BEGIN without preface or apology, as if I had received your letter by the laſt poſt. In my own defence I know not what to ſay; but if I were diſpoſed to recriminate, I might obſerve that you yourſelf are not perfectly free from the ſin of lazineſs and procraſtination. I have often wondered why we are not fonder of letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourſelves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that converſation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the higheſt propriety and mutual ſatisfaction; ſure that the perſon whom we addreſs feels an equal, or at leaſt a ſtrong and lively intereſt in the conſideration of the pleaſing ſubject. On the ſubject therefore of *ſelf* I will entertain a friend, to whom none of my thoughts or actions, none of my pains or pleaſures, can ever be indifferent. When I firſt cheriſhed the deſign of retiring to Lauſanne, I was much more apprehenſive of wounding your tender attachment, than of offending Lord Sheffield's manly and vehement friendſhip. In the abolition of the Board of Trade the motives for my retreat became more urgent and forcible; I wiſhed to break looſe, yet I delayed above a year before I could take my final reſolution; and the letter in which I diſcloſed it to you coſt me one of the moſt painful ſtruggles of my life. As ſoon as I had conquered that difficulty, all meaner obſtacles fell before me, and in a few weeks I found myſelf at Lauſanne, aſtoniſhed at my firmneſs and my ſucceſs. Perhaps you ſtill blame or ſtill lament the ſtep which I have taken. If on your own account, I can only ſympathize with your feelings, the recollection of which often coſts me a ſigh: if on mine, let me fairly ſtate what

I have eſcaped in England, and what I have found at Lauſanne. Recollect the tempeſts of this winter, how many anxious days I ſhould have paſſed, how many noiſy, turbulent, hot, unwholeſome nights, while my political exiſtence, and that of my friends, was at ſtake; yet theſe feeble efforts would have been unavailing; I ſhould have loſt my ſeat in parliament, and after the extraordinary expence of another year, I muſt ſtill have purſued the road of Switzerland, unleſs I had been tempted by ſome ſelfiſh patron, or by Lord S.'s aſpiring ſpirit, to incur a moſt inconvenient expence for a new ſeat; and once more, at the beginning of an oppoſition, to engage in new ſcenes of buſineſs. As to the immediate proſpect of any thing like a quiet and profitable retreat, I ſhould not know where to look; my friends are no longer in power. With * * * * and his party I have no connection; and were he diſpoſed to favour a man of letters, it is difficult to ſay what he could give, or what I would accept; the reign of penſions and ſinecures is at an end, and a commiſſion in the Exciſe or Cuſtoms, the ſummit of my hopes, would give me income at the expence of leiſure and liberty. When I revolve theſe circumſtances in my mind, my only regret, I repeat it again and again, is, that I did not embrace this ſalutary meaſure three, five, ten years ago. Thus much I thought it neceſſary to ſay, and ſhall now diſmiſs this unpleaſing part of the ſubject. For my ſituation here, health is the firſt conſideration; and on that head your tenderneſs had conceived ſome degree of anxiety. I know not whether it has reached you that I had a fit of the gout the day after my arrival. The deed is true, but the cauſe was accidental; careleſsly ſtepping down a flight of ſtairs, I ſprained my ancle; and my ungenerous enemy inſtantly took advantage of my weakneſs. But ſince my breaking that double chain, I have enjoyed a winter of the moſt perfect health that I have perhaps ever known, without any mixture of the little flying incommodities which in my beſt days have ſometimes diſturbed the tranquillity of my Engliſh life.

life. You are not ignorant of Dr. Tiſſot's reputation, and his merit is even above his reputation. He aſſures me, that in his opinion, the moiſture of England and Holland is moſt pernicious; the dry pure air of Switzerland moſt favourable to a gouty conſtitution: that experience juſtifies the theory; and that there are fewer martyrs of that diſorder in this, than in any other country in Europe. This winter has every where been moſt uncommonly ſevere: and you ſeem in England to have had your full ſhare of the general hardſhip: but in this corner, ſurrounded by the Alps, it has rather been long than rigorous; and its duration ſtole away our ſpring, and left us no interval between furs and ſilks. We now enjoy the genial influence of the climate and the ſeaſon; and no ſtation was ever more calculated to enjoy them than Deyverdun's houſe and garden, which are now become my own. You will not expect that the pen ſhould deſcribe, what the pencil would imperfectly delineate. A few circumſtances may, however, be mentioned. My library is about the ſame ſize with that in Bentinck-ſtreet, with this difference, however, that inſtead of looking on a paved court, twelve feet ſquare, I command a boundleſs proſpect of vale, mountain, and water, from my three windows. My apartment is completed by a ſpacious light cloſet, or ſtore-room, with a bed-chamber and dreſſing-room. Deyverdun's habitation is pleaſant and convenient, though leſs extenſive: for our common uſe we have a very handſome winter apartment of four rooms; and on the ground-floor, two cool ſaloons for the ſummer, with a ſufficiency, or rather ſuperfluity, of offices, &c. A terrace, one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the houſe, and leads to a cloſe impenetrable ſhrubbery; and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk carries me round a meadow and vineyard. The intervals afford abundant ſupply of fruit, and every ſort of vegetables; and if you add, that this villa (which has been much ornamented by my friend) touches the beſt and moſt ſociable part of the town, you will agree with me, that few perſons, either princes

or philoſophers, enjoy a more deſirable reſidence. Deyverdun, who is proud of his own works, often walks me round, pointing out, with acknowledgment and enthuſiaſm, the beauties that change with every ſtep and with every variation of light. I ſhare, or at leaſt I ſympathize with his pleaſure. He appears contented with my progreſs, and has already told ſeveral people, that he does not deſpair of making me a gardener. Be that as it may, you will be glad to hear that I am, by my own choice, infinitely more in motion, and in the open air, than I ever have been formerly; yet my perfect liberty and leiſure leave me many ſtudious hours; and as the circle of our acquaintance retire into the country, I ſhall be much leſs engaged in company and diverſion. I have ſeriouſly reſumed the proſecution of my Hiſtory; each day and each month adds ſomething to the completion of the great work. The progreſs is ſlow, the labour continual, and the end remote and uncertain; yet every day brings its amuſement, as well as labour; and though I dare not fix a term, even in my own fancy, I advance, with the pleaſing reflection, that the buſineſs of publication (ſhould I be detained here ſo long) muſt enforce my return to England, and reſtore me to the beſt of mothers and friends. In the mean while, with health and competence, a full independence of mind and action, a delightful habitation, a true friend, and many pleaſant acquaintance; you will allow, that I am rather an object of envy than of pity; and if you were more converſant with the uſe of the French language, I would ſeriouſly propoſe to you to repoſe yourſelf with us in this fine country. My indirect intelligence (on which I ſometimes depend with more implicit faith than on the kind diſſimulation of your friendſhip) gives me reaſon to hope that the laſt winter has been more favourable to your health than the preceding one. Aſſure me of it yourſelf honeſtly and truly, and you will afford me one of the moſt lively pleaſures.

N° CLXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, June 19th, 1784.

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In this glorious ſeaſon I frequently give tea and ſupper to a dozen men and women with eaſe and reputation, and heartily wiſh you and my Lady were among them. In this corner of Europe we enjoy, or ſhall ſpeedily enjoy, (beſides threeſcore Engliſh, with Lady Pembroke, and forty French, with the Ducheſs de Sivrac at their head,) M. and Madame Necker, the Abbé Raynal, the Hereditary Prince of Brunſwick, Prince Henry of Pruſſia, perhaps the Duke of Cumberland; yet I am ſtill more content with the humble natives, than with *moſt* of theſe illuſtrious *names*. Adieu. The poſt is on the wing, and you owe me a long epiſtle. I am, as uſual, in the firm intention of writing next week to my Lady.

N° CLXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

LAUSANNE, October 18th, 1784.

SINCE my retreat to Lauſanne our correſpondence has never received ſo long an interruption; and as I have been equally taciturn with the reſt of the Engliſh world, it may now be a problem among that ſceptical nation, whether the Hiſtorian of the Decline and Fall be a living ſubſtance or an empty name. So tremendous is the ſleepy power of lazineſs and habit, that the ſilence of each poſt operated ſtill more ſtrongly to benumb the hand, and to freeze the *epiſtolary* ink. How or when I ſhould have naturally awakened, I cannot

not tell; but the preſſure of my affairs, and the arrival of your laſt letter, compel me to remember that you are entruſted with the final amputation of the beſt limb of my property. The ſubject is in itſelf ſo painful, that I have poſtponed it, like a child's phyſic, from day to day; and loſing whole mornings, as I walked about my library, in uſeleſs regret and impotent reſolution, you will be amazed to hear that (after peeping to ſee if you are all well, and returned from Ireland) I have not yet had the courage to peruſe your letter, for fear of meeting with ſome gloomy intelligence; and I will now finiſh what I have to ſay of pecuniary matters, before I know whether its contents will fortify or overthrow my unbleſſed ſentiments. * * * * * * * * * * * * * To what purpoſe (will you ſay) are theſe tardy and uſeleſs repinings? To arraign your manager? No, I am ſatisfied with the ſkill and firmneſs of the pilot, and complain only of the untoward violence of the tempeſt. To repent of your retreat into Switzerland? No, ſurely, every ſubſequent event has tended to make it as neceſſary as it has proved agreeable. Why then theſe lamentations? Hear and attend—It is to intereſt (if poſſible more ſtrongly) your zeal and friendſhip, to juſtify a ſort of avarice, a love of money, very foreign to my character, but with which I cling to theſe laſt fragments of my fortune. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * As far as I can judge from the experience of a year, though I find Lauſanne much more expenſive than I imagined, yet my ſtile of living (and a very handſome ſtile it is) will be brought *nearly* within my ordinary revenues. I wiſh our poor country could ſay as much! But it was always my favourite and rational wiſh, that at the winding up of my affairs I might poſſeſs a ſum, from one to two thouſand pounds, neither buried in land, nor locked up in the funds, but free, light, and ready to obey any call of intereſt, or pleaſure, or virtue; to defray any extraordinary expence, ſupport any delay, or

remove any obſtacle. For the attainment of this object, I truſt in your aſſiſtance. * * * * * * * * * * * * * Thus much for this money tranſaction; to you I need add no other ſtimulative, than to ſay that my eaſe and comfort very much depend on the ſucceſs of this plan.

As I thought every man of ſenſe and fortune in Ireland muſt be ſatisfied, I did not conceive the cloud ſo dark as you repreſent it. I will ſeriouſly peruſe the 8vo. and in due time the 4to. edition *; it would become a claſſic book, if you could find leiſure (will you ever find it?) to introduce order and ornament. You muſt negociate *directly* with Deyverdun; but the ſtate will not hear of parting with their only Reynolds †. I embrace my Lady; let her be angry, provided ſhe be well. Adieu. Yours.

P. S. The care of Ireland may have amuſed you in the ſummer; but how do you mean to employ the winter? Do you not caſt a longing, lingering look at St. Stephen's chapel? With your fiery ſpirit, and firm judgment, I almoſt wiſh you there; not for your benefit, but for the public. If you reſolve to recover your ſeat, do not liſten to any fallacious and infinite projects of intereſt, conteſt, return, petition, &c. but limit your expence.

N° CLXXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lady* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, October 22d, 1784.

A FEW weeks ago, as I was walking on our terrace with M. Tiſſot, the celebrated phyſician; M. Mercier, the author of the *Tableau de Paris*; the Abbé Raynal; Monſieur, Madame, and Mademoiſelle

* Of Obſervations on the Commerce with the American States.

† Alluding to his portrait.

Necker;

Necker; the Abbé de Bourbon, a natural ſon of Lewis the Fifteenth, the Hereditary Prince of Brunſwick, Prince Henry of Pruſſia, and a dozen Counts, Barons, and extraordinary perſons, among whom was a natural ſon of the Empreſs of Ruſſia——Are you ſatisfied with this liſt? which I could enlarge and embelliſh, without departing from truth; and was not the Baron of Sheffield (profound as he is on the ſubject of the American trade) doubly miſtaken with regard to Gibbon and Lauſanne? Whenever I uſed to hint my deſign of retiring, that illuſtrious Baron, after a proper effuſion of d——d fools, condeſcended to obſerve, that ſuch an obſcure nook in Switzerland might pleaſe me in the ignorance of youth, but that after taſting for ſo many years the various ſociety of Paris and London, I ſhould ſoon be tired with the dull and uniform round of a provincial town. In the winter, Lauſanne is indeed reduced to its native powers; but during the ſummer, it is poſſibly, after Spa, one of the moſt favourite places of general reſort. The tour of Switzerland, the Alps, and the Glaciers, is become a faſhion. Tiſſot attracts the invalids, eſpecially from France; and a colony of Engliſh have taken up the habit of ſpending their winters at Nice, and their ſummers in the Pays de Vaud. Such are the ſplendour and variety of our ſummer viſitors; and *you* will agree with me more readily than the Baron, when I ſay that this variety, inſtead of being a merit, is, in my opinion, one of the very few objections to the reſidence of Lauſanne. After the diſſipation of the winter I expected to have enjoyed, with more freedom and ſolitude, myſelf, my friend, my books, and this delicious paradiſe; but my poſition and character make me here a ſort of a public character, and oblige me to ſee and be ſeen. However, it is my firm reſolution for next ſummer to aſſume the independence of a philoſopher, and to be viſible only to the perſons whom I like. On that principle I ſhould not, moſt aſſuredly, have avoided the Neckers and Prince Henry. The former have purchaſed the barony of Copet near Geneva; and as the buildings

were very much out of repair, they paſſed this ſummer at a country-houſe at the gates of Lauſanne. They afford a new example, that perſons who have taſted of greatneſs can ſeldom return with pleaſure to a private ſtation. In the moments when we were alone he converſed with me freely, and I believe truly, on the ſubject of his adminiſtration and fall; and has opened ſeveral paſſages of modern hiſtory, which would make a very good figure in *the* American book *. If they ſpent the ſummers at the caſtle of Copet, about nine leagues from hence, a fortnight or three weeks viſit would be a pleaſant and healthful excurſion; but, alas! I fear there is little appearance of its being executed. *Her* health is impaired by the agitation of her mind: inſtead of returning to Paris, ſhe is ordered to paſs the winter in the ſouthern provinces of France, and our laſt parting was ſolemn; as I very much doubt whether I ſhall ever ſee her again. They have now a very troubleſome charge, which you will experience in a few years, the diſpoſal of a Baroneſs; Mademoiſelle † Necker, one of the greateſt heireſſes in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, and with a much larger proviſion of wit than of beauty: what increaſes their difficulties is their religious obſtinacy of marrying her only to a proteſtant. It would be an excellent opportunity for a young Engliſhman of a great name and a fair reputation. Prince Henry muſt be a man of ſenſe; for he took more notice, and expreſſed more eſteem for me, than any body elſe. He is certainly (without touching his military character) a very lively and entertaining companion. He talked with freedom, and generally with contempt, of moſt of the princes of Europe; with reſpect of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, but never mentioned the name of his brother, except once, when he hinted that it was *he himſelf* that won the battle of Roſbach. His nephew, and

* Obſervations on the Commerce with the American States.

† Now Madame de Staal.

our nephew, the hereditary Prince of Brunſwick is here for his education. Of the Engliſh, who live very much as a national colony, you will like to hear of Mrs. Fraſer and *one* more. Donna Catherina * pleaſes every body, by the perfect ſimplicity of her ſtate of nature. You know ſhe has had reſolution to return from England (where ſhe told me ſhe ſaw you) to Lauſanne, for the ſake of Miſs Briſtow, who is in bad health, and in a few days they ſet off for Nice. *The other* is the Eliza; ſhe paſſed through Lauſanne, in her road from Italy to England; poorly in health, but ſtill adorable, (nay, do not frown!) and I enjoyed ſome delightful hours by her bed-ſide. She wrote me a line from Paris, but has not executed her promiſe of viſiting Lauſanne in the month of October. My pen has run much faſter, and much farther, than I intended on the ſubject of others; yet, in deſcribing them, I have thrown ſome light over myſelf and my ſituation. A year, a very ſhort one, has now elapſed ſince my arrival at Lauſanne; and after a cool review of my ſentiments, I can ſincerely declare, that I have never, during a ſingle moment, repented of having executed my *abſurd* project of retiring to Lauſanne. It is needleſs to dwell on the fatigue, the hurry, the vexation which I muſt have felt in the narrow and dirty circle of Engliſh politics. My preſent life wants no foil, and ſhines by its own native light. The choſen part of my library is now arrived, and arranged in a room full as good as that in Bentinck-ſtreet, with this difference indeed, that inſtead of looking on a ſtone court, twelve feet ſquare, I command, from three windows of plate-glaſs, an unbounded proſpect of many a league of vineyard, of fields, of wood, of lake, and of mountains; a ſcene which Lord Sheffield will tell you is ſuperior to all you can imagine. The climate, though ſevere in winter, has perfectly agreed with my conſtitution, and the year is accompliſhed without any return of the gout. An excellent

* The Honourable Mrs. Fraſer.

houſe,

houſe, a good table, a pleaſant garden, are no contemptible ingredients in human happineſs. The general ſtyle of ſociety hits my fancy; I have cultivated a large and agreeable circle of acquaintance, and I am much deceived if I have not laid the foundations of two or three more intimate and valuable connections; but their names would be indifferent, and it would require pages, or rather volumes, to deſcribe their perſons and characters. With regard to my ſtanding diſh, my domeſtic friend, I could not be much diſappointed, after an intimacy of eight-and-twenty years. His heart and his head are excellent; he has the warmeſt attachment for me, he is ſatisfied that I have the ſame for him: ſome ſlight imperfections muſt be mutually ſupported; two bachelors, who have lived ſo long alone and independent, have their peculiar fancies and humours, and when the maſk of form and ceremony is laid aſide, every moment in a family-life has not the ſweetneſs of the honey-moon, even between the huſbands and wives who have the trueſt and moſt tender regard for each other. Should you be very much ſurpriſed to hear of my being married? Amazing as it may ſeem, I do aſſure you that the event is leſs improbable than it would have appeared to myſelf a twelvemonth ago. Deyverdun and I have often agreed, in jeſt and in earneſt, that a houſe like ours would be regulated, and graced, and enlivened, by an agreeable female companion; but each of us ſeems deſirous that his friend ſhould ſacrifice himſelf for the public good. Since my reſidence here I have lived much in women's company; and, to your credit be it ſpoken, I like you the better the more I ſee of you. Not that I am in love with any particular perſon. I have diſcovered about half-a-dozen *wives* who would pleaſe me in different ways, and by various merits: one as a miſtreſs (a widow, vaſtly like *the* Eliza; if ſhe returns I am to bring them together); a ſecond, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a ſincere good-natured friend; a fourth, who would repreſent with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excel-

lent œconomiſt and houſekeeper; and a ſixth, a very uſeful nurſe. Could I find all theſe qualities united in a ſingle perſon, I ſhould dare to make my addreſſes, and ſhould deſerve to be refuſed. You hint in ſome of your letters, or rather poſtſcripts, that you conſider me as having renounced England, and having fixed myſelf for the reſt of my life in Switzerland, and that you ſuſpect the ſincerity of my vague or inſidious ſchemes of purchaſe or return. To remove, as far as I can, your doubts and ſuſpicions, I will tell you, on that intereſting ſubject, fairly and ſimply as much as I know of my own intentions. There is little appearance that I ſhall be ſuddenly recalled by the offer of a place or penſion. I have no claim to the friendſhip of your young miniſter, and ſhould he propoſe a Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms, or Secretary at Paris, the ſuppoſed objects of my low ambition, Adam in Paradiſe would refuſe them with contempt. *Here* therefore I ſhall certainly live till I have finiſhed the remainder of my Hiſtory; an arduous work, which does not proceed ſo faſt as I expected, amidſt the avocations of ſociety, and miſcellaneous ſtudy. As ſoon as it is completed, moſt probably in three or *four* years, I ſhall infallibly return to England, about the month of May or June; and the neceſſary labour of printing with care two or three quarto volumes, will detain me till their publication, in the enſuing ſpring. Lord Sheffield and yourſelf will be the loadſtone that moſt forcibly attracts me; and as I ſhall be a vagabond on the face of the earth, I ſhall be the better qualified to domeſticate myſelf with you, both in town and country. Here then, at no very extravagant diſtance, we have the certainty (if we live) of ſpending a year together, in the peace and freedom of a friendly intercourſe; and a year is no very contemptible portion of this mortal exiſtence. Beyond that period all is dark, but not gloomy. Whether, after the final completion of my Hiſtory, I ſhall return to Lauſanne, or ſettle in England, muſt depend on a thouſand events which lie beyond the reach of human foreſight, the

ſtate

ſtate of public and private affairs, my own health, the health and life of Deyverdun, the various changes which may have rendered Lauſanne more dear, or leſs agreeable, to me than at preſent. But without loſing ourſelves in this diſtant futurity, which perhaps we may never ſee, and without giving any poſitive anſwer to Maria's parting queſtion, whether I ſhall be buried in England or Switzerland, let me ſeriouſly and earneſtly aſk you, whether you do not mean to viſit me next ſummer? The defeat at Coventry would, I ſhould think, facilitate the project; ſince the Baron is no longer detained the whole winter from his domeſtic affairs, nor is there any attendance on the Houſe that keeps him till Midſummer in duſt and diſpute. I can ſend you a pleaſant route, through Normandy, Paris, and Lyons, a viſit to the Glaciers, and your return down the Rhine, which would be commodiouſly executed in three or four months, at no very extravagant expence, and would be productive of health and ſpirits to you, of entertainment to you both, and of inſtruction to *the* Maria. Without the ſmalleſt inconvenience to myſelf, I am able to lodge yourſelves and family, by arranging you in the winter apartment, which in the ſummer ſeaſon is not of any uſe to us. I think you will be ſatisfied with your habitation, and already ſee you in your dreſſing-room; a ſmall pleaſant room, with a delightful proſpect to the weſt and ſouth. If poor aunt Kitty (you oblige me beyond expreſſion by your tender care of that excellent woman) if ſhe were only ten years younger, I would deſire you to take her with you, but I much fear we ſhall never meet again. You will not complain of the brevity of this epiſtle; I expect, in return, a full and fair account of yourſelf, your thoughts and actions, ſoul and body, preſent and future, in the ſafe, though unreſerved, confidence of friendſhip. The Baron in two words hinted but an indifferent account of your health; you are a fine machine; but as he was abſent in Ireland, I hope I underſtand the cauſe and the remedy.

Next

Next to yourſelf, I want to hear of the two Baroneſſes. You muſt give me a faithful picture (and though a mother you can give it) of their preſent external and internal forms; for a year has now elapſed, and in *their* lives a year is an age. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CLXXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, March 13th, 1785.

MY long ſilence (and it has been long) muſt not, on this occaſion, be imputed to lazineſs, though that little devil may likewiſe have been buſy. But you cannot forget how many weeks I remained in ſuſpence, expecting every poſt the final ſentence, and not knowing what to ſay in that paſſive uncertainty. It is now ſomething more than a fortnight ſince your laſt letter, and that of Goſling informed me of the event. I have intended every day to write, and every day I have ſtarted back with reluctance and diſguſt, from the conſideration of the wretched ſubject. Lenborough irrecoverably gone, for three-fourths of its real, at leaſt of its ancient, value; my ſeat in parliament ſunk in the abyſs of your curſed politics, and a balance neatly cyphered and ſummed by Goſling, which ſhews me a very ſhallow purſe, in which others have a clearer right to dip than myſelf.

March 21ſt.

Another week is now elapſed, and though nothing is changed in this too faithful ſtate of my affairs, I feel myſelf able to encounter them with more ſpirit and reſolution; to look on the future, rather than the paſt, on the fair, rather than on the foul ſide of the proſpect. I ſhall ſpeak in the confidence of friendſhip, and while you liſten to the more doleful tale of my wants and wiſhes, you will have

have the ſatisfaction of hearing ſome circumſtances in my preſent ſituation of a leſs unpleaſing nature. 1. In the firſt place, I moſt heartily rejoice in the ſale, however unfavourable, of the Bucks eſtate. Conſidering the dullneſs of the times, and the high intereſt of money, it is not a little to obtain even a tolerable price, and I am ſenſible how much your patience and induſtry have been exerciſed to extort the payment. 2. Your reſiſtance to my Swiſs expedition was more friendly than wiſe. Had I yielded, after eighteen months of ſuſpence and anxiety, I ſhould now, a ſtill poorer man, be driven to embrace the ſame reſource, which has ſucceeded according to, or even beyond, my moſt ſanguine expectations. I do not pretend to have diſcovered the terreſtrial paradiſe, which has not been known in this world ſince the fall of Adam; but I can truly declare, (now the charms of novelty are long ſince faded,) that I have found the plan of life the beſt adapted to my temper and my ſituation. I am now writing to you in a room as good as that in Bentinck-ſtreet, which commands the country, the lake, and the mountains, and the opening proſpect of the ſpring. The aforeſaid room is furniſhed without magnificence, but with every conveniency for warmth, eaſe, and ſtudy, and the walls are already covered with more than two thouſand volumes, the choice of a choſen library. I have health, friends, an amuſing ſociety, and perfect freedom. A Commiſſioner of the Exciſe! the idea makes me ſick. If you aſk me what I have ſaved by my retreat to Lauſanne? I will fairly tell you (in the two great articles of a carriage and a houſe in town, both which were indiſpenſable, and are now annihilated, with the difference of clubs, public places, ſervants wages, &c.) about four hundred pounds, or guineas, a year; no inconſiderable ſum, when it muſt be annually found as addition to an expence which is ſomewhat larger than my preſent revenue. 3. *What is then, you will aſk, my preſent eſtabliſhment? This* is not by any means a cheap country; and, except in the article of wine, I could give a

dinner, or make a coat, perhaps for the ſame price in London as at Lauſanne. My chief advantage ariſes from the things which I do not want; and in ſome reſpects my ſtyle of living is enlarged by the increaſe of my relative importance, an obſcure bachelor in England, the maſter of a conſiderable houſe at Lauſanne. Here I am expected to return entertainments, to receive ladies, &c. and to perform many duties of ſociety, which, though agreeable enough in themſelves, contribute to inflame the houſekeeper's bills. From the diſburſements of the firſt year I cannot form any juſt eſtimate; the extraordinary expences of the journey, carriage of heavy goods from England, the acquiſition of many books, which it was not expedient to tranſport, the purchaſe of furniture, wine, fitting up my library, and the irregularity of a new menage, have conſumed a pretty large ſum. But in a quiet, prudent, regular courſe of life, I think I can ſupport myſelf with comfort and honour for ſix or ſeven hundred pounds a year, inſtead of a thouſand or eleven hundred in England.

Beſides theſe uncertainties, (uncertain at leaſt as to the time,) I have a ſure and honourable ſupply from my own pen. I continue my Hiſtory with pleaſure and aſſiduity; the way is long and laborious, yet I ſee the end, and I can almoſt promiſe to land in England next September twelvemonth, with a manuſcript of the current value of about four thouſand pounds, which will afford either a ſmall income or a large capital. 5. It is in the meanwhile that my ſituation is ſomewhat difficult. * Such are the ſervices and revenues of the year; proceed we now, in the ſtyle of the budget, to the ways and means of extraordinary ſupplies. * I will not affront your friendſhip, by obſerving that you will incur little or no riſk on this occaſion. Read, conſider, act, and write.

It is the privilege of friendſhip to make our friend a patient hearer, and active aſſociate in our own affairs; and I have now written five pages on my private affairs, without ſaying a word either of the public, or of yourſelf. Of the public I have little to ſay; I never was a very warm patriot, and I grow every day a citizen of the world. The ſcramble for power or profit at Weſtminſter or St. James's, and the names of Pitt and Fox, become leſs intereſting to me than thoſe of Cæſar and Pompey. You are not a friend of the young Miniſter, but he is a great favourite on the continent, as he appears to be ſtill; and you muſt own that the fairneſs of his character, his eloquence, his application to buſineſs, and even his youth, muſt prepoſſeſs at leaſt the ignorant in his favour. Of the merit or defects of his adminiſtration I cannot pretend to ſpeak; but I find, from the complaints of ſome intereſted perſons, that his reſtraints on the ſmuggling of tea have already ruined the Eaſt India Companies of Antwerp and Sweden, and that even the Dutch will ſcarcely find it worth their while to ſend any ſhips to China. Your Iriſh friends appear to be more quiet, at leaſt the volunteers and national congreſs ſeem to ſubſide. How far that tranquillity muſt be purchaſed on our ſide, by any pernicious ſacrifices, you will beſt decide; and from ſome hint in your laſt letters, I am inclined to think that you are leſs affected than might be ſuppoſed with national or local prejudice. Your introduction I have attentively read; the matter, though moſt important in itſelf, is out of the line of my ſtudies and habits, and the ſubordinate beauties of ſtyle you diſclaim. Yet I can ſay with truth, that I never met with more curious and diligent inveſtigation, more ſtrong ſenſe, more liberal ſpirit, and more cool and impartial temper in the ſame number of pages. By this time you have probably read Necker's book on the finances. Perhaps for you there is too much French enthuſiaſm and paint; but in many reſpects you muſt have gained a knowledge of his country; and on the whole, you muſt have been pleaſed with the picture of a great and bene-

volent mind. In your attack on Deyverdun for my picture I cannot promiſe you much ſucceſs; he ſeems reſolved to maintain his right of poſſeſſion, and your only chance would be a perſonal aſſault. The next ſummer (how time ſlips away!) was fixed for your viſit to Lauſanne. We are prepared at all points to receive *you*, my Lady, and a princeſs or two, with their train; and if you have a proper contempt for St. Stephen's chapel, you are perfectly free, and at leiſure (can you ever be at leiſure?) for the ſummer ſeaſon. As you are now in a great meaſure diſengaged from any affairs, you may find time to inform me of your proceedings and your projects. At preſent I do not even know whether you paſs the winter at Sheffield-Place or in Downing-ſtreet. My Lady revenges herſelf of my long ſilence; yet I embrace her and the infants. Adieu. You have deranged the Decline and Fall this morning. I have finiſhed my epiſtle ſince dinner, and am now going to a pleaſant party and good ſupper.

N° CLXXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, September 5th, 1785.

EXTRACT from a weekly Engliſh Paper, September 5th, 1785.

"It is reported, but we hope without foundation, that the ce-
"lebrated Mr. Gibbon, who had retired to Lauſanne in Switzer-
"land to finiſh his valuable Hiſtory, lately died in that city."

The hope of the Newſpaper-writer is very handſome and obliging to the Hiſtorian; yet there are ſeveral weighty reaſons which would incline me to believe that the intelligence may be true. *Primo*, It muſt one day be true; and therefore may very probably be ſo at preſent. *Secundo*, We may always depend on the impartiality, accuracy, and veracity of an Engliſh Newſpaper. *Tertio*, which is indeed

indeed the ſtrongeſt argument, We are credibly informed that for a long time paſt the ſaid celebrated Hiſtorian has not written to any of his friends in England; and as that reſpectable perſonage had always the reputation of a moſt exact and regular correſpondent, it may be fairly concluded from his ſilence, that he either is, or ought to be dead. The only objection that I can foreſee, is the aſſurance that Mr. G—— himſelf read the article as he was eating his breakfaſt, and laughed very heartily at the miſtake of his brother Hiſtorian; but as he might be deſirous of concealing that unpleaſant event, we ſhall not inſiſt on his apparent health and ſpirits, which might be affected by that ſubtle politician. He affirms, however, not only that he is alive, and was ſo on the fifth of September, but that his head, his heart, his ſtomach, are in the moſt perfect ſtate, and that the climate of Lauſanne has been congenial both to his mind and body. He confeſſes indeed, that after the laſt ſevere winter, the gout, his old enemy, from whom he hoped to have eſcaped, purſued him to his retreat among the mountains of Helvetia, and that the ſiege was long, though more languid than in his precedent attacks; after ſome exerciſe of patience he began to creep, and gradually to walk; and though he can neither run, nor fly, nor dance, he ſupports himſelf with firmneſs on his two legs, and would willingly kick the impertinent Gazetteer; impertinent enough, though more eaſily to be forgiven than the inſolent *Courier du Bas Rhin*, who about three years ago amuſed himſelf and his readers with a fictitious epiſtle from Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Robertſon.

Perhaps now you think, Baron, that I ſhall apologize in humble ſtyle for my ſilence and neglect. But, on the contrary, I do aſſure you that I am truly provoked at your Lordſhip's not condeſcending to be in a paſſion. I might really have been dead, I might have been ſick; if I were neither dead nor ſick, I deſerved a volley of curſes and reproaches for my infernal lazineſs, and you have defrauded me of my juſt dues. Had I been ſilent till Chriſtmas, till doomſ-

day, you would never have thought it worth your while to abuſe me. Why then (let me aſk in your name) did you not write before? That is indeed a very curious queſtion of natural and moral philoſophy. Certainly I am not lazy; elaborate quartos have proved, and will abundantly prove my diligence. I *can* write; ſpare my modeſty on that ſubject. I like to converſe with my friends by pen or tongue, and as ſoon as I can ſet myſelf a going, I know no moments that run off more pleaſantly. I am ſo well convinced of that truth, and ſo much aſhamed of forcing people that I love to forget me, that I have now reſolved to ſet apart the firſt hour of each day for the diſcharge of my obligations; beginning, *comme de raiſon*, with yourſelf, and regularly proceeding to Lord Loughborough and the reſt. May Heaven give me ſtrength and grace to accompliſh this laudable intention! Amen. Certainly (yet I do not know whether it be ſo certain) I ſhould write much oftener to you if we were not linked in buſineſs, and if my buſineſs had not always been of the unpleaſant and mortifying kind. Even now I ſhove the ugly monſter to the end of this epiſtle, and will confine him to a page by himſelf, that he may not infect the purer air of our correſpondence. Of my ſituation here I have little new to ſay, except a very comfortable and ſingular truth, that my paſſion for my wife or miſtreſs (Fanny Lauſanne) is not palled by ſatiety and poſſeſſion of two years. I have ſeen her in all ſeaſons, and in all humours, and though ſhe is not without faults, they are infinitely overbalanced by her good qualities. Her face is not handſome, but her perſon, and every thing about her, has admirable grace and beauty: ſhe is of a very cheerful ſociable temper; without much learning, ſhe is endowed with taſte and good ſenſe; and though not rich, the ſimplicity of her education makes her a very good œconomiſt; ſhe is forbid by her parents to wear any expenſive finery; and though her limbs are not much calculated for walking, ſhe has not yet aſked me to keep her a coach. Laſt ſpring (not to wear the metaphor to rags) I ſaw

Lauſanne

Lauſanne in a new light, during my long fit of the gout, and muſt boldly declare, that either in health or ſickneſs I find it far more comfortable than your huge metropolis. In London my confinement was ſad and ſolitary; the many forgot my exiſtence when they ſaw me no longer at Brookes's; and the few, who ſometimes caſt a thought or an eye on their friend, were detained by buſineſs or pleaſure, the diſtance of the way, or the hours of the Houſe of Commons, and I was proud and happy if I could prevail on Elmſly to enliven the dulneſs of the evening. Here the objects are nearer, and much more diſtinct, and I myſelf am an object of much larger magnitude. People are not kinder, but they are more idle, and it muſt be confeſſed that, of all nations on the globe, the Engliſh are the leaſt attentive to the old and infirm; I do not mean in acts of charity, but in the offices of civil life. During three months I have had round my chair a ſucceſſion of agreeable men and women, who came with a ſmile, and vaniſhed at a nod; and as ſoon as it was agreeable I had a conſtant party at cards, which was ſometimes diſmiſſed to their reſpective homes, and ſometimes detained by Deyverdun to ſupper, without the leaſt trouble or inconvenience to myſelf. In a word, my plan has moſt completely anſwered; and I ſolemnly proteſt, after two years trial, that I have never in a ſingle moment repented of my tranſmigration. The only diſagreeable circumſtance is the increaſe of a race of animals with which this country has been long infeſted, and who are ſaid to come from an iſland in the Northern Ocean. I am told, but it ſeems incredible, that upwards of forty thouſand Engliſh, maſters and ſervants, are now abſent on the continent; and I am ſure we have our full proportion, both in town and country, from the month of June to that of October. The occupations of the cloſet, indifferent health, want of horſes, in ſome meaſure plead my excuſe; yet I do too much to pleaſe myſelf, and probably too little to ſatisfy my countrymen. What is ſtill more unlucky is, that a part of the colony of this preſent year are

really

really good company, people one knows, &c.; the Aſtons, Hales, Hampdens, Trevors, Lady Clarges and Miſs Carter, Lord Northington, &c. I have ſeen Trevor ſeveral times, who talks of you, and ſeems to be a more exact correſpondent than myſelf. *His wife* is much improved by her diplomatic life, and ſhines in every company, as a woman of faſhion and elegance. But thoſe who have repaid me for the reſt, were Lord and Lady Spencer. I ſaw them almoſt every day, at my houſe or their own, during their ſtay of a month; for they were haſtening to Italy, that they might return to London next February. He is a valuable man, and where he is familiar, a pleaſant companion; ſhe a charming woman, who, with ſenſe and ſpirit, has the ſimplicity and playfulneſs of a child. You are not ignorant of her talents, of which ſhe has left me an agreeable ſpecimen, a drawing of the Hiſtoric Muſe, ſitting in a thoughtful poſture to compoſe. So much of ſelf and Co. let us now talk a little of your houſe and your two countries. Does my Lady ever join in the abuſe which I have merited from you? Is ſhe ſatisfied with her own behaviour, her unpardonable ſilence, to one of the prettieſt, moſt obliging, moſt entertaining, moſt, &c. epiſtles that ever was penned ſince the epiſtles of * * * * * *? Will ſhe not *mew* one word of reply? I want ſome account of her ſpirits, health, amuſements, of the elegant accompliſhments of Maria, and the opening graces of Louiſa: of yourſelf I wiſh to have ſome of thoſe details which ſhe is moſt likely to tranſmit. Are you patient in your excluſion from the Houſe? Are you ſatisfied with legiſlating with your pen? Do you paſs the whole winter in town? Have you reſumed the purſuits of farming, &c.? What new connections, public or private, have you formed? A tour to the continent would be the beſt medicine for the ſhattered nerves of a ſoldier and politician. By this expreſſion you will perceive that your letter to Deyverdun is received; it landed laſt poſt, after I had already written the two firſt pages of this compoſition. On the whole my friend

friend was pleaſed and flattered; but inſtead of ſurrendering, or capitulating, he ſeems to be making preparations for an obſtinate defence. He already talks of the right of poſſeſſion *, of the duties of a good citizen, of a *writ ne exeat regnum*, and of a vote of the two hundred, that whomſoever ſhall, directly or indirectly, &c. is an enemy to his country. Between you be the ſtrife, while I ſit with my ſcales in my hand, like Jupiter on Mount Ida. I begin to view with the ſame indifference the combat of Achilles Pitt, and Hector Fox; for ſuch, as it ſhould now ſeem, muſt be the compariſon of the two warriors. * * * * * * * *

At this diſtance I am much leſs angry with bills, taxes, and propoſitions, than I am pleaſed with Pitt for making a friend and a deſerving man happy, for releaſing Batt from the ſhackles of the law, and for enhancing the gift of a ſecure and honourable competency, by the handſome manner in which it was conferred. This I underſtand to be the caſe, from the unſuſpicious evidence of Lord Northington and Chief Baron Skinner; and if I can find time, (*reſolution*,) I will ſend him a hearty congratulation; if I fail, you may at leaſt communicate my intentions. Of Ireland I know nothing, and while I am writing the Decline of a great Empire, I have not leiſure to attend to the affairs of a remote and petty province. I ſee that your friend Foſter has been hooted by the mob, and unanimouſly choſen Speaker of the Houſe of Commons. How could Pitt expoſe himſelf to the diſgrace of withdrawing his propoſitions after a public attempt? Have Miniſters no way of computing beforehand the ſenſe or nonſenſe of an Iriſh Parliament? I am quite in the dark; your pamphlet, or book, would probably have opened my eyes; but, whatever may have been the reaſon, I give you *my word of honour*, that I have never ſeen nor heard of it. Here we are much more engaged with continental politics. In general we hate the Emperor,

* His portrait, painted by Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

as the enemy of peace, without daring to make war. The old lion of Pruſſia acts a much more glorious part, as the champion of public tranquillity, and the independence of the German ſtates.

And now for the bitter and nauſeous pill of pecuniary buſineſs, upon which I ſhall be as conciſe as poſſible in the two articles of my diſcourſe, land and money. * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
It is impoſſible to hate more than I do this odious neceſſity of owing, borrowing, anticipating, and I look forwards with impatience to the happy period when the ſupplies will always be raiſed within the year, with a decent and uſeful ſurplus in the treaſury. I now truſt to the concluſion of my Hiſtory, and it will haſten and ſecure the principal comforts of my life. You will believe I am not lazy; yet I fear the term is ſomewhat more diſtant than I thought. My long gout loſt me three months in the ſpring; in every great work unforeſeen dangers, and difficulties, and delays will ariſe; and I ſhould be rather ſorry than ſurpriſed if next autumn was poſtponed to the enſuing ſpring. If my Lady (a good creature) ſhould write to Mrs. Porten, ſhe may convey news of my life and health, without ſaying any thing of this *poſſible* delay. Adieu. I embrace, &c.

LAUSANNE, October 1ſt, 1785.

N° CLXXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, January 17th, 1786.

HEAR, all ye nations! An epiſtle from Sheffield-Place, received the ſeventeenth of January, is anſwered the ſame day; and to ſay the truth, this method, which is the beſt, is at the ſame time the moſt eaſy and pleaſant. Yet I do not allow that on the laſt paſt ſilence and delay you have any more reaſon to ſwear than myſelf. Our letters croſſed each other, our claims were equal, and if both

had been ſtiffly maintained, our mutual ſilence muſt have continued till the day of judgment. The balance was doubtleſs in my favour, if you recollect the length, the fullneſs, the variety of pleaſant and inſtructive matter of my laſt diſpatch. Even at preſent, of myſelf, my occupations, my deſigns, I have little or nothing to add; and can only ſpeak dryly and briefly to very dry and diſagreeable buſineſs. * * * * * * * * * * But we ſhall both agree, that the true criminal is my Lady; and though I do ſuppoſe that a letter is on the road, which will make ſome amends, her obſtinate, contumacious, dilatory ſilence, ſo many months or years ſince my valuable letter, is worthy a royal tigreſs. * Notwithſtanding your gloomy politicians, I do love the funds; and were the next war to reduce them to half, the remainder would be a better and pleaſanter property, than a ſimilar value in your dirty acres. We are now in the height of our winter amuſements; balls, great ſuppers, comedies, &c. and, except St. Stephen's, I certainly lead a more gay and diſſipated life here, among the Alps, (by the bye, a moſt extraordinary mild winter,) than in the midſt of London. Yet my mornings, and ſometimes an afternoon, are diligently employed. My work advances, but much remains, indeed much more than I imagined; but a great book, like a great houſe, was never yet finiſhed at the given time. When I talk of the ſpring of eighty-ſeven, I ſuppoſe all my time well beſtowed; and what do you think of a fit of the gout, that may diſqualify me for two or three months? You may growl, but if you calmly reflect on my pecuniary and ſentimental ſtate, you will believe that I moſt earneſtly deſire to complete my labour, and *viſit* England. Adieu.

N° CLXXXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, May 10th, 1786.

BY the difference, I ſuppoſe, of the poſts of France and Germany, Sir Stanier's letter, though firſt written, is ſtill on the road, and your's, which I received yeſterday morning, brought me the firſt account of poor Mrs. Porten's departure. There are few events that could afflict me more deeply, and I have been ever ſince in a ſtate of mind more deſerving of your pity than of your reproaches. I certainly am not ignorant that we have nothing better to wiſh for ourſelves than the fate of that beſt-humoured woman, as you very juſtly ſtyle her; a good underſtanding and an excellent heart, with health, ſpirits, and a competency, to live in the midſt of her friends till the age of fourſcore, and then to ſhut her eyes without pain or remorſe. Death can have deprived her only of ſome years of weakneſs, perhaps of miſery; and for myſelf, it is ſurely leſs painful to loſe her at preſent, than to find her in my viſit to England next year ſinking under the weight of age and infirmities, and perhaps forgetful of herſelf and of the perſons once the deareſt to her. All this is perfectly true: but all theſe reflections will not diſpel a thouſand ſad and tender remembrances that ruſh upon my mind. To her care I am indebted in earlieſt infancy for the preſervation of my life and health. I was a puny child, neglected by my mother, ſtarved by my nurſe, and of whoſe being very little care or expectation was entertained; without her maternal vigilance I ſhould either have been in my grave, or imperfectly lived a crooked ricketty monſter, a burden to myſelf and others. To her inſtructions I owe the firſt rudiments of knowledge, the firſt exerciſe of reaſon, and a taſte for books, which is ſtill the pleaſure and glory of my life; and though ſhe taught me neither language nor ſcience, ſhe was certainly the

moſt uſeful preceptor I ever had. As I grew up, an intercourſe of thirty years endeared her to me, as the faithful friend and the agreeable companion. You have ſeen with what freedom and confidence we lived together, and have often admired her character and converſation, which could alike pleaſe the young and the old. All this is now loſt, finally, irrecoverably loſt! I will agree with my Lady, that the immortality of the ſoul is at ſome times a very comfortable doctrine. A thouſand thanks to her for her conſtant kind attention to that poor woman who is no more. I wiſh I had as much to applaud, and as little to reproach, in my own behaviour towards Mrs. Porten ſince I left England; and when I reflect that my letters would have ſoothed and comforted her decline, I feel more deeply than I can expreſs, the real neglect, and ſeeming indifference, of my ſilence. To delay a letter from the Wedneſday to the Saturday, and then from the Saturday to the Wedneſday, appears a very ſlight offence; yet in the repetition of ſuch delay, weeks, months, and years will elapſe, till the omiſſion may become irretrievable, and the conſequence miſchievous or fatal. After a long lethargy, I had rouzed myſelf laſt week, and wrote to the three old Ladies; my letter for Mrs. Porten went away laſt poſt, Saturday night, and yours did not arrive till Monday morning. Sir Stanier will probably open it, and read the true picture of my ſentiments for a friend who, when I wrote, was already extinct. There is ſomething ſad and awful in the thought, yet, on the whole, I am not ſorry that even this tardy epiſtle preceded my knowledge of her death: but it did not precede (you will obſerve) the information of her dangerous and declining ſtate, which I conveyed in my laſt letter, and her anxious concern that ſhe ſhould never ſee or *hear* from me again. This idea, and the hard thoughts which you muſt entertain of me, preſs ſo much on my mind, that I muſt frankly acknowledge a ſtrange inexcuſable ſupineneſs, on which I deſire you would make no comment, and

which in ſome meaſure may account for my delays in correſponding with you. The unpleaſant nature of buſineſs, and the apprehenſion of finding ſomething diſagreeable, tempted me to poſtpone from day to day, not only the anſwering, but even the opening, your penultimate epiſtle; and when I received your laſt, yeſterday morning, the ſeal of the former was ſtill unbroken. Oblige me ſo far as to make no reflections; my own may be of ſervice to me hereafter. Thus far (except the laſt ſentence) I have run on with a ſort of melancholy pleaſure, and find my heart much relieved by unfolding it to a friend. And the ſubject ſo ſtrongly holds me, ſo much diſqualifies me for other diſcourſe, either ſerious or pleaſant, that here I would willingly ſtop, and reſerve all miſcellaneous matter for a ſecond volunteer epiſtle. But we both know how frail are promiſes, how dangerous are delays, and there are ſome pecuniary objects on which I think it neceſſary to give you an immediate, though now tardy, explanation.

I do not return you any formal thanks for * I have really a hundred things to ſay of myſelf, of you and Co. of your works, of mine, of my books in Downing-ſtreet, of Lauſanne, of politics, &c. &c. After this, ſome epiſtolary debts muſt and SHALL be paid; and to proceed with order, I have fixed this day fortnight (May twenty-fifth) for the date and diſpatch of your ſecond epiſtle. Give me credit once more. Pray does my Lady think herſelf abſolved from all obligation of writing to me? To her at leaſt I am not in arrear. Adieu.

N° CLXXXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Sir* STANIER PORTEN, Kenſington-Palace.

MY DEAR SIR, LAUSANNE, May 12th, 1786.

THE melancholy event which you have communicated, in your laſt obliging letter of the twenty-fourth of April, might indeed be too naturally feared and expected. If we conſult our reaſon, we can wiſh nothing better for ourſelves than the lot of that dear and valuable friend whom we have now loſt *. A warm heart, a ſtrong and clear underſtanding, a moſt invaluable happineſs of temper, which ſhewed her the agreeable or comfortable ſide of every object, and every ſituation; an eaſy competency, the reward of her own attention; private friendſhip, general eſteem, a mature age, and a placid decline. But theſe rational motives of conſolation are inſufficient to check a thouſand ſoft and ſad remembrances that ruſh into my mind; the intimacy of a whole life; of mine, at leaſt, from the earlieſt dawn of my infancy; the maternal and aſſiduous care of my health, and afterwards of my mind; the freedom and frequency of our converſations; the regret which I felt in our laſt ſeparation, and the hope, however faint and precarious, of ſeeing her again. Time alone can reconcile us to this irreparable loſs, and to his healing power I muſt recommend your grief, as well as my own. I ſincerely applaud her very proper and natural diſpoſal of her effects, and am proud of the pre-eminence which ſhe has allowed me in a liſt of dear and worthy relations.

I am too full of a ſingle idea to expatiate, as I ſhould otherwiſe do, on indifferent matters; yet not totally indifferent to my friends, ſince they relate to my preſent ſituation. My health is in general

* His aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten.

perfectly good, and the only drawbacks ſome occaſional viſits of the gout, which abate, however, in ſtrength, and are grown, I think leſs frequent and laſting. The life which I lead is temperate and tranquil, and the diſtemper itſelf is not common in the purity and dryneſs of the climate. After a long trial, I can now approve my own choice of retiring to Switzerland. My delightful habitation, at once in town and country; my library, and the ſociety of agreeable men and women, compoſe a very eligible plan of life, which is ſhaded with very few, and very ſlight exceptions. I proſecute with eaſe, and regular diligence, the concluſion of my Hiſtory; and, as far as I can judge, I may hope to deliver it to the preſs in the courſe of next year. That important buſineſs will recal me to England, and detain me there ſome months; and I ſhall rejoice in the opportunity of reviſiting my country and my friends; among them thoſe of Kenſington-Palace hold a high and diſtinguiſhed place.

I truly ſympathize, my dear Sir, in your paternal feelings, in the health and progreſs of your very promiſing children. May that, and every other bleſſing, attend both yourſelf and Lady Porten. My friend M. Deyverdun deſires to aſſure you of his reſpect and good wiſhes. I am, dear Sir, moſt affectionately yours.

N° CLXXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, July 22d, 1786.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * Since I have another page, and ſome leiſure moments, we may as well employ it in friendly converſe; the more ſo, as the great letter to which I alluded is wonderfully precarious and uncertain: the more ſo likewiſe, as our correſpondence for ſome time paſt has been of an abrupt and diſagreeable caſt. Let us firſt talk of Sheffield's

ſield's works: they are of two ſorts: *Primo*, Two nymphs, whom I much deſire to ſee; the ſprightly Maria and the gentle Louiſa. I perfectly repreſent them both in the eye of fancy; each of them accompliſhed according to her age and character, yet totally different in their external and internal forms. *Secundo*, Three pamphlets; pamphlets! I cry you mercy; three weighty treatiſes, almoſt as uſeful as an inquiry into the ſtate of the primitive church. And here let me juſtify, if I have not before, my ſilence on a ſubject which we authors do not eaſily forgive. The firſt, whoſe firſt editions had ſeen the light before I left England, followed me here in a more complete condition; and that Treatiſe on the American Trade has been read, judged, approved, and reported. The ſecond, on Ireland, I have ſeen by accident the copy you ſent to Mr. Trevor, who paſſed laſt ſummer (eighty-five) here. The third, and in my preſent ſituation the moſt intereſting, on the French Commerce *, I have not yet ſeen by any means whatſoever, and you who know what orders you have given to Elmſly or others, will beſt diſcern on whom ſhould be laid the fault and the blame. By the bye, Mrs. Trevor is now here, without her huſband, and I am juſt going to ſee her, about a mile out of town: ſhe is judged elegant and amiable. But to return to your books, all that I have ſeen muſt do you honour, and might do the public ſervice; you are above the trifling decorations of ſtyle; but your ſenſe is ſtrong, your views impartial, and your induſtry laudable. I find that your American Tract is juſt tranſlated into German. Do you ſtill correſpond with * * * *? If he could eſtabliſh a beneficial intercourſe between the two firſt nations in the world, I would excuſe him ſome little political tergiverſation. At ſome diſtance of time and place, thoſe domeſtic ſquabbles loſe much of their importance; and though I ſhould not forgive him any breach of private friendſhip or confi-

* A miſtake—Lord Sheffield did not PUBLISH any tract on French Commerce.

dence,

dence, I cannot much blame him if he choſe rather to ſerve his family and his country, than to perſevere in a hopeleſs and, as I ſuſpect, an unpopular oppoſition. You have never told me clearly and correctly how you ſupport your inactive retreat from the Houſe of Commons; whether you have reſumed your long forgotten taſte for rural and domeſtic pleaſures, and whether you have never caſt a look towards Coventry, or ſome other borough equally pure and reſpectable. In the ſhort ſpace that is left I will only repeat more diſtinctly, that in the preſent contemplation of my work, June or July of next year is the earlieſt term at which I can hope to ſee England; and if I have a fit of the gout? I have indeed been free from the monſter this laſt twelvemonth; but he is moſt arbitrary and capricious. Of my own ſituation let me ſay with truth that it is tranquil, eaſy, and well adapted to my character. All enthuſiaſm is now at an end; I ſee things in their true light, and I applaud the judgment and choice of my retirement. I am well, happy, and diligent; but your kind hint of the London houſe is perfectly ſuperfluous; as inſtead of the *ſpring*, we muſt already read the *ſummer* of next year. Do not be childiſh or paſſionate; truſt me, I wiſh to appear in England; but it muſt be with my book in my hand; and a book takes more time in making than a pudding. Adieu. Will my Lady never write?

You ſee why I have left a blank in the firſt page; and when I begun I had no deſign of going beyond it; and now, unleſs I have ſome extraordinary fit of diligence and zeal, ſhall probably wait till the return of your epiſtle. A word before we part, about the leaſt unpleaſant of my buſineſs; my library in Downing-ſtreet. Excuſe the accidental derangement; I ſhall ſend for no more books, and only beg you to give them ſhelter in your uninhabited parlour till my arrival. Two or three mornings will ſuffice for perſonal review, and the ſubſequent ſteps of ſale or travel will moſt properly be executed under my own eye. Once more adieu.

N° CLXXXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mr.* CADELL, *Bookſeller*, London.

DEAR SIR, LAUSANNE, December 16th, 1786.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning (the 16th inſtant), and anſwer it the ſame day. I am a ſad correſpondent, but it has been my conſtant endeavour that my negligence ſhould never affect the intereſt or happineſs of my friends.

The report you ſo kindly mention is ſomewhat incorrect. I never could fix a particular day for dining with Lord Sheffield, nor ſhould I think of performing the journey in the winter month of February. The laſt autumn was the term which I had fixed in my hopes, and long ſince in my letters to him. It has been changed to next ſpring, and by the ſpring I muſt now underſtand the middle of the ſummer, which I can at preſent aſcertain with ſome confidence, from a nearer proſpect of the end of my work, which I ſhall bring over for the preſs. It will conſiſt of three more quarto volumes, ſomewhat thinner, perhaps, than their predeceſſors; but as that difference cannot be enough to affect the price, it will be ſo much ſaved on the author's pains, and the printer's expences. I am happy to underſtand the public entertain the ſame opinion of the paſt, and the ſame impatience for the remainder; and, unleſs I am ſtrangely deceived, their expectation will not be diſappointed. The three laſt volumes are laboured at leaſt with equal diligence; they contain a longer period of time, and a far greater variety of events; and the whole will compriſe a general ſeries of hiſtory, from the reign of Trajan and the Antonines, to the taking of Conſtantinople by Mahomet the Second; with a review of Mahomet and his ſucceſſors, the Cruſades and the Turks, as far as in their utmoſt latitude they are connected with the fate of the Eaſtern or Weſtern Empire. With regard to our pecuniary arrangements, I perſuade myſelf that

we ſhall have no more difficulties now than heretofore; that you will cheerfully aſſign the ſame value to the three younger as to the three elder brothers; and that ſo important a tranſaction will have been concluded in the firſt inſtance by three minutes of converſation, and in the ſecond by three lines of a letter; a memorable example in the annals of authors and bookſellers. If you agree with me on this ſubject, you may provide paper, &c. as ſoon as you pleaſe in the ſpring, in the full confidence of ſeeing me with my book in the ſummer; and I ſhould not be ſorry to learn what time (in uſing the utmoſt expedition) would be ſufficient for printing, and how late you would conſent to publiſh in the enſuing ſpring. At this moment, when I am ſtraining every nerve to conclude my living labours, I am ill-diſpoſed to loſe any time in the dull dead work of correcting a new edition. When I am in England, quiet in the country, there would be room and leiſure for a complete reviſion; and I ſhould have no objection to place at the end of the ſixth volume a ſtring of amendments and improvements, which hereafter might be inſerted in their proper places. We ſhall likewiſe have occaſion for a good and general index to the whole.

I ſincerely condole with you in your various loſſes: Roſe and Strahan were indeed valuable men. For myſelf, you will rejoice to hear that I am ſatisfied with my Swiſs retirement; and that, except ſome mild and tranſient fits of the gout, I enjoy as much health and happineſs as is compatible with the lot of man. I expect with much impatience Dr. Robertſon's improved edition. There are three or four books which I ſhould like to have without delay: that work, Pennant's Arctic Zoology, White's Sermons (the Arabic profeſſor), the Annual Regiſters ſince the year 1782. With Elmſley's aſſiſtance (he is a ſad dog, but I will write to him ſoon) could you not incloſe them in a ſmall box, with any other recent publications of merit, and diſpatch them inſtantly by ſome more coſtly and expeditious mode of conveyance? I am, moſt faithfully yours.

N° CLXXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, January 20th, 1787.

AFTER ſome ſallies of wrath, you ſeem at length to have ſubſided in ſullen ſilence, and I muſt confeſs not totally without reaſon. Yet if your mind be ſtill open to truth, you will confeſs that I am not ſo black as I appear. 1. Your Lordſhip has ſhewn much leſs activity and eloquence than formerly, and your laſt letter was an anſwer to mine, which I had expected ſome time with impatience. Bad examples are dangerous to young people. 2. Formerly I have neglected anſwering your epiſtles on eſſential, though unpleaſant, buſineſs; and the *res-publica* or *privata* may have ſuffered by my neglect. Suppoſing therefore we had no tranſactions, why ſhould I write ſo often? To exchange ſentimental compliments, or to relate the various and important tranſactions of the republic of Lauſanne. As long as I do not inform you of my death, you have good grounds to believe me alive and well. You have a general, and will ſoon have a more particular idea of my ſyſtem and arrangement here. One day glides away after another in tranquil uniformity. Every object muſt have ſides and moments leſs luminous than others; but, upon the whole, the life and the place which I have choſen are moſt happily adapted to my character and circumſtances; and I can now repeat, at the end of three years, what I ſoon and ſincerely affirmed, that never, in a ſingle inſtant, have I repented of my ſcheme of retirement to Lauſanne; a retirement which was judged by my beſt and wiſeſt friend a project little ſhort of inſanity. The place, the people, the climate, have anſwered or exceeded my warmeſt expectations. And though I truly rejoice in my approaching viſit to England, Mr. Pitt, were he your friend and mine, would not find it an eaſy taſk to prevent my return. 3. And now let me add

a third reaſon, which often diverted me from writing; namely, my impatience to ſee you this next ſummer. I am building a great book, which, beſides the three ſtories already expoſed to the public eye, will have three ſtories more before we reach the roof and battlements. You too have built or altered a great Gothic caſtle with baronial battlements. Did you finiſh it within the time you intended? As that time drew near, did you not find a thouſand nameleſs and unexpected works that muſt be performed; each of them calling for a portion of time and labour? and had you not deſpiſed, nobly deſpiſed, the minute diligence of finiſhing, fitting up, and furniſhing the apartments, you would have diſcovered a new train of indiſpenſable buſineſs. Such, at leaſt, has been my caſe. A long while ago, when I contemplated the diſtant proſpect of my work, I gave you and myſelf ſome hopes of landing in England laſt autumn; but, alas! when autumn grew near, hills began to riſe on hills, Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far more tedious and toilſome than I had imagined. When I look back on the length of the undertaking, and the variety of materials, I cannot accuſe, or ſuffer myſelf to be accuſed of idleneſs; yet it appeared that unleſs I doubled my diligence, another year, and perhaps more, would elapſe before I could embark with my complete manuſcript. Under theſe circumſtances I took, and am ſtill executing, a bold and meritorious reſolution. The mornings in winter, and in a country of early dinners, are very conciſe; to them, my uſual period of ſtudy, I now frequently add the evenings, renounce cards and ſociety, refuſe the moſt agreeable evenings, or perhaps make my appearance at a late ſupper. By this extraordinary induſtry, which I never practiſed before, and to which I hope never to be again reduced, I ſee the laſt part of my Hiſtory growing apace under my hands; all my materials are collected and arranged; I can exactly compute, by the ſquare foot, or the ſquare page, all that remains to be done; and after concluding text and notes, after a general review of my time

and

and my ground, I now can deciſively aſcertain the final period of the Decline and Fall, and can boldly promiſe that I will dine with you at Sheffield-Place in the month of Auguſt, or perhaps of July, in the preſent year; within leſs than a twelvemonth of the term which I had looſely and originally fixed; and perhaps it would not be eaſy to find a work of that ſize and importance in which the workman has ſo tolerably kept his word with himſelf and the public. But in this ſituation, oppreſſed with this particular object, and ſtealing every hour from my amuſement, to the fatigue of the pen, and the eyes, you will conceive, or you might conceive, how little ſtomach I have for the epiſtolary ſtyle; and that inſtead of idle, though friendly, correſpondence, I think it far more agreeable to employ my time in the effectual meaſures that may haſten and exhilarate our perſonal interview. About a month ago I had a voluntary, and not unpleaſing, epiſtle from Cadell; he informs me that he is going to print a new octavo edition, the former being exhauſted, and that the public expect with impatience the concluſion of that excellent work, whoſe reputation increaſes every day, &c. I anſwered him by the return of the poſt, to inform him of the period and extent of my labours, and to expreſs a reaſonable hope that he would ſet the ſame value on the three laſt as he had done on the three former volumes. Should we conclude in this eaſy manner a tranſaction ſo honourable to the author and bookſeller, my way is clear and open before me; in pecuniary matters I think I am aſſured for the reſt of my life of never troubling my friends, or being troubled myſelf; a ſtate to which I aſpire, and which I indeed deſerve, if not by my management, at leaſt by moderation.

In your laſt, you talk more of the French treaty than of yourſelf and your wife and family; a true Engliſh *quid nunc!* For my part, in this remote, inland, neutral country, you will ſuppoſe, that after a ſlight glance on the papers, I have neither had the means nor the inclination to think very deeply about it. As a citizen of the world,

a character to which I am every day riſing or ſinking, I muſt rejoice in every agreement that diminiſhes the ſeparation between neighbouring countries, which ſoftens their prejudices, unites their intereſts and induſtry, and renders their future hoſtilities leſs frequent and leſs implacable. With regard to the preſent treaty, I hope both nations are gainers; ſince otherwiſe it cannot be laſting; and ſuch double mutual gain is ſurely poſſible in fair trade, though it could not eaſily happen in the miſchievous amuſements of war and gaming. * * * * * * * * * * * * * What a delightful hand have theſe great ſtateſmen made of it ſince my departure! without power, and, as far as I can ſee, without hope. When we meet I ſhall adviſe you to digeſt all your political and commercial knowledge, (England, Ireland, France, America,) and, with ſome attention to ſtyle and order, to make the whole a claſſic book, which may preſerve your name and benefit your country. I know not whether you have ſeen Sir Henry Clinton ſince his return: he paſſed a day with me, and ſeemed pleaſed with my reception and place. We talked over you and the American war. I embrace the *ſilent my Lady* and the two honourable Miſſes, whom I ſigh to behold and admire. Adieu. Ever yours.

Though I can part with land, you find I cannot part with books: the remainder of my library has ſo long embarraſſed your room, that it may now await my preſence and final judgment. Has my Lady read a novel intitled Caroline de Litchfield, of our home manufacture; I may ſay of ours, ſince Deyverdun and myſelf were the judges and patrons of the manuſcript. The author, who is ſince married a ſecond time, (Madame de Crouſaz, now Montolieu,) is a charming woman. I was in ſome danger. Once more, bar a long fit of the gout, and the Hiſtorian will land at Dover before the end of July. Adieu.

N° CLXXXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mr.* CADELL, London.

DEAR SIR, LAUSANNE, February 24th, 1787.

I AM perfectly ſatisfied with your's and Mr. Strahan's cheerful and liberal aſſent to my propoſal, and am glad to find that your partner has not degenerated from his worthy father, whoſe loſs I ſincerely lament. The ſole remaining difficulty (of the volumes falling below the guinea price) it is unneceſſary for the preſent to diſcuſs, as I think it unlikely to happen. As I am reſolved to finiſh and reviſe the work before I leave Lauſanne, it will depend on yourſelf to arrange your preparations of paper, &c. in ſuch a manner that we may loſe no time, but go to preſs the firſt week after my arrival. But in the mean while I wiſh you to reflect and inquire; 1ſt, In how many months the impreſſion of the three volumes may be completed, either with ordinary or extraordinary diligence. And, 2dly, How late in next year you would be deſirous or willing to publiſh. On my reviſal I may find more alterations and improvements to make than I at preſent foreſee; I may be diſabled by a fit of the gout; and your ſpeedy anſwer will inform me of the utmoſt latitude in which I may be indulged, without totally diſconcerting our common intereſt. You probably agree with me in the neceſſity of a good general index for the ſix volumes. If you are poſſeſſed of an intelligent workman, he might without delay take in hand the firſt three volumes; but in that caſe I muſt deſire him to ſend me as ſoon as poſſible a *ſhort* ſpecimen by the poſt. I have thought on the ſubject of index-making, and can give him ſome advice, which will abridge the ſize, without impairing the uſe and value of his alphabetical table. By a letter of the thirteenth inſtant, Elmſley informs me that he is on the point of ſending the books; and I hope to

have

have them here before the end of next month. I propoſe writing to him very ſoon; but as the events of life are uncertain, it may be ſafer to anſwer his queſtion through your channel: "The author of "Caroline (Madame de Crouſaz) is now become Madame la Ba- "ronne de Montolieu by ſecond marriage, and has other cares and "pleaſures beſides thoſe of writing. Her pen is not idle, but her "new ſchemes of romance are not in any degree of forwardneſs "or maturity. Perhaps an handſome propoſal from an Engliſh "bookſeller might ſtimulate her diligence." I am ſincerely yours.

In our ſtyle of negociation it is almoſt ſuperfluous to ſay that I reſerve about a ſcore of copies for myſelf and my friends.

N° CXC.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, June 2d, 1787.

I BEGIN to diſcover that if I wait till I could atchieve a juſt and ſatisfactory epiſtle, equally pleaſant and inſtructive, you would have a poor chance of hearing from me. I will therefore content myſelf with a ſimple anſwer to a queſtion, which (I love to believe) you repeat with ſome impatience: "When may we expect you in "England?" My great building is, as it were, completed, and ſome ſlight ornaments, the painting and glazing of the laſt finiſhed rooms may be diſpatched without inconvenience in the autumnal reſidence of Sheffield-Place. It is therefore my ſincere and peremptory intention to depart from Lauſanne about the twentieth of July, and to find myſelf (*me trouver*) in London on or before the glorious firſt of Auguſt. I know of nothing that can prevent it but a fit of the gout, the capricious tyrant, who obeys no laws either of time or place; and ſo unfortunately are we circumſtanced, that ſuch a fit,

if

if it came late and laſted long, would effectually diſable me from coming till next ſpring; ſince thereby I ſhould loſe the ſeaſon, the monſoon, for the impreſſion of three quarto volumes, which will require nine months (a regular parturition), and cannot advantageouſly appear after the beginning or middle of May. At the ſame time do not be apprehenſive that I mean to play you a dog's trick. From a thouſand motives it is my wiſh to come over this year: the deſire of ſeeing you, and the *ſilent ſullen* my Lady; the family arrangements, diſcharge of ſervants, which I have already made; the ſtrong wiſh of ſettling my three youngeſt children in a manner honourable to them and beneficial to their parents. Much miſcellaneous matter riſes to my pen, but I will not be tempted to turn the leaf. Expect me therefore at Sheffield-Place, with ſtrong probability, about the fifteenth of Auguſt. Adieu. Yours.

N° CXCI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, July 21ſt, 1787.

THE twentieth of July is paſt, and I am ſtill at Lauſanne; but the march of heavy bodies, ſuch as armies and hiſtorians, can ſeldom be foreſeen or fixed to a preciſe day. Some particular reaſons have engaged me to allow myſelf another week; and the day of my departure is now (*I believe*) determined for Sunday the twenty-ninth inſtant. You know the road and the diſtance. I am no rapid Engliſh traveller, and my ſervant is not accuſtomed to ride poſt. I was never fond of deeds of darkneſs, and if the weather be hot, we muſt repoſe in the middle of the day. Yet the roads are in general good: between ſun and ſun the interval is long; and, barring the accidents of winds and waves, I think it poſſible to reach London in ten or twelve days; *viz.* on or before the ninth of Auguſt. With

your active ſpirit, you will ſcarce underſtand how I can look on this eaſy journey with ſome degree of reluctance and apprehenſion; but after a tranquil ſedentary life of four years, (having lain but a ſingle night out of my own bed,) I ſee mountains and monſters in the way; and ſo happy do I feel myſelf *at home*, that nothing but the ſtrongeſt calls of friendſhip and intereſt could drag me from hence. You ingeniouſly propoſe that I ſhould turn off at Sittingbourn, and ſeem to wonder what buſineſs I can find, or make, for an immediate reſidence in the capital. Have you totally forgot that I bring over three quarto voumes for the preſs? and are you ignorant that not a moment muſt be loſt, if we are deſirous of appearing at a proper ſeaſon; and that I muſt ſet the machine in motion before I can ſecede to Sheffield-Place with an eaſy mind, and for a reaſonable term? Of this be aſſured, that I ſhall not be leſs impatient than yourſelf, and that, of human two-legged animals, yourſelf and yours are the firſt whom I ſhall wiſh to ſee in England. For myſelf, I do not regret the occupancy of Downing-ſtreet; in my firſt viſit to London, a lodging or hotel in the Adelphi will be more convenient; but I have ſome anxiety about my books, and muſt try whether I can approach thoſe holy relics, without offending the delicacy of an amiable Ducheſs. Our interview is ſo near, that I have little more to add, except a caution about my own concerns, in which you will confeſs, that from ——, and ——, to ——, I have been generally unlucky. If any thing remains, preſent or future, it muſt be agitated and decided; but all retroſpects are uſeleſs and painful, and we have ſo many pleaſant ſubjects of converſation, that all ſuch odious matters may be buried in oblivion. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Louiſa, but I no longer preſume, even on paper, to embrace the blooming Maria. Ever yours.

N° CXCII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

ADELPHI HOTEL, Auguſt 8th, 1787.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY. This day (Auguſt the ſeventh) the celebrated E. G. arrived with a numerous retinue (one ſervant). We hear that he has brought over from Lauſanne the remainder of his Hiſtory for immediate publication. The poſt had left town before my arrival. I am pleaſed, but indeed aſtoniſhed, to find myſelf in London, after a journey of ſix hundred miles, and hardly yet conceive how I had reſolution to undertake it. I find myſelf not a little fatigued, and have devoted this hot day to privacy and repoſe, without having ſeen any body except Cadell and Elmſley, and my neighbour Batt, whoſe civility amounts to kindneſs and real friendſhip. But you may depend on it, that inſtead of ſauntering in town, or giving way to every temptation, I will diſpatch my neceſſary work, and haſten with impatience to the groves of Sheffield-Place; a project ſomewhat more rational than the haſty turbulent viſit which your vigour had imagined. If you come up to quicken my diligence we ſhall meet the ſooner; but I ſee no appearance of my leaving town before the end of next week. I embrace, &c. Adieu.

N° CXCIII.

The Same to the Same.

Monday Afternoon, 1787.

I PRECIPITATE, I inconvenience! Alas! alas! I am a poor miſerable cripple, confined to my chair. Laſt Wedneſday evening I felt ſome flying ſymptoms of the gout: for two ſucceeding days I

ſtruggled bravely, and went in a chair to dine with Batt and Lord Loughborough: but on Saturday I yielded to my conqueror. I have now paſſed three wearisome days without amuſement, and three miſerable nights without ſleep. Yet my acquaintance are charitable; and as virtue ſhould never be made too difficult, I feel that a man has more friends in Pall-mall than in Bentinck-ſtreet. This fit is remarkably painful; the enemy is poſſeſſed of the left foot and knee, and how far he may carry the war God only knows. Of futurity it is impoſſible to ſpeak; but it will be fortunate if I am able to leave town by the end, not of this, but of the enſuing week. What may be the future progreſs, whether ſlow or rapid, fluctuating or ſteady, time alone will determine; and to that maſter of human knowledge I muſt leave our Bath journey. Pity me, magnanimous Baron; pity me, tender females; pity me, Swiſs exile *; and believe me, it is far better to be learning Engliſh at Uckfield. I write with difficulty, as the leaſt motion or conſtraint in my attitude is repeated by all the nerves and ſinews in my knee. But you ſhall find each day a note or bulletin of my health. To-morrow I muſt give pain to Mrs. G——. Adieu. Ever yours.

N° CXCIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lady* SHEFFIELD.

BATH, December 18th, 1787.

ALAS! alas! alas! How vain and fallacious are all the deſigns of man. This is now the eighteenth of December, preciſely one month ſince my departure from Sheffield-Place; and it was firmly my wiſh, my hope, my reſolution, that after diſpatching ſome needful buſineſs in London, and accompliſhing a pious duty at Bath, I

* M. Wilhel. de Severy.

ſhould by this day be reſtored to the tranquil leiſure, and friendly ſociety, of Sheffield-Place. A cruel tyrant has diſconcerted all my plans; my buſineſs in town has been neglected, my attendance at Bath is juſt begun, and my return is yet diſtant. I was not a little edified to hear of ſome expreſſions of regret and diſcontent on my departure; and though I am not able to produce as good evidence, you will perhaps believe that in the ſolitude of a London lodging I often railed at the gout for maliciouſly delaying his attack till I was removed from a place where my ſufferings would have been alleviated by every kind and comfortable attention. I grew at laſt ſo deſperately impatient, as to reſolve on immediate flight, without waiting till I had totally expelled the foe, and recovered my ſtrength. I performed the journey with tolerable eaſe, but the motion has agitated the remains of the humour. I am very lame, and a ſecond fit may poſſibly be the puniſhment of my raſhneſs.

As yet I have ſeen nothing of Bath except Mrs. G——; and weakneſs, as well as propriety, will confine me very cloſely to her. Lord Sheffield, with Mrs. Holroyd and Maria, dined with us yeſterday. We begin to throw out hints of the ſhortneſs of our ſtay, and indiſpenſable buſineſs; and, unleſs I ſhould be confined by the gout, it is reſolved in our cabinet to leave Bath on Thurſday the twenty-ſixth, and paſſing through Lord Loughborough's and town, to ſettle at Sheffield-Place, moſt aſſuredly, before the end of the year. For my own part I can ſay with truth, that did not the preſs loudly demand my preſence, I could, without a ſigh, allow the Ducheſs to reign in Downing-ſtreet the greateſt part of the winter, and ſhould be happy in the ſociety of two perſons (no common bleſſing) whom I love, and by whom I am beloved.

Adieu, dear Madam, and believe me, with the affection of a friend and a brother, ever yours.

N° CXCV.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

MY DEAR SIR, COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, February 27th, 1788.

THOUGH you have now been ſome time in London, yet as I heard of your welfare by different channels, and as I know from experience how much a man has to do who is printing three quartos, even after he thinks they are altogether ready for the preſs, I have hitherto forborne to interrupt you by any letter or inquiry of mine. But there is ſuch a general impatience to ſee your new publication among people of letters here; and, as your friend, I am ſo frequently interrogated about the length it has advanced, and the time when it will appear, that I begin to be aſhamed of knowing nothing more about it than other people. I muſt requeſt of you then to furniſh me with ſuch information as may both preſerve my credit, and gratify my own curioſity. My expectations from this part of your work are, indeed, very high. Your materials begin to improve, and are certainly much more copious than during a great part of the period you have gone through. You have three or four events as great, and ſplendid, and ſingular, as the heart of an hiſtorian could wiſh to delineate. The contemporary writers will furniſh you with all the neceſſary facts. To adorn them as elegant writers, or to account for them as philoſophers, never entered into their heads. This they have left to you.

Since you went to the continent I have not done ſo much as I wiſhed. My health, until lately, has been more ſhattered; and as I advance in life, (I am now ſixty-ſix,) though my faculties, I imagine, are ſtill entire, yet I find my mind leſs active and ardent. I have, however, finiſhed a very careful reviſe of all my works, and have given them the laſt poliſh they will receive from my hand. I

have made ſome additions to each of them, and in the Hiſtory of Scotland pretty conſiderable ones. I have deſired Mr. Strahan to ſend to you a copy of them uniformly bound, and hope you will accept of them, as a memorial of my eſteem and affection. You will ſee that I have got in Mr. Whitaker an adverſary ſo bigotted and zealous, that though I have denied no article of faith, and am at leaſt as orthodox as he himſelf, yet he rails againſt me with all the aſperity of theological hatred. I ſhall adhere to my fixed maxim of making no reply. May I hope that when you ſee Lord Loughborough you will remember me to him with kindneſs and reſpect. Our friend Mr. Smith, whom we were in great danger of loſing, is now almoſt perfectly re-eſtabliſhed. I have the honour to be, with great truth, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CXCVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, June 21ſt, 1788.

INSTEAD of the Hiſtorian you receive a ſhort letter, in your eyes an indiſpenſable tribute. This day, at length, after long delay and frequent expoſtulation, I have received the writings, which I am now in the act of ſigning, ſealing, and delivering, according to the lawyer's directions. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * I long to be at Sheffield-Place. You ſee my departure is not poſtponed a moment by idleneſs or pleaſure, but the preciſe day ſtill hangs on contingencies, and we muſt all be patient, if our wiſhes ſhould be thwarted. I ſay our wiſhes, for I ſincerely deſire to be with you. I have had many dinners, ſome ſplendid and memorable, with Haſtings laſt Thurſday, with the Prince of Wales next Tueſday at Craufurd's. But the town empties, Texier is ſilent, and in an evening, I *deſiderate* the reſources of a family

family or a club. Caplin has finiſhed the Herculean labour, and ſeven majeſtic boxes will abdicate on Monday your hall. Severy has likewiſe diſpatched his affairs, and ſecured his companion Clarke, who is arrived in town; but his ſchemes are abridged by the inexorable rigour of Lord Howe, who has aſſured our great and fair interceſſors, that by the King's order the dock-yards are ſhut againſt all ſtrangers. We therefore give up Portſmouth, and content ourſelves with two ſhort trips; one to Stowe and Oxford, the other to Chatham; and if we can catch a launch and review, *encore vit on*. He (Severy, not Lord Howe,) ſalutes with me the family. Adieu. Yours.

N° CXCVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lord* SHEFFIELD.

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday.

ACCORDING to your imperious law I write a line, to poſtpone my arrival till Friday, or perhaps Saturday, but I hope Friday, and I promiſe you that not a moment ſhall be waſted. And now let me add a cool word as to my final departure, which is irrevocably fixed between the tenth and fifteenth of July. After a full and free enjoyment of each other's ſociety, let us ſubmit, without a ſtruggle, to reaſon and fate. It would be idle to pretend buſineſs at Lauſanne; but a complete year will elapſe before my return. Severy and myſelf are now expected with ſome impatience. I am thankful for your hoſpitable entertainment; but I wiſh you to remember Homer's admirable precept:

"Welcome the coming, *ſpeed* the parting gueſt."

Spare me, therefore, ſpare yourſelf, the trouble of a fruitleſs conteſt, in which, according to a great author, I foreſee a certain loſs of time, and a probable loſs of temper. I believe we ſhall have both Craufurd and Hugonin at Sheffield-Place. Adieu.

N° CXCVIII.

The Same to the Same.

DOWNING-STREET, Saturday, June 1788.

I HAVE but a moment between my return home and my dreſſing, and heartily tired I am; for I am now involved in the horrors of ſhopping, packing, &c. yet I muſt write four lines, to prevent a growl, which might ſalute the arrival of an empty-handed poſt on Sunday. I hope the whole caravan, Chriſtians and Pagans, arrived in good health at the caſtle; that the turrets begin to riſe to the third heaven; that each has found a proper occupation; and that Tuft * enjoys the freedom and felicity of the lawn. Yeſterday the auguſt ſcene was cloſed for this year. Sheridan ſurpaſſed himſelf; and though I am far from conſidering him as a perfect orator, there were many beautiful paſſages in his ſpeech, on juſtice, filial love, &c.; one of the cloſeſt chains of argument I ever heard, to prove that Haſtings was reſponſible for the acts of Middleton; and a compliment, much admired, to a certain Hiſtorian of your acquaintance. Sheridan, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, ſunk into Burke's arms; but I called this morning, he is perfectly well. I fear that I ſhall not be able to dine at home a ſingle day. To-morrow Severy and myſelf go to Buſhy. I hope to be with you by Sunday the twenty-ſecond inſtant. The caſing of my books is a prodigious operation. Adieu.

N° CXCIX.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, COLLEGE of EDINBURGH, July 30th, 1788.

LONG before this I ſhould have acknowledged the receipt of your moſt acceptable preſent; but for ſeveral weeks I have been afflicted with a violent fit of deafneſs, and that unſocial malady is always

* Lady Sheffield's lap-dog.

accompanied with ſuch a degree of languor, as renders even the writing of a letter an effort. During my ſolitude the peruſal of your book has been my chief amuſement and conſolation. I have gone through it once with great attention, and am now advanced to the laſt volume in my ſecond reading. I ventured to predict the ſuperior excellence of the volumes lately publiſhed, and I have not been a falſe prophet. Indeed, when I conſider the extent of your undertaking, and the immenſe labour of hiſtorical and philoſophic reſearch requiſite towards executing every part of it, I am aſtoniſhed that all this ſhould have been accompliſhed by one man. I know no example, in any age or nation, of ſuch a vaſt body of valuable and elegant information communicated by any individual. I feel, however, ſome degree of mortification mingled with my aſtoniſhment. Before you began your hiſtoric career, I uſed to pride myſelf in being at leaſt the moſt induſtrious hiſtorian of the age; but now, alas! I can pretend no longer even to that praiſe, and muſt ſay, as Pliny did of his uncle, *Si comparer illi ſum deſidioſiſſimus.* Your ſtyle appears to me improved in theſe new volumes; by the habit of writing, you write with greater eaſe. I am ſorry to find that our ideas on the effects of the Cruſades do not altogether coincide. I conſidered that point with great care, and cannot help thinking ſtill that my opinion was well founded. I ſhall conſult the authorities to which I refer; for when my ſentiments differ from yours, I have ſome reaſon to diſtruſt them, and I may poſſibly trouble you with a letter on the ſubject. I am much flattered with the manner in which you have ſo often mentioned my name. *Lætus ſum laudari a te laudato viro.* I feel much ſatisfaction in having been diſtinguiſhed by the two hiſtorians of my own times, whoſe favourable opinion I was moſt ambitious of obtaining.

I hope this letter may find you ſtill in England. When you return to Lauſanne, permit me to recommend to your good offices my youngeſt ſon, who is now at Yverdun on account of his health, and lives with M. Herman, a clergyman there. You will find the young

young man (if you can rely on the partial teſtimony of a father) ſenſible, modeſt, and well-bred, and though no great ſcholar, he has ſeen much; having returned from India, where he ſerved laſt war, by Baſſora, Bagdat, Mouſſul, and Aleppo. He is now a Captain in the twenty-third regiment. If you have any friend at Yverdun, be ſo good as to recommend him. It will do him credit to have your countenance. I have deſired him to pay his reſpects to you at Lauſanne. Farewell, my dear Sir. I ever am yours moſt faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CC.

Dr. ADAM SMITH *to Mr.* GIBBON.

MY DEAR FRIEND, EDINBURGH, December 10th, 1788.

I HAVE ten thouſand apologies to make, for not having long ago returned you my beſt thanks for the very agreeable preſent you made me of the three laſt volumes of your Hiſtory. I cannot expreſs to you the pleaſure it gives me to find, that by the univerſal aſſent of every man of taſte and learning, whom I either know or correſpond with, it ſets you at the very head of the whole literary tribe at preſent exiſting in Europe. I ever am, my dear friend, moſt affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

N° CCI.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* CADELL, *Bookſeller*, London.

LAUSANNE, February 11th, 1789.

I SHOULD be much more aſhamed of my ſilence, were I not ſatiſfied that you have received a recent and favourable account of me from ſome of our friends who have viſited this place ſince my re-

turn. But I ſhould be inexcuſable, did I not thank you for your kind and ſeaſonable wiſhes, which I can return with equal ſincerity. I do not propoſe making any improvements or corrections in the octavo edition which you meditate: ſome ſlight alterations would give me more trouble than pleaſure. A thorough reviſion of the whole work would be the labour of many months; it may be the amuſement of my old age, and will be a valuable legacy, to renew your copy-right at the expiration of the laſt fourteen years. In the mean while, ſome expedition may be uſeful to guard your property from the unexpected invaſion of *foreign* pirates. Eight volumes in octavo are already printed at Baſil, and the remainder is expected every day. I am both glad and ſorry to inform you, that the type is neat, the paper tolerable, and the text *wonderfully* correct. I hear of another Engliſh edition in Saxony, and of two French tranſlations advancing with ſpeed and emulation at Paris. Of the ſucceſs of the work at home you are beſt qualified, and moſt intereſted, to judge; and I am happy to find that you expreſs yourſelf, with ſome reſerve, ſatisfied with the ſale. From ſome reports of angry criticiſms, and from the uſe and abuſe of my name in the papers, I perceive that I am not forgotten. Before a year has elapſed from the time of publication, my Hiſtory will have been peruſed by ſome thouſand readers of various characters and underſtandings. Each will probably find ſomething to blame, and I hope ſomething to commend; and the balance of their private judgments will fix the public eſtimate of its merit and reputation. Since my return I have been, as I promiſe in the preface, very buſy an very idle in my library: ſeveral ideal works have been embraced and thrown aſide; but if the warm weather ſhould ripen any project to form and maturity, you may depend on the earlieſt intelligence. I have received a very friendly and flattering letter from Dr. Robertſon, and have had the pleaſure of ſhewing ſome civilities to his ſon during his reſidence in this place. If you can, ſend me a good account of Adam Smith; there

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is no man more ſincerely intereſted in his welfare than myſelf. I beg you will preſent my compliments to all our friends, particularly to Mr. Strahan and Dr. Gillies. Tell Elmſley, that I have received with due contrition, his *third* letter: unleſs you are ſpeedy, my anſwer *will* anticipate your information. I am moſt faithfully yours.

N° CCII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Lady* PORTEN, Kenſington-palace.

DEAR MADAM, LAUSANNE, June 27th, 1789.

I RECEIVED with more concern than ſurprize, your kind notification of my poor uncle's departure. My own knowledge of his many valuable qualities teaches me to ſympathize in your loſs; but his long infirmities and gradual decay muſt have prepared you for the melancholy event, and your own reaſon will ſuggeſt the beſt and ſtrongeſt motives of conſolation; among theſe is your regard for the amiable children whom he has left behind. Your labours for their future happineſs will be aſſiſted by all your friends, who are attached to his memory; and for my own part, I beg leave to aſſure you, that on every occaſion I ſhall conſider them as my near and dear relations. When I had laſt the pleaſure of ſeeing Charlotte at Kenſington, I was delighted with her innocent cheerfulneſs, with her aſſiduous care of her poor father, and with an appearance of ſenſe and diſcretion far beyond her years. How happy ſhould I think myſelf, if I had a daughter of her age and diſpoſition, who in a ſhort time would be qualified to govern my family, and to be my companion and comfort in the decline of life!

You will, I am ſure, be pleaſed to hear that my ſituation at Lauſanne continues, almoſt in every reſpect, as agreeable as I could wiſh. The only circumſtance which embitters my happineſs, is the declining health of my friend Monſ. Deyverdun. I cannot long flatter myſelf with the hope of poſſeſſing him. I am, dear Madam, &c.

N° CCIII.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* CADELL.

DEAR SIR, LAUSANNE, November 17th, 1790.

I SHOULD indeed be inexcuſable for my long neglect of your laſt obliging letter, had it not reached me in a moment of pain and weakneſs, in a fit of the gout, the longeſt and moſt ſevere that I have ever known. A letter with me is no trifling enterprize; and before I could find ſtrength, and time, and reſolution, the occaſion on which you ſo handſomely conſulted me was already paſt. I ſuppoſe that the abridgment of my Hiſtory is now freely circulated, either with or without your name; nor can I foreſee any poſſible miſchief, either for *my* reputation or *your* intereſt. A tranſlation, an abridgment, or even a criticiſm, always proves the ſucceſs, and conſequently extends the ſale, of any popular work.

As I am inclined to flatter myſelf that you have no reaſon to be diſpleaſed with your purchaſe, I now wiſh to aſk you whether you feel yourſelf diſpoſed to add a ſeventh, or ſupplemental volume to my Hiſtory? The materials of which it will be compoſed will naturally be claſſed under the three following heads: 1. A ſeries of fragments, diſquiſitions, digreſſions, &c. more or leſs connected with the principal ſubject. 2. Several tables of geography, chronology, coins, weights and meaſures, &c.; nor ſhould I deſpair of obtaining from a gentleman at Paris ſome accurate and well-adapted maps. 3. A critical review of all the authors whom I have uſed and quoted *. I am convinced ſuch a ſupplement might be rendered entertaining, as well as uſeful; and that few purchaſers would refuſe

* Mr. Gibbon ſoon became tired of this plan, and expreſſed a wiſh it had not been mentioned. He ſaid his Hiſtory was a critical review of the authors he had uſed. S.

to

to *complete* their Decline and Fall. But as the writer could not derive either fame or amuſement from theſe obſcure labours, he muſt be encouraged by other motives; and, in plain Engliſh, I ſhould expect the ſame reward for the ſeventh, as for any of the preceding volumes. You think and act with too much liberality, to confound ſuch a large original ſupplement with the occaſional improvements of a new edition, which are already your property by the terms of our former covenant. But as I am jealous of ſtanding clear, not only in law and equity, but in your eſteem and my own, I ſhall inſtantly renounce the undertaking, if it appears by your anſwer that you have the ſhadow of an objection. Should you tempt me to proceed, this ſupplement will be only the employment of my leiſure hours; and I foreſee that full two years will elapſe before I can deliver it into the hands of the printer.

Our friend Elmſley, who poſſibly thinks me dead and buried, will be, or will not be, ſurprized when you inform him that I have now a letter of two pages in my bureau addreſſed to him, dated the twenty-ſixth of May, and not yet finiſhed. Hunger, literary hunger, will ſoon, however, compel me to write; as I have many queſtions to aſk, and many commiſſions to give. In the mean while I thirſt for Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolutions of France. Intreat Elmſley, in my name, to diſpatch it to Lauſanne with care and ſpeed, by *any* mode of conveyance leſs expenſive than the poſt. He may add to the parcel the new edition of Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments. I heard of his death with more concern than ſurprize. What a loſs to letters, philoſophy, and mankind!

I beg you would remember me to Mr. Strahan and all our friends. In my happy exile, my public and private affections remind me that I am an Engliſhman. Pray thank Dr. Moore, in my name, for the pleaſure which I have received from Zeluco, the beſt philoſophical romance of the age. If he cultivates his talents by any ſimilar publications, I only wiſh that he would place the ſcene at home;

we may deſcribe the characters, but we can never paint the *manners* of foreigners; and the quarrel of the two Scotchmen is doubtleſs the beſt chapter in the book. I am, dear Sir, moſt faithfully yours.

N° CCIV.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* CADELL.

DEAR SIR, LAUSANNE, April 27th, 1791.

TOO many poſts have ſlipped away ſince my receipt of your laſt letter, without my aſſuring you that every ſhadow of miſapprehenſion has vaniſhed from my mind, and that I am perfectly ſatisfied with the liberality of your ſentiments and conduct. But I am every day more inclined to believe that on the preſent occaſion they will not be put to the trial. On a cloſer inſpection, I diſcover more difficulty and leſs advantage than I had at firſt imagined in the plan of a ſupplement; and I feel the objection, which you ſo handſomely decline, againſt encreaſing the weight and price of ſo voluminous a work. Perhaps it would have been better if my crude idea had not been ſo haſtily announced to the public; but even this venial indiſcretion is a proof of your zeal and regard. The intelligence of any new deſigns ſhall be delayed till they are ripe for execution; but you may be aſſured that I am now awake.

I am very happy to hear that our reſpectable friend Dr. Robertſon is not aſleep; and much do I expect from the ſubject and the pen. I had once a deſign not totally unconnected with his own, but it is now in far abler hands. Boſwell's book will be curious, or at leaſt whimſical: his hero, who can ſo long detain the public curioſity, muſt be no common animal. I ſee you now advertiſe an octavo edition of Dr. Henry's Hiſtory of England. Is not the author dead? His plan is excellent, and I wiſh you could engage ſome diligent

diligent and ſenſible man to undertake the continuation. Alas! if Dr. Campbell were ſtill alive! I have deſired Elmſley to aſk you for three octavo copies of my own work. Whenever he ſends me a box of books, I ſhould be glad if you would enrich it with any of your own valuable publications. Your name is a recommendation; but the chaſtity of that name cannot be too religiouſly preſerved. My health and ſpirits are now remarkably good, and it will give me great pleaſure to receive as favourable an account of yourſelf. I am moſt faithfully yours.

N° CCV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Belvidere, Bath.

DEAR MADAM, LAUSANNE, May 18th, 1791.

As much as I am accuſtomed to my own ſins, I am ſhocked, really ſhocked, when I think of my long and moſt inexcuſable ſilence; nor do I dare to compute how many months I have ſuffered to elapſe without ſending a ſingle line (Oh ſhame! ſhame!) to the beſt and deareſt of my friends, who indeed has been very ſeldom out of my thoughts. I have ſometimes imagined that if the opportunities of writing occurred leſs frequently, they would be ſeized with more diligence; but the unfortunate departure of the poſt twice every week encourages procraſtination, and each ſhort ſucceſſive delay is indulged without ſcruple, till the whole has ſwelled to a tremendous account. I will try, alas! to reform; and, although I am afraid that writing grows painful to you, I have the confidence to ſolicit a *ſpeedy line*, to ſay that you love and forgive me. After a long experience of the unfeeling doubts and delays of the law, you will probably ſoon hear from Lord Sheffield that the Beriton tranſaction is at laſt concluded, and I hope that you will be ſatisfied with the full and firm ſecurity of your annuity. That you may long continue to enjoy it is the firſt and moſt ſincere wiſh of my heart.

In the placid courſe of our lives, at Lauſanne and Bath, we have few events to relate, and fewer changes to deſcribe; but I indulge myſelf in the pleaſing belief that we are both as well and as happy as the common order of nature will allow us to expect. I ſhould be ſatisfied, had I received from time to time ſome indirect, but agreeable, information of your health. For myſelf, I have no complaint, except the gout; and though the viſits of my old enemy are ſomewhat longer, and more enfeebling, they are confined to my feet and knees; the pain is moderate, and my impriſonment to my chamber, or my chair, is much alleviated by the daily kindneſs of my friends. I wiſh it were in my power to give you an adequate idea of the conveniency of my houſe, and the beauty of my garden; both of which I have improved at a conſiderable expence ſince the death of poor Deyverdun. But the loſs of a friend is indeed irreparable. Were I ten years younger, I might poſſibly think of a female companion; but the choice is difficult, the ſucceſs doubtful, the engagement perpetual, and at fifty-four a man ſhould never think of altering the whole ſyſtem of his life and habits. The diſpoſal of Beriton, and the death of my aunt Heſter, who has left me her eſtate in Suſſex, makes me very eaſy in my worldly affairs: my income is equal to my expence, and my expence is adequate to my wiſhes. You may poſſibly have heard of literary projects which are aſcribed to me by the public without my knowledge: but it is much more probable that I have cloſed the account; and though I ſhall never lay aſide the pleaſing occupations of ſtudy, you may be aſſured that I have no ſerious ſettled thoughts of a new work. Next year I ſhall meditate, and I truſt ſhall execute, a viſit to England, in which the Belvidere is one of my powerful loadſtones. I often reflect with a painful emotion on the imperious circumſtances which have thrown us at ſuch a diſtance from each other.

In the moving picture of the world, you cannot be indifferent to the ſtrange revolution which has humbled all that was high, and exalted all that was low, in France. The irregular and lively ſpirit

of the nation has diſgraced their liberty, and inſtead of building a free conſtitution, they have only exchanged deſpotiſm for anarchy. This town and country are crowded with noble exiles; and we ſometimes count in an aſſembly a dozen Princeſſes and Ducheſſes. Burke, if I remember right, is no favourite of yours; but there is ſurely much eloquence and much ſenſe in his book. The proſperity of England forms a proud contraſt with the diſorders of France; but I hope we ſhall avoid the folly of a Ruſſian war. Pitt, in this inſtance, ſeems too like his father. Mr. Helrard, a ſenſible man, and his pupil have left us. They found, as your friends will always find, the weight of your recommendation with me. I am, deareſt Madam, ever moſt affectionately yours.

N° CCVI.

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, LENNEL-HOUSE, Auguſt 25th, 1791.

SOME time before the publication of my Hiſtorical Diſquiſition concerning India I deſired our friend Mr. Cadell to ſend a copy of it to you in my name. I hope you received it long ago, and will allow it to remain in your library, as a memorial of my reſpect and friendſhip. No man had formed a more decided reſolution of retreating early from public view, and of ſpending the eve of life in the tranquillity of profeſſional and domeſtic occupations; but, directly in the face of that purpoſe, I ſtep forth with a new work, when juſt on the brink of threeſcore and ten. The preface of the book gives a fair and ſimple account how this happened. Hitherto I have no cauſe to repent of a ſtep which I took with heſitation and anxiety. My book has met with a reception beyond what the *ſpe lentus, paviduſque futuri*, dared to expect. I find, however, like other parents, that I have a partial fondneſs for this child of my old age; and cannot ſet

my heart quite at eaſe, until I know your opinion of it. I need not ſay with what perfect confidence I reſt upon your judgment, and how happy it will make me to find that this production meets with your approbation. Nothing will add ſo much to that pleaſure, as your communicating to me any remarks that occurred to you in peruſing it. While I was engaged in compoſing the Diſquiſition it often occurred to me, that I was more upon your ground than in any of my former works; and I often wiſhed that I had been ſo near to you as to profit by your advice and information. Next to that will be the benefit I may derive from your friendly ſtrictures. Be ſo kind then as to mention to me any error or omiſſion you have obſerved; every criticiſm of yours will be inſtructive.

Permit me to requeſt another favour. You allowed me to hope, that as ſoon as you fixed upon a new ſubject you would let me know, and give me the ſatisfaction of indulging the hopes of living until you finiſhed it. I truſt that you are not idle ſtill. I may now tell you with authority, that you are yet far from that period of life when you ſhould lay down your pen. I can ſay from experience, that the buſieſt ſeaſon of life is the moſt happy; and I have no doubt that you will concur with me in this ſentiment. Let me know then, my dear Sir, how you are, what you are doing, and what progreſs you make. As for my part, I enjoy good health; and, except ſome fits of deafneſs, am little troubled with the infirmities of old age. I write this at my ſon-in-law's, Mr. Brydone, who, if he had not a wife and family, loves Switzerland ſo well, and has ſo many friends in Lauſanne, that I believe he would gladly join you there. Believe me to be, with great reſpect, your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

N° CCVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Bath.

MY DEAREST MADAM, LAUSANNE, Auguſt 1ſt, 1792.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the arts of our great enemy, the dæmon of procraſtination, I ſhould not have poſtponed for ſo many months a pleaſing duty, which may at any time be performed in a ſingle hour, had I not for ſome time paſt entertained a lively and probable hope of viſiting you this autumn in perſon; had I not flattered myſelf, that the very next poſt I might be able to fix the day of my departure from Lauſanne, and almoſt of my arrival at the Belvidere. That hope is now vaniſhed, and my journey to England is unavoidably delayed till the ſpring or ſummer of next year. The extraordinary ſtate of public affairs in France oppoſes an inſuperable bar to my paſſage; and every prudent ſtranger will avoid that inhoſpitable land, in which a people of ſlaves is ſuddenly become a nation of tyrants and cannibals. The German road is indeed ſafe, but, independent of a great addition of fatigue and expence, the armies of Auſtria and Pruſſia now cover that frontier; and though the generals are polite, and the troops well diſciplined, I am not deſirous of paſſing through the clouds of huſſars and pandours that attend their motions. Theſe public reaſons are fortified by ſome private motives, and to this delay I reſign myſelf, with a ſigh for the preſent, and a hope for the future.

What a ſtrange wild world do we live in! You will allow me to be a tolerable hiſtorian, yet, on a fair review of ancient and modern times, I can find none that bear any affinity with the preſent. My knowledge of your diſcerning mind, and my recollection of your political principles, aſſure me, that you are no more a *democrat* than myſelf. Had the French improved their glorious opportunity to erect a free conſtitutional monarchy on the ruins of arbitrary power and the Baſtille, I ſhould applaud their generous effort; but this

total

total ſubverſion of all rank, order, and government could be productive only of a popular monſter, which, after devouring every thing elſe, muſt finally devour itſelf. I was once apprehenſive that this monſter would propagate ſome imps in our happy iſland, but they ſeem to have been cruſhed in their cradle; and I acknowledge with pleaſure and pride the good ſenſe of the Engliſh nation, who ſeem truly conſcious of the bleſſings which they enjoy: and I am happy to find that the moſt reſpectable part of Oppoſition has cordially joined in the ſupport of "things as they are." Even this country has been ſomewhat tainted with the democratical infection; the vigilance of government has been exerted, the malecontents have been awed, the miſguided have been undeceived, the fever in the blood has gradually ſubſided, and I flatter myſelf that we have ſecured the tranquil enjoyment of obſcure felicity, which we had been almoſt tempted to deſpiſe.

You have heard, moſt probably, from Mrs. Holroyd, of the long-expected though tranſient ſatisfaction which I received from the viſit of Lord Sheffield's family. He appeared highly ſatisfied with my arrangements here, my houſe, garden, and ſituation, at once in town and countr , which are indeed ſingular in their kind, and which have often made me regret the impoſſibility of ſhewing them to my deareſt friend of the Belvidere. Lord Sheffield is ſtill, and will ever continue, the ſame active being; always employed for himſelf, his friends, and the public, and always perſuading himſelf that he wiſhes for leiſure and repoſe. There are various roads to happineſs; but when I compare his ſituation with mine, I do not, upon the whole, repent that I have given the preference to a life of celibacy and retirement. Although I have been long a ſpectator of the great world, my unambitious temper has been content with the occupations and rewards of ſtudy; and although my library be ſtill my favourite room, I am now no longer ſtimulated by the proſecution of any literary work. The ſociety of Lauſanne is adapted to my taſte; my houſe is open to many agreeable acquaintance, and ſome

real

real friends ; the uniformity of the natives is enlivened by travellers of all nations ; and this ſummer I am happy in a familiar intercourſe with Lady Spencer, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Lady Elizabeth Foſter, and Lady Duncannon, who ſeems to be gradually recovering from her ſevere complaints. My health is remarkably good. I have now enjoyed a long interval from the gout ; and I endeavour to uſe with moderation Dr. Cadogan's beſt remedies, temperance, exerciſe, and cheerfulneſs. Adieu, dear Madam ; may every bleſſing that nature can allow be attendant on your latter ſeaſon. Your age and my habits will not permit a very cloſe correſpondence ; but I wiſh to hear, and I *preſume* to aſk, a ſpeedy *direct* account of your own ſituation. May it be ſuch as I ſhall hear with pleaſure ! Once more adieu ; I live in hopes of embracing you next ſummer at the Belvidere, but you may be aſſured that I bring over nothing for the preſs.

N° CCVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lady* * * * * * * * * * * * * *at* Florence.

LAUSANNE, November 8th, 1792.

I REMEMBER it has been obſerved of Auguſtus and Cromwell, that they ſhould never have been born, or never have died ; and I am ſometimes tempted to apply the ſame remark to certain beings of a ſofter nature, who, after a ſhort reſidence on the banks of the Leman Lake, are now flown far away over the Alps and the Appenines, and have abandoned their votaries to the inſipidity of common life. The remark, however, would be unreaſonable, and the ſentiment ungrateful. The pleaſures of the ſummer, the lighter and the graver moments of the ſociety of *petit Ouchy* *, are indeed paſt,

* A beautiful villa near the lake, about a mile from Lauſanne.

perhaps

perhaps never to return; but the remembrance of that delightful period is itſelf a pleaſure, and I enjoy, I cheriſh the flattering perſuaſion that it is remembered with ſome ſatisfaction in the gallery of Florence, as well as in *the library* of Lauſanne. Long before we were reduced to ſeek a refuge from the ſavages of Gaul, I had ſecretly indulged the thought, or at leaſt the wiſh, of aſking leave to attend *mes bonnes amies* over Mount Cenis, of baſking once more in an Italian ſun, and of paying once more my devotions to the Apollo of the Vatican. But my aged and gouty limbs would have failed me in the bold attempt of ſcaling St. Bernard, and I wanted patience to undertake the tedious circumitineration of the Tirol. Your return to the Pays de Vaud next ſummer I hold to be extremely doubtful; but my anxiety on that head is ſomewhat diminiſhed by the ſure and certain hope of our all meeting in England the enſuing winter. I flatter myſelf that the Porter of Devonſhire-houſe will not be inexorable; yet I am afraid of loſing you amidſt the ſmoke and tumult of faſhionable London, in which the night is devoted to pleaſure and the morning to ſleep. My ambition may perhaps aſpire to paſs ſome hours in the palladian Chiſwick, or even ſome days at Chatſworth; but theſe princely manſions will not recal the freedom, the eaſe, the *primitive* ſolitude of dear little Ouchy. Indeed! indeed! your fair friend was made for ſomething better than a Ducheſs.

Although you moſt magnanimouſly abandoned us in the criſis of our fate, yet as you ſeem to intereſt yourſelf in the hopes and fears of this little country, it is my duty to inform you, that we ſtill hang in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe; inclining, however, to the ſide of hope, rather than of deſpair. The garriſon, and even the bourgeoiſie, of Geneva ſhewed a vigorous reſolution of defending the city; and our frontiers have been gradually covered with fifteen thouſand intrepid Swiſs. But the threats of a bombardment, the weight of expence, and, above all, the victorious aſcendant of the French republic, have abated much of the firſt heroic ardour. Monſieur de Monteſquiou

diſplayed

diſplayed a pacific, and even yielding, temper; and a treaty was ſigned, diſmiſſing the Swiſs garriſon from Geneva, and removing the French troops to the diſtance of ten leagues. But this laſt condition, which is indeed objectionable, diſpleaſed the convention, who refuſed to ratify the agreement. New conferences were held, new meſſengers have been diſpatched; but unleſs they are determined to find or to make a ſubject of quarrel, it is probable that we ſhall purchaſe peace by ſubmiſſion. As Geneva has a very dangerous democratical party within her walls, and as the national guards are already allowed to enter the city, and to tamper with the inhabitants and the garriſon, I will not enſure that poor little republic from one week to another. For ourſelves, the approaches of danger muſt be more gradual. I think we are now ſafe for this winter, and I no longer run to the window to ſee whether the French are coming. But with ſo many enemies without, and ſo many within, the government of Bern, and the tranquillity of this happy country, will be ſuſpended by a very ſlender twig; and I begin to fear that Satan will drive me out of the poſſeſſion of Paradiſe. My only comfort will be, that I ſhall have been expelled by the power, and not ſeduced by the arts, of the blackeſt dæmon in hell, the dæmon of democracy. Where indeed will this tremendous inundation, this conſpiracy of numbers againſt rank and property, be finally ſtopped. Europe ſeems to be univerſally tainted, and wherever the French can light a match, they may blow up a mine. Our only hope is now in their devouring one another; they are furious and hungry monſters, and war is almoſt declared between the convention and the city of Paris, between the moderate republicans and the abſolute levellers. A majority of the convention wiſhes to ſpare the royal victims, but they muſt yield to the rage of the people and the thirſt of popularity, and a few hours may produce a trial, a ſentence, and a guillotine. Mr. Necker is publiſhing a pamphlet in defence of the auguſt ſufferers; but his feeble and tardy efforts will rather do credit

to himſelf, than ſervice to his clients. You kindly aſk after the ſituation of poor Severy. Alas! it is now hopeleſs; all his complaints are increaſed, all his reſources are exhauſted; where nature cannot work, the effect of art is vain, and his beſt friends begin to wiſh him a quiet releaſe. His wife, I had almoſt ſaid his widow, is truly an object of compaſſion. The dragoon is returned for a few days; and if his domeſtic ſorrows gave him leave, he would almoſt regret the want of an occaſion to deſerve his feather and cockade. Your note has been communicated to Madame de Montelieu; but as ſhe is engaged with a dying aunt, I have not yet ſeen her. Madame Dagaiſſeau has haſtily left us; the laſt decrees ſeemed to give the *emigrés* only the option of ſtarving abroad or hanging at home; yet ſhe has ventured into France, on ſome faint glimpſe of clemency for the women and children. Madame de Bouillon does not appear to move. Madame de Stael, whom I ſaw laſt week at Rolle, is ſtill uncertain where ſhe ſhall drop her burthen; but ſhe muſt ſoon reſolve, for the young lady or gentleman is at the door;

——— Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies.

By this time you have joined the Ladies Spencer and Duncannon, whom I beg leave to ſalute with the proper ſhades of reſpect and tenderneſs. You may, if you pleaſe *be, belle comme un ange;* but I do not like your compariſon of the archangel. Thoſe of Milton, with whom I am better acquainted at preſent than with Guido, are all maſculine manly figures, with a great ſword by their ſide, and ſix wings folding round them. The heathen goddeſſes would pleaſe me as little. Your friend is leſs ſevere than Minerva, more decent than Venus, leſs cold than Diana, and not quite ſo great a vixen as the ox-eyed Juno. To expreſs that infallible mixture of grace, ſweetneſs, and dignity, a new race of beings muſt be invented, and I am a mere proſe narrator of matter of fact. Beſs is much nearer the level of a mortal, but a mortal for whom the wiſeſt man, hiſ-

toric or medical, would throw away two or three worlds, if he had them in his poſſeſſion. From the aforeſaid Beſs I have received three marks of kind remembrance, from the foot of St. Bernard, with an exquiſite monument of art and friendſhip, from Turin, and finally from Milan, with a moſt valuable inſertion from the Ducheſs. At birds in the air it is difficult to take aim, and I fear or hope that I ſhall ſuſtain ſome reproaches on your not finding this long epiſtle at Florence. I will mark it N° 1.; and why ſhould I deſpair of my future ſince I can ſay with truth, that ſince your departure I have not ſpent ſo agreeable a morning. To each of the dear little Caro's pray deliver nine kiſſes for me, which ſhall be repaid on demand. My beſt compliments to Mr. Pelham, if he is with you.

N° CCIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to the Right Honourable Lady* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *at* Florence.

LAUSANNE, April 4th, 1793.

HAD I not given previous notice of my own unworthineſs, the plea of being an old incorrigible offender would ſerve only to aggravate my guilt; it is ſtill ſufficiently black, and I can patiently hear every reproach, except the cruel and unjuſt imputation of having forgotten my fair friends of the Arno and the Tyber. They would indeed have been leſs preſent to my thoughts, had I maintained a regular *weekly* correſpondence; ſince, by the effect of my negligence, not a *day* has elapſed without a ſerious, though fruitleſs, reſolution of writing by the very next poſt. What may have ſomewhat contributed, beſides original ſin, to this vile procraſtination, is the courſe of events that has filled this abominable winter. As long as the poor King's fate was on ſuſpenſe, one waited from poſt to poſt,

between hope and fear, and when the blow was ſtruck, even Shakeſpeare's language was inadequate to expreſs our grief and indignation. I have never approved the execution of Charles the Firſt; yet Charles had invaded, in many reſpects, the ancient conſtitution of England, and the queſtion had been judged in the field of Naſeby before it was tried in Weſtminſter-hall. But Louis had given and ſuffered every thing. The cruelty of the French was aggravated by ingratitude, and a life of innocence was crowned by the death of a ſaint, or, what is far better, of a virtuous prince, who deſerves our pity and eſteem. He might have lived and reigned, had he poſſeſſed as much active courage as he was endowed with patient fortitude. When I read the accounts from home, of the univerſal grief and indignation which that fatal event excited, I indeed gloried in the character of an Engliſhman. Our national fame is now pure and ſplendid; we have nobly ſtood forth in the common cauſe of mankind; and although our armaments are ſomewhat ſlow, I ſtill perſuade myſelf that we ſhall give the laſt deadly wound to the Gallic hydra. The King of Pruſſia is likewiſe ſlow, and your poor friend, the Duke of Brunſwick, is now not cenſured but forgotten. We turn our eyes to the Prince of Cobourg and his Auſtrians, and it muſt be confeſſed, that the deliverance of Holland and Brabant from ſuch a dragon as Dumourier is a very tolerable employment for the month of March. Theſe bloſſoms of the ſpring will be followed, it may be fairly hoped, by the fruits of ſummer; and in the meanwhile the troubles of Paris, and the revolt of the provinces, may promote, by the increaſe of anarchy, the reſtoration of order. I ſee that reſtoration through a dark cloud; but if France be loſt, the reſt of Europe, I believe and truſt, will be ſaved. But amidſt the hurricane, I dare not fix my eyes on the *Temple*. So much for politics, which now engroſs the waking and ſleeping thoughts of every feeling and thinking animal. In this country we are tranquil, and I believe ſafe, at leaſt for this ſummer; though peace has been pur-

chaſed at ſome expence of national honour, of the old reputation of Swiſs courage, we have crouched before the tiger, and ſtroked him till he has ſheathed his claws, and ceaſed for a moment to roar. My journey to England this year muſt depend on the events of the campaign; as I am fully reſolved rather to remain quiet another autumn and winter in my ſweet habitation, than to encounter the dangers of the ſea and land. I envy the pleaſures which you and your companions have enjoyed at Florence and Rome; nor can I decide which have taſted the moſt perfect delight, thoſe to whom ſuch beauties were new, or thoſe to whom they were familiar. A fine eye, correct judgment, and elegant ſenſibility, are requiſite to qualify the ſtudious traveller; and theſe gifts have been liberally diſpenſed among the Ouchy caravan. But when you have been gratified, though not ſatiated, with the Heſperian proſpect, to what fortunate clime will you direct your footſteps? Have we any hopes of meeting (for my journey, at all events, would be late) in the ſhades, or rather in the ſunſhine, of Ouchy? Should Mount Cenis be ſtill imperious, you have trampled on St. Bernard in a more rigorous ſeaſon; and whatſoever may be the ſtate of the world, the Pays de Vaud will afford you a ſecure aſylum, or a pleaſant ſtation. I rejoice to hear of Lady Beſborough's improvement. Will that new title make any difference in the plan? Is the Ducheſs very impatient to reviſit England? Except ſome trifling conſiderations of children, &c. all countries may be indifferent to her; as ſhe is ſure of being loved and admired in all. I am anxious and impatient to learn the reſult of your counſels; but I feel myſelf unworthy of a regular correſpondence, and am not deſirous of heaping freſh coals of fire on my head.

I am happy to find that you forgive and pity my friend Necker, againſt whom you all entertained ſome Verſailles prejudices. As his heart has been always pure, he cannot feel remorſe; but as his conduct

duct has been unſucceſsful, he is penetrated with grief and regret. Madame de Stael has written to me from England; ſhe likes the country, but means to fly over again in May.

N° CCX.

Mr. GIBBON *to Lord* * * * * * * *.

MY LORD, * ROLLE, February 23d, 1793.

I DO not merely congratulate your Lordſhip's promotion to an office which your abilities have long deſerved. My ſatisfaction does not ariſe from an aſſurance of the wiſdom and vigour which adminiſtration will derive from the ſupport of ſo reſpectable an ally. But as a friend to government in general, I moſt ſincerely rejoice that you are now armed in the common cauſe againſt the moſt dangerous fanatics that have ever invaded the peace of Europe; againſt the new barbarians, who labour to confound the order and happineſs of ſociety; and who, in the opinion of thinking men, are not leſs the enemies of ſubjects than of kings. The hopes of the wiſe and good are now fixed on the ſucceſs of England; and I am perſuaded that my perſonal attachment to your Lordſhip will be amply gratified by the important ſhare which your counſels will aſſume in that ſucceſs. I could wiſh that ſome of your former aſſociates poſſeſſed ſufficient ſtrength of mind to extricate themſelves from the toils of prejudice and party. But I grieve that a man, whom it is impoſſible for me not to love and admire, ſhould refuſe to obey the voice of his country; and I begin to fear that the powerful genius of Mr. * * *, inſtead of being uſeful, will be adverſe to the public ſervice. At this momentous criſis we ſhould enliſt our whole force

* A town between Lauſanne and Geneva, where M. Necker then reſided.

of

of virtue, ability, and ſpirit; and without any view to his private advantage, I could wiſh that * * * * * * might be properly ſtationed in ſome part of the line.

Mr. Necker, in whoſe houſe I am now reſiding on a viſit of ſome days, wiſhes me to expreſs the ſentiments of eſteem and conſideration which he entertains for your Lordſhip's character. As a friend to the intereſt of mankind, he is warmly attached to the welfare of Great Britain, which he has long revered as the firſt, and perhaps as the laſt aſylum of genuine liberty. His late eloquent work, *Du pouvoir executif*, which your Lordſhip has aſſuredly read, is a valuable teſtimony of his eſteem for our conſtitution; and the teſtimony of a ſagacious and impartial ſtranger may have taught ſome of our countrymen to value the political bleſſings which they have been tempted to deſpiſe.

I cheriſh a lively hope of being in England, and of paying my reſpects to your Lordſhip before the end of the ſummer: but the events of the year are ſo uncertain, and the ſea and land are encompaſſed with ſo many difficulties and dangers, that I am doubtful whether it will be practicable for me to execute my purpoſe.

I am, my Lord, moſt reſpectfully, and your Lordſhip will permit me to add moſt affectionately, your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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